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1831

# MEMOIRS

OF

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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# OIRS

OF

# NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," &c.

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# MEMOIRS

OF

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## CHAPTER I.

BONAPARTE EMPEROR — THE EMPIRE REHEARSED IN THE COUNCIL — IN THE TRIBUNATE — COMPLETED IN THE SENATE — NAPOLEON'S REPLY TO THE DECREE — SIRE — DIGNITIES — ANECDOTES — AUTHOR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR — IMPORTANT CONVERSATION — KINDNESS — PAST GRIEVANCES — INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE.

I HAVE all along stated, that the events, narrated in preceding chapters, either conduced or became subservient to the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne. Revert we now to the progress and proceedings of this most important consummation, which have in some degree been anticipated, that the foregoing details might be kept together.

For a long time, the agents of government had been trained throughout France to demand for the First Consul, in name of the people, that which the people were far from desiring, but which Bonaparte wished to assume under show of according to the

general inclination,—the sovereign power, witho restrictions, limits, or subterfuge of denomination. A conspiracy against his life was not an opportunity to be omitted; but, on the contrary, was eagerly laid hold of by all the authorities, civil, military, and ecclesiastic: a new and most abundant shower of addresses, congratulations, and rendering of thanks, inundated the Tuileries. Knowing what would prove most pleasing to their master, the greater part of these addressers did not limit themselves to mere felicitations; they insinuated, more or less adroitly, that France called upon her glorious chief to place himself so high as to be beyond reach of any new attempt—to *consolidate his work;* which, being interpreted, implied, that he should assume imperial and hereditary power.

Bonaparte, in this scene of the grand drama, played his part with his wonted superiority, suffering nothing to appear outwardly at first, leaving to others the care of preparatory measures. The Senate took unto itself the due honours of precedency, in congratulating the Consul on his escape from "the daggers of England;" for so, in official parlance, had the imaginary conspiracy been designated: the Senate besought the First Consul *not to defer finishing his work.* This address was presented only ten days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Whether Bonaparte suffered under compunctious visitings for a fruitless crime, and perceived the bad effect produced on the public mind by that catastrophe, or whether he found the terms employed by the Senate somewhat too vague, does not appear; but he allowed the address to remain nearly a whole month without reply. When he did answer, it was only to invite a clearer exposition of sentiment. These negotiations were secret; for Bonaparte liked publicity only in results. But to the Tribunate belonged the initiative of all measures; and in the Tribunate the project now ripening was proposed.

The tribune Curèe had the honour of first proposing officially the conversion of the Consular Republic into an Empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of Emperor, with hereditary right. Curèe developed his proposition in the meeting of the 30th April, at which I was present. He commenced, by exposing the miseries which had overwhelmed France, from the Constitutional Assembly, down to the 18th Brumaire—a revolution which he justly characterized as a deliverance. He then passed in review the brilliant career of the present head of the Republic; enumerated his claims to the gratitude of France; shewed that her flourishing condition depended on him:—"Let us haste, then, to demand the hereditary transmission of the supreme magistracy; for, in voting for an hereditary chief, as Pliny said to Trajan, we bar the return of a master. But, at the same time, let us give a great name to a great power; let us choose a title which, while it carries the idea of the highest civil functions, may recall glorious remembrances, *and breathe no taint upon the sovereignty of the people.* I can see, for the guardian of a *national* power, none more befitting than the title of Emperor. If it signifies 'victorious Consul,' who better merits to receive it? which people, what armies, were ever more worthy that such should be the title of their leader? I move, therefore, that we transmit to the Senate our wishes, which are those of the whole nation, to the following effect:—

"I. That Napoleon Bonaparte, actually First Consul, be proclaimed Emperor, and, in this quality, continue to take upon him the government of the French Republic.

"II. That the imperial dignity be declared hereditary in his family.

"III. That those of our institutions which are as yet but traced out, be definitely settled."

Such was the apologetic harangue of Curèe; and I beheld a crowd of the members of the Tribunate

eagerly pressing forward to have their names inscribed on the roll, each following with a speech more and more laudatory than that of the author, or rather proposer, of a motion so evidently emanating from him upon whom the ulterior effects would rest. But could there be any doubts on the complaisant part thus enacted by Curèe, they would vanish before the fact, that, ten days previously, Bonaparte had taken care to have the whole proceedings rehearsed in a private sitting of the Council of State. About the middle of April, that assembly having met, as if for the ordinary despatch of business, Cambacèrés entered, instead of the First Consul, who was expected, and, as Second Consul, assumed the chair,—the councillors remarking, that his air was more solemn than usual, though he habitually affected a grave exterior. Regnault de St Jean d'Angely, a member of the Council, with whom, though not precisely connected, I had pretty intimate relations, informed me of all. "The First Consul," said he, speaking with the enthusiasm which he really then entertained, though he subsequently acknowledged having been deceived, "has convinced me, that he desires supreme power only in order to render France great, free, and happy, and place her in security against faction. He asked me to take the lead in this matter before the Council; and I did not hesitate. After Cambacèrés had given us to understand the object of the meeting, and had retired, I frankly proposed the question, for which the members were thus all prepared, expressed in these terms: 'Is it expedient to place the government of France upon the base of hereditary power?'" The proposer of this the fundamental question followed up the subject with a long address, shewing, "from history, and from the present state of Europe, that an hereditary government alone promised security to the state, and happiness to the people." Regnault did not, however, conceal from me that his motion experienced considerable opposition, especially from

Berlier: "With hereditary succession," said this latter, "there no longer remains to France any thing of that Republic, for whose sake she has exhausted her treasury, and sacrificed millions of her people. Besides, I do not believe the French nation disposed to renounce what they still possess of a good so dearly purchased." Others spoke to the same purpose, but with less force; and finally, the partizans of hereditary power found themselves in a majority of twenty to seven, and resolved to present an address to the First Consul. The minority of seven, on the other hand, had prepared a counter address. To prevent this collision of opinion, Bonaparte, informed of all, gave the Council to understand, that he desired each member, individually, to send in his separate opinion. By a strange chance, it became Berlier's duty to present these separate overtures. Bonaparte received them after the most gracious fashion; and, among other things, assured the Council, that he sought hereditary power only for the greater good of France. "Never shall the citizens be *my subjects*, yet never shall the French people be less *my people!*".

Such had been the preliminaries in the Council of State regarding the proposition officially brought forward in the Tribunate by Curèe; but, after reflection, it was agreed, that, since all opposition would be useless, and perhaps might prove dangerous to its anthors, the minority should accede to the majority: And so it was arranged.

It had now become no longer necessary to keep the secret; *the pear was ripe:* the address of the Senate was accordingly published, forty days after date. In this, its first address, the Senate had taken for its text the events passing in France, and the intrigues abroad, especially those of Drake, an agent sent by England to Munich. This text, obscure in itself, naturally led the addressers to hint obscurely at what they termed the wants of France. To give more solemnity to their proceedings, the Senate

repaired in a body to the Tuileries, and Cambacérés, as president, pronounced the address. "On viewing," said this document, "those attempts from which Providence has saved the hero necessary to its designs, we are struck with one prime reflection, namely, that, by the destruction of the First Consul, is meditated also the destruction of France. The English and the emigrants know that your destiny involves that of the French people. Give us, then, institutions so combined, that their system may survive you. You found a new era, but you ought to render it immortal; splendour is nothing without duration. Great man! complete your work, by making it eternal as your own glory! You rescued us from the chaos of the past; you fill our hearts with gratitude for the blessings of the present; guarantee to us the future!"

For nearly a month, as already stated, this address remained unanswered. At length, Bonaparte replied to the Senate, at greater length than usual, and in substance as follows: "Your address has formed the object of my most constant meditations. You have declared the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy to be necessary, in order to secure the French people against the plots of their enemies, and the agitations excited by ambitious rivals." Here it is very worthy of remark, that the expression "hereditary succession" had not once been pronounced in the address. "Several of our institutions have, at the same time, appeared to you calculated to assure, without reversion, the triumph of equality, and of public liberty, and to offer to the nation, and to government, the twofold security required. We have always been guided by this great truth, that sovereignty resides in the French people, in such a way, that all,—all things, without exception,—should be made to work together for the interest, happiness, and glory of the nation. In proportion as I direct attention to these grand objects, I am the more con-

vinced of the truth of the sentiments I have expressed to you, and I feel more and more, that, in a conjuncture, new as it is important, the counsels of your wisdom and your experience are needful to confirm my ideas. I invite you, then, to lay before me your full and unreserved opinion."

This message to the Senate expressed the will of Napoleon. And that body, created for the preservation of those institutions consecrated by the constitution of the year VIII, had no other resource than to submit to intentions so unequivocally manifested. Accordingly, a response was framed to the above message, of which it could be deemed nothing more than an amplified explanation. The grand principles were here positively announced, "that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, glory, and prosperity of France; and that such government could be confided only to Napoleon Bonaparte, and to his family." Still the Senate affected, as Bonaparte had done in his message, to season their reply with the high-sounding phrases of liberty and equality. That body had even what might be termed the audacity to say, that the arrival of Bonaparte at hereditary power would secure the liberty of the press,—a freedom which he held in such abhorrence, and without which, all other liberties are but vain illusions.

In all these proceedings, I believe the Senate to have been more accomplice than dupe; for it was no longer possible to shut the eyes upon Bonaparte's ambition, and his design of establishing, for his own advantage, a power more absolute than had been even the despotism of Louis XIV.

By the reply of the Senate, the most important move had been effected: there remained little more than ceremonies to regulate, and forms to contrive. These different arrangements occasioned a delay of fifteen days. At length, on the 18th May, NAPOLEON,

for the first time, was saluted SIRE by his ex-colleague Cambacérés, at the head of the Senate, who had come in state to present the decree relative to the foundation of the empire. The interview took place at St Cloud. This organic *senatusconsultum*, which changed entirely the ancient constitution, being read, the Emperor replied,—

"Whatever can conduce to the good of the country, is essentially interwoven with my happiness.

"I accept the title which you consider to be useful to the glory of the nation.

"I submit to the sanction of the people the law of the succession. I hope that France will never repent those honours with which she may surround my family.

"At all events, my spirit shall not abide with my posterity beyond that day on which they cease to deserve the love and confidence of the great nation."

The Senate, and its president, afterwards waited upon the Empress with congratulations; and thus was realized the prediction I had made to Josephine three years before, at Malmaison.

The first act of Bonaparte, now Emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the imperial throne, was to nominate Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, and Louis to that of Constable of the Empire; each with the title of Imperial Highness. On the same day, Cambacérés and Lebrun were appointed to the dignities of Arch-chancellor and Arch-treasurer of the Empire; and the first letter signed by Bonaparte as Emperor, and under the name Napoleon was the following:—

"Citizen-Consul Cambacérés, your title is to be changed: your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity with which you are about to be invested, you will manifest, as in your office of Consul, the wisdom of your counsels, and the

distinguished talents which have obtained for you so important a share in whatever of good I have been able to accomplish.

"I have, then, only to desire from you, a continuance of the same sentiments towards the state, and towards me. Given at St Cloud, this 28th Floreal, year XII. NAPOLEON."

This note, countersigned "By the Emperor—H. B. Marat," shews the art of Bonaparte in managing transactions. It is to the *Second Consul* this letter is addressed by the *Emperor*, and the republican dates are preserved! Of the republic, there remained only these and the mendacious legend on the reverse of the coin!

On the morrow, the Emperor came to Paris, to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries: he was not the man to withhold the enjoyments of that pageantry which his satiated pride drew from his new title. The assembly was the most brilliant and numerous that had yet been known. Bessières presented an address, in name of the guards, and the Emperor replied,—"I constantly behold, with increasing pleasure, my companions in arms, escaped from so many dangers, and covered with honourable wounds. I ever experience a feeling of satisfaction when I think, while viewing them ranged under their standards, that there is not one battle, not one combat for the last fifteen years, and in the four quarters of the globe, which has not, among their ranks, witnesses and actors." At the same time were presented, by Louis Bonaparte, in the exercise of his functions as Constable, all the generals and colonels then in Paris. In a few days every thing assumed a new aspect. Public admiration was loud; but, in secret, the Parisians laughed at the somewhat stiff forms of the new courtiers. This gave sovereign displeasure to Bonaparte, whose ears the circumstance reached through the most charitable intentions possible, in

order that he might be cured of prepossessions in favour of the men of the old court.

Napoleon, studious of giving every solemnity to his elevation, ordered that the Senate itself should publish and proclaim in Paris the decree which established the imperial dynasty. This decree, which might have been termed the constitutional charter of the empire, consisted of 142 articles, ranged under the following heads:—1. The government of the republic is confided to an emperor, who takes the title of Emperor of the French. 2. Succession hereditary. 3. The imperial family. 4. The Regency. 5. The grand dignitaries of the empire; namely, grand elector, arch-chancellor of the empire, arch-chancellor of state, arch-treasurer, constable, and high admiral. 6. The great officers of the empire. 7. Oaths. 8. The Senate. 9. Council of State. 10. Legislative Body. 11. Tribunate. 12. Electoral Colleges. 13. Supreme Imperial Court. 14. The Judiciary order. 15. Proclamations. 16. The imperial dignity hereditary in the descendants of Napoleon. This head to be presented for the people's acceptance. By one of those unlucky coincidences which I have sometimes known to occasion much remark, the promulgation of this decree was fixed for Sunday, 30th Floreal: this was to be a festival to all Paris, while the unfortunate beings, accused of attempting the life of the man whom it profited, languished in the dungeons of the Temple.

From the day following the imperial accession of Bonaparte, the ancient formulas were re-established. The Emperor decided that the princes and princesses of the empire should bear the title of Imperial Highness; that his sisters should assume the same designation; that the grand dignitaries should be styled Serene Highness; that the princes and grand dignitaries should farther be addressed *Monseigneur;* the secretary of state should have the rank of minister; that ministers should retain the title of Excellency,

and be addressed Monseigneur in all petitions; that the president of the Senate should be styled Excellency.

At the same time, Napoleon nominated the marshals of the empire, and appointed that they should be called Monsieur le Marêchal, in speaking, and Monseigneur, in writing, to them. The following are the names of those children of the republic, transformed, at the fiat of a brother in arms, into supports of his empire:—Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Perignon, and Serrurier.*

It will have been remarked, that, in the list of dignities lavished by Bonaparte upon his family and favourites, the name of Lucien does not occur. The two brothers were no longer on good terms; not, as has been said, because Lucien wished, so late in the season, to play the part of republican, but because he refused to submit to the imperious commands of Napoleon, in a circumstance where Lucien's docility might have served the interests of his policy. In the committees preceding the grand change, it was not Lucien, but Joseph, who, to discover the state of opinion, got up a republican opposition, with skill sufficient to catch one or two dupes. As to Lucien, having in reality rendered great services to his brother, and appreciating himself these services beyond their value, he deemed no recompense less than an independent crown sufficient reward. Certain it is, that, during his sojourn in Madrid, he had carried his pretensions so high, as to attempt playing the agreeable to one of the Infantas of Spain. On this, various reports were circulated, on which I do not place much reliance, never having been able to verify them. What

* See Appendix, A. The four last named were members of Senate at the time of being advanced to the baton. Marshal implied the bearer to have held a command-in-chief. — *Trans.*

I know amounts to this, that, Lucien's wife being dead, Bonaparte thought of marrying him to a princess of Germany, in order thus to commence with the first grand alliance. Lucien refused to meet the views of Napoleon, and privately espoused the wife of a broker, named, I believe, Jouberton, who, for convenience, had been sent to the colonies, where he died a short time afterwards. When Bonaparte was informed of this marriage by the priest, who had been sent for privately to the Hôtel de Brienne, he became furious, and from that moment resolved not to confer upon Lucien the title of French prince, on account of what he termed his *mésalliance*. He remained then only a senator; while brother Jerome, by following a quite opposite course, became a king. As to Lucien's republicanism, it survived not the 18th Brumaire; he had ever shewn himself, as we have seen, the most strenuous advocate of hereditary right and the succession.

"I swear, upon my honour, to devote myself to *the service of the Republic;* to the preservation of its territory entire; to the defence of its government, of its laws, and of the rights which these have consecrated; to oppose, by every means which justice, reason, and the laws, authorize, all enterprizes tending to establish feudality, or *reproduce the titles and qualities* thereunto belonging; in fine, to assist, with all my power, *in the maintenance of liberty and equality.*"

What oath is this?—The oath which every member of the Legion of Honour had taken on receiving his diploma. Did one of these ancient knights of the republic think of his oath when he aided to raise Napoleon to the imperial throne? All were false, or carried away by an unreflecting enthusiasm. The harangues which followed the elevation of Bonaparte to the empire, lost at the time, through their very

multiplicity and laudatory accordance, have now become curious monuments, which we read with the same sort of surprise that we regard the remembrances of the preceding events. We can scarcely conceive that reasonable men, in an enlightened age, could renew those follies of ancient Rome, when the people erected statues to Sejanus, and afterwards broke them in pieces when overthrown. But the reflection is mournful—where are the promises contained in these orations and in their replies?

To pass, however, these meretricious hyperboles, and the flatteries of his own subjects, let us come to the incredible sway exercised by Bonaparte, at the moment of founding the empire, over those powers which still dared not openly declare war against him. I have studied carefully the policy of Napoleon; it was actuated by one grand principle,—that all relations on a footing of equality between any other power and his own, could not be of long duration. To defer or to fight was the alternative presented to the powerful. Secondary states were considered as feudatories merely of the French empire; and as they could not resist, they were taught at an early season to bend beneath the yoke. Could there be stronger evidence of this, than the Duke of Baden, far from receiving any apology for the violation of his territory, being obliged to publish a proclamation against emigrants, apparently dictated by violation?

But to be just, and without always justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge, the intrigues which England fomented all over Europe, were of a nature to excite the whole irritability of his nature. The grand centre of these manœuvres was Munich, and their conductor Drake, sent as minister plenipotentiary by Great Britain to the Bavarian court. Drake's intrigues and correspondence,—which latter was seized by the French government,—made a great noise at the time, and furnished one of the handles in the famous address of the Senate. The correspondence

was first added to the documents for the prosecution against Georges and Moreau, but subsequently withdrawn, and a report thereon ordered to be made by the grand judge. The whole of these pieces proved, what Bonaparte well knew, that he had England for his declared enemy; but, from their examination, I feel satisfied that they contain nothing upon which to found the belief that any attempt at assassination was authorized by the British government. Yet while Bonaparte communicated to the Senate the report of the attorney-general, the minister for foreign affairs addressed a circular to each of the foreign ambassadors then in Paris, to the number of nineteen, with the intention of criminating Drake and his court, "as having been guilty of a prostitution of the most honourable office confided to man, without example in the history of civilized nations." To this circular, all the envoys, in their own, and in the name of their country, sent replies, testifying their abhorrence and indignation excited by the conduct of England, and the machinations of Drake. These replies are only five days posterior to the death of the Duke d'Enghien! Here I cannot help especially admiring the profound ability with which Bonaparte thus constrained all the representatives of the powers of Europe to present, officially, marks of interest in his person and government.*

The first transactions of the Emperor, as already noticed, were those connected with the arrest and trial of the conspirators. On the 14th June, four days after the sentence of the court, the Emperor sent for me to St Cloud. So many great events, and so many tragic scenes had just passed, that I was by no means easy respecting the probable object of an

* Was this to be attributed more to the ability of Bonaparte, or to the despicable pusillanimity of those powers, who seemed as if anxious to accept of any excuse for continuing on terms with a murderer? — *Translator.*

interview in the third week of the empire. But I had once more the good fortune to find my friend Rapp in attendance. "Tranquillize yourself; he is in good humour for the moment, and wants only to talk with you." On my name being announced, the Emperor desired me to enter. After his pinch on the ear, and habitual questions,—"What say they? what are the old women about? how are your children? how are you engaged?" &c. &c. he continued, "You attended Moreau's trial?"—"Yes, sire; I have not missed one sitting."—"There, now! Bourrienne, speak to me frankly; you think Moreau innocent?"—"Yes, sire; at least I can assure you, that nothing has transpired during the process by which he can be inculpated."—"I know your opinion on that affair; Duroc reported your former remarks; experience has proved they were right; but could I have done otherwise? You heard, of course, of Bouvet de Lozier's attempt at self-destruction. Real hastened, with all speed, to the Temple, in order to examine him. In his confession, he accused Moreau of having conferred with Pichegru. Real immediately informed me of this, and advised the arrest of Moreau; a proposal which he had previously made. At the first glance I saw clearly into the affair, and gave a decided negative; but when afterwards Bouvet de Lozier had spoken out—(another blow)—what could I do? Could I allow him openly to conspire against my government? And how refuse credence to De Lozier's declarations? Could I possibly foresee that he would formally deny them upon trial? There is a chain of circumstances above human foresight; I was forced to consent to Moreau's arrest, after proof received of his conferences with Pichegru. Has not England sent over assassins?"—"Sire," said I, "permit me to recall to you the conversation which you held in my hearing with Mr Fox, at the end of which you said to me, 'Bourrienne, I am very happy to have

learned, from the mouth of a man of honour, that the English government is incapable of abetting any attempt on my life. I love to esteem my enemies.'" —" Ah, bah! you are a simpleton! *Parbleu!* I say not that an English minister sends for an assassin, and tells him, Hold, here is gold—there is a dagger —begone—murder the First Consul. No; that I do not believe. But it is, nevertheless, true, that all those who conspire against my government, come from England, and receive English pay. Is this because I have retainers in London to strike at the head of government there? I make honourable warfare; I do not endeavour to stir up the ancient prejudices of the partizans of the Stuarts. Did not Wright, a captain in the English navy, conduct the disembarkation of Georges and his accomplices on the coast of Dieppe? Be assured, however, that, with the exception of certain grumblers, whom I could easily silence, the universal wish of France is on my side; opinion has, throughout, declared for me; so I fear not to expose, to public investigation, all these plots. The majority of those around me were of opinion, that the affair should be consigned to a military commission, by whom the accused would have been judged in twenty-four hours. I refused; it would have been said that I dreaded opinion. I fear it not. Let them talk as much as they will, and welcome—provided they be careful not to let me hear; it is not for those personally connected with me to blame my conduct." Here I found it impossible to conceal a slight involuntary movement: this the Emperor remarked, and rightly deeming it something more than surprise, took me by the ear, saying, in the most kindly tone, " Be easy, my good fellow; that was not intended for you."

" Apropos," resumed the Emperor, after a short pause, " Know you, that to me is due the discovery of Pichegru in Paris? All were telling me, Pichegru is in Paris: Fouché, Real, every one sung me the

same song; but no one could give any proof. What a blockhead you are! said I to Real; in the twinkling of an eye you might know how the land lies. Pichegru has a brother, formerly a monk, living in Paris; seek out his lodging, and repair thither. If he is not there, it will be a presumption that Pichegru is here; if, on the contrary, the brother be at home, take him into custody: he is a simple man, and his first emotion will set you on the right track. Every thing fell out as I had foreseen. On seeing himself a prisoner, and without allowing even time for interrogation, he anticipated the question, asking, if it were possible that they could allege as a crime his having received his brother into his house? Thus there was no longer any doubt; and a caitiff, in whom Pichegru confided, came and told to the police the secret of his abode. What shocking degradation, to give up a friend for money!"

Afterwards, returning to Moreau, the Emperor conversed at great length about that general. "Moreau," said he, "has many good qualities, and is brave beyond all question; but he has more courage than energy: he is soft—indolent; at the army he lived like a pacha; he was constantly smoking, almost always in bed, and liked good cheer too well. He is naturally talented, but too lazy to be instructed; he never reads; and, since he became tied to his wife's apron-strings, he is no longer a man: he sees only through the eyes of his wife and mother-in-law, who, I have no doubt, have compromised him in all these late intrigues. Now, tell me, Bourrienne, is it not strange that I should have advised his marriage? I had been told Mademoiselle Hulot was a Creole, and conceived he would find in her another Josephine: I have been egregiously deceived. It is these spinsters who have removed him from me; I regret it, though he is very much below his reputation. You may remember, two years ago, I told you Moreau would one day break his nose against the gates of the Tuileries. He

has not failed to do so, and all his own fault; for, you can witness what I did in order to attach him to me. But he has returned only ingratitude; he has had a hand in every gossiping manœuvre, blamed all my acts, and turned into ridicule the Legion of Honour. Intriguing fools have put it into his head that I am jealous of him: you know to what I allude. You have seen, likewise, how much his reputation was the work of the Directory, terrified at my success in Italy, and desirous of having in the army a general who might balance my renown. I am on the throne—he is in a prison. From discontent to revolt there is often but one step, especially when a man of soft character obeys the influence of coteries; so, when they told me, for the first time, that Moreau was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges, my first impression was to believe the fact: still I hesitated to arrest him, and consented thereto only after consulting my Council.* I placed before the members all the documents, desired them to be carefully examined, for that the affair was of no mean importance. I requested to be frankly informed if there existed against Moreau a capital charge. The imbecils! their reply was in the affirmative; I was even led to believe it unanimous. Then I allowed the procedure to take its course—nothing else could be done. I need not tell you, Bourrienne, that never should the head of Moreau have fallen on a scaffold; most certainly I would have extended pardon: but once placed under the stroke of a capital sentence, he would no longer have been dangerous, and his name would have ceased to be a standard for the enthusiasts of the republic, or the fools of royalism. Had the Council raised doubts on Moreau's culpability, I would have sent for him, told him suspicion pressed too heavy for us to live together; that he would do well to

* What a Council!—a Council wherein sat Fouché, whose presence was alone sufficient to astonish and confound.—*Author.*

make the tour of Europe for three years, under the pretence of visiting the fields of battle in the late war; or, had he preferred an extraordinary mission, I would have intrusted him with any one, given him money to any amount; and time, that great master, would have arranged all. But these animals declared that he could not escape a capital condemnation, he was so evidently an accomplice of the leader; and look you, they condemn me him as if he had been some pilferer of handkerchiefs! What would you have me do?—Keep him in confinement? He would still be a rallying point. Let him sell his goods, and quit France. What should I do with him in the Temple? I have enow there without him. Yet more,—were this the only grand fault into which they have led me!"——"Sire, how you have been deceived!"—"Oh! yes, I have been so, but I cannot see all with my own two eyes." Here I naturally expected some allusion to the death of the Duke d'Enghien, but was mistaken; the Emperor resumed on the subject of Moreau. "He is much deceived if he imagine I bear any ill will against him. On his arrest, I sent Lauriston to the Temple, an agent chosen on account of his gentle and conciliating character; him I charged with a message for Moreau, that if he would merely avow having seen Pichegru, I would cause all proceedings to be quashed, so far as he was concerned. Instead of receiving as he ought this act of generosity, he replied with haughtiness; and, till Pichegru's capture, continued to enact the lofty character: after that event, his tone became very much lowered. They must be men of a different stamp from Moreau who conspire against me. There is, for example, one man among the conspirators whom I regret—Georges. That man has nerve; and, in my hands, would do great things. I have tried to gain him; pardon, a regiment—every thing has been offered, but in vain. Could he have been won over, I should, perhaps, have made him my aide-de-camp. An outcry might

have been raised, but that, by Jove, would have made no difference to me! But Georges refused; he is a bar of iron. What can I do in the case?—He must undergo his fate, for he is dangerous; it is a necessity of my position. Let me make no examples, and forthwith England ejects upon me all the lees of emigration: but patience, patience! I have long arms, and know how to reach every agitator! In Georges, Moreau saw only a brutal soldier—I discover a very different character. You may remember Rapp and the open door: I then did every thing to gain, and finally dismissed him, with advice to be quiet. Real tells me, that when Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges met, they could come to no understanding, because Georges would act only for the Bourbons. Very well—he had at least a plan; Moreau had none. He would pull me down with nobody to put in my place. There is not even common sense in that. Apropos, Bourrienne, did you see Corvisart?"—"Yes, sire."—"Well!"—"He fulfilled his mission."—"And Desmaisons, you spoke to him?"—"Sire, I esteem M. Desmaisons too highly; I abstained from seeing him during the whole of the proceedings."—"Come, now, that is well—quite right. Be wise—discreet. I will take care of you." He then dismissed me in a most gracious manner, and retired into his cabinet.

The Emperor had retained me with him upwards of an hour. On leaving this audience, I passed through the saloon, and could remark, though the admirable institution of chamberlains had not yet been appointed, that the science of etiquette had already made great progress. On seeing me come out, Rapp said, "Surely he must have had a great many things to tell you?"—"Oh, yes; a few, but none of them bad:" and the length of my audience procured me a courtly salute from all around. I do confess, it would have been impossible to be better satisfied with my reception than I myself was: to speak honestly, I began to be

weary of idleness, and desired a place, of which I stood in need, after my losses and the unjust resumptions which Bonaparte had made on my property. Two years before I was in a different plight; let us see how he then behaved. During the month which followed my unaccepted resignation, it was proposed to me to purchase a large house at St Cloud. Notwithstanding its delightful situation, I judged it unsuitable to my fortune and my tastes, while the interior would require expensive repairs. Madame Bonaparte, learning that my wife did every thing in her power to dissuade me from the purchase, desired to go round with us. She was charmed—treated my wife as out of her senses in opposing the purchase—and, when reminded of the expense, replied, "Ah, we shall settle all that." On our return to Malmaison, she praised the house so much to Bonaparte, that he said, "Well, then, Bourrienne, why not purchase, since the price is reasonable, 60,000 francs, (£2500;) for, when we are once at St Cloud, a great many people will come from Paris, and you may keep a second table." The house, upon this, was bought; 20,000 francs did not make it habitable; it was to be furnished. At this time Bonaparte urged on the repairs at the palace—he wished to be established there; and, as I found it fatiguing to go twice or thrice a-day from St Cloud to Ruel, I got into my new purchase with the workmen about me. Scarcely had I been there eight days, when, as we have seen, Bonaparte declared he had no farther need of my services. My wife went to pay her adieus, whom he entertained with my good qualities, and the prospects he had in view for me. "I am the most unfortunate of the three; I shall not be able to replace your husband. I am to travel for a month; let Bourrienne keep himself quiet till my return, and I will place him as he deserves, even should I create a post on purpose." Madame Bourrienne asked permission to retain our apartments in the Tuileries till after her

confinement: "Keep them as long as you please; if I go to Paris, it will be late in the season." Bonaparte set out on his journey to the coast. I repaired, with my family, to the country, where we lived with a relative. The very day on which Bonaparte was expected, we returned to St Cloud, where he had not been a quarter of an hour, till I received the orders with which the reader is acquainted, to give up the apartments in the Tuileries, and the furniture at Ruel: he left me not even the snuffers. He took possession, also, of my stables; and, finally, of my whole house, which, in fact, he regarded as his own, because he had recommended the purchase, though I paid the money. He ingulfed all. This continued four years. But, I must confess, that, on his return, he found his table loaded with reports, which made me act and speak in Paris in any way that suited; while I had not even set foot, nor held communication with any one in it. My house at St Cloud, especially, excited envy. A thousand tales, each more ridiculous than the others, were invented, on the pretended luxury of this habitation, of which there had been barely time to furnish the first floor. One lady took upon her to assure Bonaparte, that the boudoir was enriched with precious stones, and the hangings bordered with fine pearls. To this absurdity he made reply, "Ah! madam, now you tell me of such wondrous doings that I shall no longer believe any thing."

But these vexatious recollections have withdrawn me from my subject. On leaving the presence of the Emperor, I repaired immediately to the apartments of the Empress, who, knowing that I was in the palace, had sent word for me to call before going away. Nothing could be more agreeable than such a command; for Josephine's reception was always so kind. The splendour of her new title had wrought no change. We were left alone. After some remarks on recent events, I gave her a faithful account of our

conversation about Moreau, and added, that I had once expected the Emperor to mention the Duke d'Enghien. Madame Bonaparte then replied,—"He has told you the exact truth as respects Moreau. Bonaparte has been deceived in that affair, because, in representing Moreau as culpable, they thought to pay him acceptable court. I am nowise astonished at his silence about the Duke d'Enghien: he speaks of him as seldom as possible, and then in a vague manner, and with repugnance. If you see Bonaparte again, take care not to bring him on that subject, and, should it chance that he himself propose the topic, avoid every thing resembling reproaches; he cannot bear them; you will ruin yourself in his estimation,—and the evil, alas! is without remedy. When you came to see me at Malmaison, I told you I had vainly made every effort to recall him from his fatal purpose, and how he treated me. Since then, he has displayed, in the domestic circle, but brief intervals of good humour; it is only in presence of his courtiers that he affects calmness and serenity; and I see that he suffers more, in proportion to the efforts he makes to conceal his uneasiness. Apropos, I had almost forgotten to tell you, that he knew of your visit on the day after the catastrophe; I feared lest your enemies, who are, for the most part, mine also, should have represented it in an unfavourable light; but, happily, there was nothing of this. He merely said,—'Thou hast seen Bourrienne: how is he?—always in a pet against me? I must, however, do something for him; I shall watch an opportunity.' He repeated the same remark about three days ago; and, since he has sent for you to-day, I doubt not he has something in view."—"Dare I ask you what it may be?"—"I know not as yet, but recommend you to double your prudence regarding the people you visit; he so readily takes offence, and is so well informed of all that is done or said. I have suffered much since your last visit: I ever bear in mind the cruel manner in

which he repelled all my entreaties. For several days I was in sad affliction: this irritated him the more, for he too well divined the cause. The title of Empress dazzles me not; from all that surrounds us, I augur misfortune for him, for my children, and for myself. The wretches ought now to be satisfied; see to what they have driven him! That death! it poisons my existence. I need not say, Bourrienne, that this is for your private ear." — "I hope you cannot doubt my discretion?" — "No; certainly not, Bourrienne; it equals my confidence; be assured I shall never forget what you have done for me, in various circumstances, nor the devotion you shewed on returning from Egypt. Adieu, my friend! Let me see you soon."

Such were the two audiences which I enjoyed on the same day, 14th June, 1804. Returning home, I passed three hours in writing notes of what the Emperor and Empress had said to me, and of these the result is now laid before the reader.

## CHAPTER II.

POLICY OF NAPOLEON — PROTEST OF LOUIS XVIII IN THE MONITEUR — RETURN OF THE BOURBONS PREPARED — IMPERIAL FETE — LEGION OF HONOUR — INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE — CAMP OF BOULOGNE — PREPARATIONS FOR INVADING ENGLAND — MILITARY FETE — HEROISM OF TWO ENGLISH SAILORS — JOSEPH A SOLDIER — TOUR OF THE EMPEROR — HONOUR OF BRITISH POLITICS.

As we have already seen, the terms of the consular constitution did not allow the command of an army to the chief of the Republic beyond its territories. The subtilty of Bonaparte, as also explained, eluded this constitutional enactment, and Marengo was gained, accordingly, by an army of reserve! Such restraint was not imposed upon the Emperor — the organic decree of the Senate put all this to rights; and, with that thirst of war which raged in the soul of Napoleon, so soon as had been conferred upon him the title which most flattered his pride, his restless imagination must have begun to nourish vast projects of ambition and conquest, projects which were realized when first England contrived to regain an ally on the continent. From my knowledge of his character, I do not think I put forth a false supposition in saying, that he hastened, by dark manœuvres, the moment which was to furnish a pretext for a continental war. A sovereign in his situation enjoyed immense advantages; restrained by no fears of alienating the self-love, nor trammelled by the interests, of another power, he fashioned all to submission, giving

to his natural desire of superiority a greater amplitude, in proportion as he beheld his rank likely to be contested. In this state of things, Bonaparte, who, as perhaps I did wrong in telling before now, never entertained a serious thought of attempting a descent upon England, converted that ostensible object into a pretext for concentrating imposing forces upon a single point, and completing the enthusiastic attachment of an already devoted army.

Thus, at one and the same time, he attained two important measures, keeping in a state of alarm the rival whom he could not otherwise reach, and of lulling into total security the only power which might still have dared to oppose obstacles to his ambition. Thus Bonaparte played the world against itself, admitting no one into his confidence—not even his ministers; and such a combination might alone obtain for him, in my estimation, the palm among the politicians of modern times.

Napoleon undoubtedly loved France, but he loved her as a means; she was in his eyes but a pedestal upon which to erect his own proper greatness. To effect this erection, his ambition being now satisfied, war had become indispensable. The title of Emperor established him upon the throne as the founder of a new dynasty, thus giving him a stability which he affected till then not to have possessed; and his natural audacity proportionably increased. From Fouché himself I learned a very remarkable circumstance in support of what has just been stated:

Louis XVIII, being then at Warsaw, was speedily informed of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial dignity. More faithful to his rights, than the other sovereigns were to his misfortunes, he addressed to them a protest against the usurpation of his throne. Fouché, having obtained the earliest information of this paper, went immediately to communicate the news to the Emperor. "Copies will doubtless be sent in great numbers to the Fauxbourg St Germain,

and dispersed among the enemies of government," said the minister, " and I thought it my duty to hasten to inform your majesty, that you might give orders to Regnier and Real to prevent their circulation, which cannot but produce a bad effect."—" You may judge," continued Fouché, " what was my surprise, you who know how much the mere name of the Bourbons disquieted and alarmed him: He took the copy of the declaration which I had procured, read it, and, on returning the paper, said to me,—' Ah! ah! the Count de Lille is at his old pranks! Eh, well! all in very good time. My right is in the will of France; and while I have a sword, I shall be able to maintain that right. It is proper the Bourbons should know that I fear them not;—they may then rest in peace. So you tell me the old women of the Fauxbourg St Germain are to take copies, and hawk about this production of the Count de Lille,—eh? In Heaven's name let them read it at their ease. Fouché, send that to the Moniteur; let it appear there to-morrow.'" This occurred on the 30th June. On the morrow did in fact appear the protestation of Louis XVIII, dated June 6th, as follows:—

" In assuming the title of Emperor, by desiring to render it hereditary in his family, Bonaparte has contrived to put the seal to his usurpation. This new act of a revolution, in which all from the commencement has been null, doubtless cannot invalidate my claims. But, accountable for my conduct to all sovereigns, whose rights are not less threatened than mine, and all whose thrones are shaken by the same dangerous principles which the Senate of Paris has dared to publish; accountable to France, to my family, and to mine own honour,—I conceive I should betray the common cause in keeping silence on this occasion. I declare then, having, as opportunity served, renewed my protestations against all those illegal acts, which, since the opening of the States General in France, have brought her to the frightful crisis

wherein both France and Europe now find themselves plunged; I declare, in presence of all sovereigns, that, far from acknowledging the imperial title which Bonaparte has just caused to be conferred upon himself, by a body which has not even a legal existence, (the Senate,) I protest against that title, and against all the subsequent acts to which it may give rise."*

Fouché cared exceedingly little whether the above circulated or not in Paris; he wished merely, on this as on former occasions, to convince the Emperor that he had better information than Regnier on what was going forward; and Napoleon held one proof more of the grand judge's incapacity in matters of police. Fouché had not long to tarry for his reward. Ten days after the publication of the protest, the Emperor wrote in very flattering terms to Regnier, announcing that, anxious to have the advantage of his undivided cares in the justiciary department, he had re-established a separate general police, and "praying God to have him in his holy keeping.—21st Messidor, year XII, at St Cloud." This note, by the manner of gilding the pill to Regnier, puts one in mind of that written to Berthier, depriving him of the ministry, and conferring the illusory command of the army of reserve. The conclusion presents an example of new progress in ancient forms; but does not "holy keeping!" contrast strangely with "21st Messidor, year XII!" The letter generally, too, belongs to the system pursued by Napoleon, in treating with external respect his functionaries, in order to impress subordinate agents with becoming deference; but, God knows, he indemnified himself, when in private he treated them with such liberality to fool, sot, imbecil, and other such appellations!

* There was little to be feared from the publication of this injudicious document, which most unskilfully identifies Bonaparte with the national acts. These should carefully have been kept apart.— *Translator.*

The false direction which Regnier had allowed the affair of Georges to take in its principle, was the first cause which induced Bonaparte to re-establish the ministry of police, and to restore it to him who had contrived, by monstrous accumulation of iniquities, to impress the necessity of recalling him to office. I am certain, also, the Emperor was greatly swayed by the consideration, that a future war might oblige him to pass beyond the frontiers; and looking upon Fouché as abler than any other, to maintain public tranquillity in France, he found also, in his deeper implication in past measures, greater reason for trusting that he would watch carefully every plot which might be hatched in favour of the Bourbons. The truth is, that the ability of Fouché, as chief of police, had become as it were proverbial; but I have proof that all the praises lavished on this account, were ridiculously exaggerated; spread abroad by interest, they were repeated through folly. In my opinion, and that opinion is not founded upon simple presumptions, Fouché has always betrayed the parties to which he had professed attachment, whenever interest, his sole guide through life, counselled him so to do.

From the moment that Bonaparte lanched the last stroke against the republic, which had, in fact, been but a shade after the 19th Brumaire, it became easy to foresee, that the Bourbons would one day reascend the throne of their ancestors. This anticipation had, perhaps, not a little influenced the smallness of the number of opponents to the Empire, as compared with the adverse votes on the establishment of the Consulate for life. That step, of all others the most important for the Bourbons,—the re-erection of the throne, was already accomplished, and there, too, lay the main difficulty. Bonaparte undertook to remove this stumblingblock; and, as if by the waving of a magic wand, called forth, in the twinkling of an eye, the olden reign and its antiquated usages, which

all had believed buried beneath the ruins whelmed upon it by the Revolution. Distinctions of rank, orders, titles, noblesse, decorations, and all the rattles of vanity; in short, all those absurd baubles which the vulgar are taught to regard as the indispensable attributes of royalty, started up anew. From that hour, in which it became no longer a question respecting the forms of government, but concerning the persons who should administer; when the ancient denominations were restored; when the men of the Revolution had themselves trenched upon the desecrated soil,—there no longer remained a doubt, that, when the opportunity occurred, (and the chances of this were very numerous,) the majority of the nation would prefer the ancient royal house, to which it owed its civilization, its grandeur, and its power, and under which the kingdom had attained to such a pitch of glory and prosperity. The nation, governed by laws in harmony with its rights and its wants, and which established in the state a real political liberty, would necessarily prefer the descendants of the great Henry to those of any other family,—especially to a soldier of fortune, who had sullied the glorious and restorative epoch of Brumaire by the assassination of a young prince of the royal blood, and who, to mount the throne, had associated himself with regicides, and with the horror which they inspired.

Besides, there was a consideratiou of yet greater moment,—upon what base had he founded the empire? Upon immense glory, doubtless, but not upon institutions. The evanescent illusions of glory vanish away: upon what foundation, then, was the empire to repose?

It presented not one of the least contradictions of Napoleon's policy, to preserve, as the commencement of the imperial epoch, the fête of the 14th July. This was not precisely the festival of the republic, but it recalled two grand remembrances,—the taking of the Bastile, a day of fear; and the First Federation, an era of unreflecting enthusiasm. The 14th falling on a

Saturday, the Emperor ordered that the solemnity should be celebrated on the morrow, because it was a Sunday. This reminds me of a saying of Bonaparte, in reference to the concordat,—"What occasions most uneasiness," said he, "if I should establish the Catholic worship, is that immense superfluity of holy-days which it enjoins. These saints' days are days consecrated to idleness, and I want none of that; the people require their labour in order to live; I consent to four days in the year, but not one more; if the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with these, they may trudge." The loss of time appeared to him so great a calamity, that he scarcely ever failed to unite an indispensable solemnity to some day already devoted to sacred purposes.

On Sunday, the 15th July, then, the Emperor had occasion to exhibit, for the first time, to the eyes of the Parisians, all the splendour of imperial pomp. As the commencement, the members of the Legion of Honour, present in Paris, took the oath, conformably to the new formula. For the first time, there now appeared, so to speak, two distinct cortèges; the Emperor's, and that of the Empress. When Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries, he alone had been surrounded with the scanty appurtenances of grandeur permitted by infant luxury; and Madame Bonaparte, nothing more than the First Consul's wife, modestly conveyed herself thither, without parade and without attendance, and took her station, as already noticed, at one of the windows in the apartments of the Second Consul. But times had greatly altered. Here was now the imperial procession of the Empress, in carriages which traversed the gardens of the Tuileries, until then exclusively reserved for the public; next, appeared the military cavalcade of the Emperor, who desired to shew himself on horseback, surrounded by his chosen generals, become marshals of the empire. M. de Segur had, by this, been appointed grand master of the ceremonies, and con-

sequently took charge of the manœuvres of etiquette. Conjointly with the governor, he received the Emperor at the entrance of the Hôtel of the Invalids. They, in like manner, conducted the Empress to a seat prepared for her, fronting the imperial throne, which Napoleon occupied alone, on the right of the altar. I was present, spite of my repugnance to witness these brilliant juggleries; but, as Duroc had called upon me two days before with tickets of admission to a particular station, I dared not dispense with going, lest the searching eye of Bonaparte should detect my absence, if Duroc had acted by his order.

I enjoyed my position, for at least an hour, in observing the haughty demeanour, sometimes indeed not a little ludicrously overacted, of these new grandees of the empire; I could mark all the evolutions of the clergy, who, with Cardinal Belloy at their head, went to receive the Emperor on his entrance into the church, no longer, as formerly, the temple of Mars. What strange reflections shot across my mind, while beholding mine ancient comrade of Brienne, seated on an elevated throne, surrounded by the colonel-generals of his guard, the grand dignitaries of his crown, his ministers, and marshals! Involuntarily my cogitations reverted to the 19th Brumaire; and this majestic pomp vanished away, when I thought of Bonaparte's stammering to such a degree that I was obliged to pull him by the coat, to warn him to withdraw. It was neither a spirit of enmity nor of jealousy which awakened these reflections; in no circumstance of our career would I ever have exchanged situations; but whoever has reflected — whoever has been present at the unexpected elevation of one, formerly but barely on a footing of equality, will probably conceive the strangely mingled nature of those emotions with which, for the first time, I was assailed on this occasion.

From this train of thought I was aroused by a movement throughout the vast interior, on the termi-

nation of the religious ceremony; the church then resumed, in some sort, the appearance of a profane temple. The auditory were more attached to the Emperor than to the God of the Christians; and their fervour, therefore, equalled not their enthusiasm. Mass had been listened to with indifference; but when M. de Lacepede, grand chancellor of the order, after pronouncing a laudatory harangue, finished by summoning the grand officers of the Legion of Honour, Bonaparte assumed his hat, as did the ancient kings of France, when they held a court of Justice—a profound silence, a kind of religious awe, pervaded the assembly. He stammered not then, as at the Council of Five Hundred, while enouncing with a firm voice, "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers! You swear upon your honour to devote yourselves to the service of the empire; to the preservation of its territory in full integrity; to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the republic, and of the rights which these have consecrated; to combat, by all means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, every enterprize which shall tend to re-establish the feudal system;—in fine, you swear to aid, with all your power, in the maintenance of liberty and equality, the prime basis of our institutions! Do you swear this?"

All the members of the Legion cried aloud, "This I swear!" adding the exclamation, "Long live the Emperor!" with an enthusiasm impossible to describe, and in which the whole audience united. Yet what, after all, was this new oath? With few changes, that of the Legion of Honour, under the Consulate, with this exception, that the "Emperor" now took precedence of the "laws of the republic," and that such change was not merely a form. It was, besides, not a little amusing, or even audacious, to dictate an oath for the maintenance of equality, at the very moment when so many of the titles and distinctions of monarchy had just been re-established.

Three days after this ceremony, as had been announced by the Emperor at its close, he set out for the camp at Boulogne, in order to distribute the decoration of the order among the members in the grand army there assembled. Availing myself of her invitation, I went to visit Josephine, at St Cloud, some days after Napoleon's departure. My visit was not expected: I found the Empress engaged with four or five ladies of the court, who were soon to take the title of ladies of honour, and ladies in waiting. The fair assembly, on my entrance, which immediately succeeded my announcement, seemed every one occupied with some of those brilliant gewgaws which the jeweller Leroi, and the famous milliner Despeaux, furnished at such enormous prices. For of whatever painful reflections Josephine might be the victim, she was too much a woman not to contrive, even amid her sorrows, always to have some moments to spare for the affairs of the toilet.* On this occasion, the party was in deep divan upon the question of the dresses to be worn by the Empress in her tour through Belgium with Napoleon, whom she had appointed to meet at the Castle of Lacken, near Brussels. Notwithstanding the importance of discussions on the cut of sleeves, the shape of hats, and the colour of gowns, Josephine received me as usual, that is to say, in the most gracious manner; but, not being able to converse with me, said, quite simply, though in such a way, that I might understand the hint as an invitation, that she intended passing to-morrow forenoon at Malmaison. I soon after took leave; and about mid-day, on the morrow, presented myself in that delicious retreat, which I could never behold without emotion; for there, not a walk, scarcely a tree, was without its appropriate associations: all teemed with

* Was this not one of the secrets of her power over her husband; a secret which every married woman should treasure up, though her practice ought to be less expensive?

recollections of former confidential intercourse; but how different the times, since I had assisted Bonaparte to calculate the rents!

Madame Bonaparte was walking in the garden with her favourite companion, Madame de Remusat, the daughter of Vergennes, the minister of Louis XVI, in whose service, though his talents may, neither his honour, probity, nor devotion can be disputed. These ladies I met at the turning of the alley leading to Ruel. I paid my respects to Josephine, inquiring at the same time for his Majesty; and never shall I cease to remember with what touching expression she said, "Ah! Bourrienne, for Heaven's sake, allow me, at least here, to forget that I am Empress! be always our friend." As Josephine had nothing to conceal from her companion, with the exception of certain domestic afflictions, of which, most probably, I was the sole confidant, we talked as if without witnesses. As may be supposed, too, we spoke of him who was the sole object of Josephine's thoughts. With her the habit had become so rooted, that she most frequently said *he*, and I need not explain that *he* implied Bonaparte.

After speaking of the journey into Belgium, which she contemplated, Josephine continued,—"How much is it to be regretted, Bourrienne, that the past cannot be recalled! He set out in the best disposition; he has granted several pardons to the conspirators, and I beheld him, for the moment, gratified by the good which he had it in his power to perform; and, but for these wretched politics, I am certain he would have extended favour to a still greater number. Recent events have been to me the cause of much sorrow; but I constrained myself to conceal my griefs, because I have remarked that they displease him, and render him only the more gloomy. Now, in the midst of his army, he will forget every thing else. How great has been my affliction that I could not succeed in all the applications made through my

means! The excellent Madame de Montesson came all the way from Romanville to St Cloud, to intercede for De Rivière, and the Polignacs. We contrived that Madame de Polignac should obtain an audience. How very beautiful she is! Bonaparte was much affected on seeing her, and said, 'Madame, since it was only my own life which your husband would have attempted, I can pardon him.' You, who know *him*, Bourrienne—you are aware that *he* is not a bad man; it is his counsellors and his sycophants that induce him to commit villainous actions. Rapp conducted himself in the best possible manner: he went to the Emperor, and would not be refused till he had obtained the pardon of another of the condemned, whose name has escaped me. [Rusillon, I believe, the Empress here meant.] How these brothers Polignac interested me! There are, at least, some families who owe *him* gratitude! Let us endeavour, as far as we can, to forget the past; the future has sufficient of its own inquietudes for me! Be assured, my dear Bourrienne, I shall not fail, during our tour in Belgium, to quicken the good intentions which I know him to entertain towards you; so soon as I certainly learn any thing, I will let you know. Adieu!"

On the departure of the Emperor, it was generally credited at Paris, that the distribution of the decorations of the Legion of Honour formed but a pretext, and that now was to be realized the grand project of a descent on England. This seemed natural, from the extent of preparation both by sea and land, along the coast, from Etaples to Ostend. The visit was, in fact, only a pretext—to excite still higher the enthusiastic attachment of the army; but the blow was to be struck in a different quarter.

Davoust had under his orders the camps at Dunkirk and Ostend; Ney commanded those of Calais and Montreuil; the general camp at Boulogne was superintended by Soult; Oudinot had replaced Marmont

at St Omer, and Marmont commanded the detachment of the army cantoned on the frontiers of Holland, as also the Dutch marine, destined in appearance for the transport of the French troops. This consisted of five hundred sail, under the orders of Admiral Verhuell; while in the single port of Boulogne were collected not less than eight or nine hundred vessels, without reckoning those assembled in the ports of Etaples, Dunkirk, Vimereux, and Ambleteuse. The English had united imposing forces in the Channel, and watched the French convoys, who defended themselves, when attacked, with an intrepidity doubled by the presence of Bonaparte at Boulogne.

In constructing the Emperor's tent, near a ruined tower, some traces of a Roman camp were discovered; this circumstance changed the name of the ruin from the Tower of Ordre to the Tower of Cæsar, and was hailed by the army as a prognostic that Napoleon, like Cæsar, would subdue Britain. In like manner, some coins of William the Conqueror, found in other excavations, and probably placed there on purpose, could not fail of affording to the most incredulous the same demonstration. Not far from this new Tower of Cæsar, in a vast plain, were assembled 25,000 men, from the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, in order to give greater solemnity to the distribution of the crosses of honour. This plain I had formerly seen with Bonaparte, in our first visit to the coast, prior to the Egyptian expedition. It was a natural ampitheatre, with a circular eminence in the centre. This elevation became the imperial throne, whence, surrounded by a numerous and most brilliant staff, the Emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the same oath as at Paris, to the regiments, which, like rays from a centre of glory, were drawn up diverging from this station. The ceremony became the signal for one universal acclaim; and Rapp, speaking of this occurrence, told me, that never had he seen the Emperor more pleased. How could he

be otherwise? the very elements on that day seemed to obey him. A sudden storm arose, and apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the flotilla: he hastened to the port, and, as if by magic, the storm ceased. He returned to the camp, resumed the military games, and in the evening an immense fire-work was displayed, which threw its column of light so high as to be distinctly perceived from the English shore.

He caressed, as it were, his soldiers, passing every day from six in the morning till twelve in reviews, and devoting the rest of his time to superintending the public works. During these reviews, he was in the habit of inquiring of the officers, and even soldiers, where they had fought; and, if they had received severe wounds, he gave them the cross. This reminds me of a proper opportunity to relate a singular quackery, to which the Emperor had recourse, and which contributed most powerfully to inflame the enthusiasm of the troops—"Go," he would say, to one of his aides-de-camp, "and learn from the colonel of such a regiment, if he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy or Egypt; inform yourself of his name, country, family, and of the actions in which he has served; you will ascertain also his number in the rank, and his company,—and bring me word." The day of the review arrived; at one glance, Bonaparte singled out his man—went up, as if he had recognized him, calling him by name,—"Ah! ah! so you are here; you are a brave fellow; you proved that at Aboukir. How is the old man your father? What! have you not got the cross? Hold, there is one for you." Then the enchanted soldiers would say to each other, "The Emperor knows our families,—he knows us all,—he does not forget what we have done." What a means was this by which to work up the soldiers to the persuasion, that they might one day become marshals of the empire!

Lauriston, among other anecdotes of the visit to Boulogne, related one of the intrepidity of two English sailors, which seems to have made a very strong impression upon the Emperor, for he has mentioned it again at St Helena. These two men had been prisoners at Verdun, whence they had escaped; and, notwithstanding the extreme vigilance with which the English were watched, had contrived to reach Boulogne. Here they remained for some time without money, and without the means of getting away; for they found it impossible to procure a boat, so scrupulously were the least embarkations examined. Our two sailors constructed, with their own hands, a kind of cockboat, with bits of wood, which were joined together not so badly, considering they had no other instruments than their knives. This frail vessel they covered on the outside with sailcloth drawn over the bottom. It was only between three and four feet wide,—not much longer; and so light, that a man could easily carry the whole on his back. To what will not the love of home, and the love of freedom animate! Sure of being shot if discovered, almost equally sure of being drowned should they put to sea, they nevertheless hazarded the attempt of passing the Channel in their slight bark. Having descried an English frigate in the offing, the fearless seamen lanched their skiff, and pushed after her. Scarcely had they advanced a quarter of a mile, when they were perceived by the customhouse officers, who immediately gave chase, took, and brought them back, without their being able to offer the slightest resistance. This incident quickly spread through the camp, where its incredible daring became the subject of general remark. The report reached the Emperor; he desired to see the adventurers; and they were brought, with their little vessel, into his presence. Napoleon, whose imagination was captivated by whatever appeared extraordinary, could not conceal his astonishment at

so bold a design, with such feeble means of execution. "Is it really true," demanded he of the men, "that you could have thought of crossing the sea, in such a thing as this?"—"Ay, sire," replied they; "give us permission, and you shall soon see us depart."—"I will give permission; you are bold and enterprizing, and I admire courage wherever it is found; but I will not let you expose your lives,—you are free: farthermore, I shall give orders to conduct you on board an English ship. On returning to your native land, say how highly I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies."—"These poor fellows," continued Rapp, my informant, who, with Duroc, Lauriston, and others, was present, "remained speechless with joyful surprise at the generosity of the Emperor. Had they not been presented to him, they were just going to be shot, instead of which he gave them liberty, and presented each with several gold pieces."

Bonaparte, more than any other man, entertained a passion for contrasts, and reconciling inconsistencies. He delighted, above every thing, from his easy chair at St Cloud, to direct the affairs of war, and to dictate, from the camp, decrees relative to the civil administration. Thus, amidst the warlike labours at Boulogne, he founded the decennial prizes, which he decreed should be distributed five years from that date, on the 18th Brumaire—an innocent politeness this, towards the defunct republic; and a seeming extension of the republican calendar. All these were little means, but great instruments in Bonaparte's theory of deceiving men. From this place, too, and at the same time, emanated from his own will and pleasure an order which destroyed the noblest institution of the republic,—the Polytechnic School,—by converting it into a military seminary. He knew, that in the sanctuary of lofty study, there reigned a spirit of republican liberty; and, in giving the same military tone to all colleges, academies, or institutions

of public instruction, he in like manner ruined their utility, while he deprived them of freedom, by rendering them dependent on government.

At Boulogne, too, the pacific Joseph found himself transformed into a man of war, and invested with the command of a regiment of dragoons. This arrangement furnished matter of ridicule to many of the generals; and I remember Lannes saying to me one day, with his usual frankness and downright energy, " Let him not place the scamp under my orders, for, by Jupiter, on the first blunder, I shall place him under arrest."

The Emperor's journey lasted three months. From Boulogne, leaving all astonished that the descent had not taken place, he set out for Lacken, where the chateau had been fitted up with great magnificence: and here the Empress joined him; thence he continued his progress along the Rhine, by Cologne, Coblentz, and Mayence. During his abode in the last mentioned city, the first attempt was made towards negotiations for the journey of the Pope to Paris, in order to consecrate the new Emperor, and consolidate his power by the sanction of the Church. Caffarelli was charged with this mission; and, as a preparatory step, the eagle of the Legion of Honour had been sent to Caprara, with a letter written by the grand chancellor of the order, informing the cardinal-legate that he was the first foreigner invested with such insignia. Heaven knows to what extent in the sequel Napoleon exchanged the order with foreign sovereigns, princes, and their ministers, in the intervals when not engaged in exchanging cannon balls with them.

In October, the Emperor returned to St Cloud. I might have added much to the facts now given of the journey, but should only repeat enthusiasm, which was sometimes real, and sometimes affected. I cannot, however, omit the famous compliment of the prefect of Arras, who, in one of his harangues, said,

" God made Bonaparte, and rested!" This gave occasion to Louis, Count de Narbonne, to remark, " God had better have rested a little sooner!" But the Count de Narbonne had not yet been won over to the ranks of the imperial courtiers.

I have previously spoken of the intrigues of Drake, and I now remark, that, about this epoch, the commencement of October, the subject came before the British Parliament, when the chancellor of the exchequer disavowed the proceedings of the English envoy at Munich. The chancellor affirmed, that no instructions had been given, to any individual whatsoever, to act in a manner contrary to the rights of nations; that neither he, nor any of his colleagues, had ever authorized a conduct which could compromise the honour of England, or put humanity to the blush.

It is my duty also to state, because I possess proof of the fact, that all the correspondence which scandalized honourable men, was the result of odious intrigues. Nothing of the kind would ever have occurred, but for the perfidious suggestions of the secret agents of the police, of whom Mehee de la Touche, a name disgracefully celebrated in the annals of espionage, was the chief. In support of this assertion, I may be permitted to state, that, in the course of six years, passed in Hamburg, as minister of France, I found myself placed in a situation to know every thing, and every person, connected with these affairs. I can, then, affirm, that, neither in the exercise of my public functions, nor in my private relations, did I once see cause to admit a suspicion that the English government ever gave countenance to one of those plots, which dishonour equally those who contrive, and those who, with money, encourage them. I am assuredly not here the apologist of England; but I am the advocate of truth. The English had recourse to all the means authorized by policy and diplomatic practice, in order to combat a vast and ambitious

genius, placed by fortune and glory at the head of a powerful and brave nation, and concealing but indifferently his designs on the Continent; to the force of his armies, they opposed the force of gold, and the weight of their subsidies drew to their alliance vacillating cabinets. These negotiations doubtless gave rise to secret intrigues, which morality would justly condemn in the intercourse of man with man, but which necessity and usage have nevertheless admitted in the relations of government with government. The interest of a country ought to be the first law of every legislature; and the English ministry would have been wanting in their duty, had they not endeavoured to oppose every obstacle to the spread of Bonaparte's ambition. That interest was the constant guide in the policy of Louis XIV; and the historians of that great monarch have not made it matter of reproach, that he was the first to acknowledge the Protectorate; yet Cromwell was stained with the blood of Charles I, the son-in-law of Henry IV. Besides, the policy of Napoleon was much more opposed to the rights of nations than that of England. Not only had we seen him violate the territory of Baden, and carry off therefrom a young prince of France; we had not only seen him retain, as prisoners, private individuals, whom the confidence of peace had drawn within his reach; but, at the very moment while the Parliament of England discussed the question of Drake's correspondence, on 25th October, 1804, in virtue of an order from Napoleon, a detachment of French troops passed the Elbe, from Hanover, violated the independent territory of the republic of Hamburg, and made themselves masters of the person of the English minister, M. Rumbold, while residing in his country house near that city, forcing him to return to England, by demanding a promise that he would not re-enter Hamburg. Were such acts calculated to inspire confidence, or did they give a right to be scrupulous as to the conduct of others?

My whole intercourse with the English confirms me in the opinion, that the profound hatred cherished by Bonaparte against them, the constancy of their opposition, and the blind credulity of the multitude, have originated a crowd of accusations having no foundation in truth, and which merit not the slightest examination.

## CHAPTER III.

ARMY CONTRACTORS — NAPOLEON AND MADAME DE STAEL — MISSION TO ROME — COMPLAISANCE OF THE POPE — NAPOLEON'S RELIGION — ANECDOTES OF THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR — PIUS VII. IN PARIS — CORONATION — ANECDOTES — OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS BY THE EMPEROR — IMPORTANT INTERVIEW AND CONVERSATION — BOURRIENNE'S APPOINTMENT — AFFAIRS OF ITALY — CORONATION AT MILAN.

England was never more the dupe of Bonaparte than during the encampment at Boulogne. Believing in the attempt of a descent, she exhausted herself in providing the means of defence round her whole coast, lest she might be taken at any point unprovided. Such are the advantages possessed by the party acting on the offensive. But, though keeping herself on the defensive, she attempted several acts of hostility through the superiority of her marine, and command of the sea. Fortune, however, seemed inclined to protect the arms of Napoleon; at least these attacks did us little injury; and, in spite of the rockets and infernal machines of Admiral Keith, which were reported to have wholly destroyed our flotilla, the English, in their enterprizes, lost as many men as we did.

But Napoleon, then in the vigour of his genius and activity, had always his eyes fixed far from those things which surrounded him, and upon which his attention seemed to be bent. Thus, during the preceding journey, the object of which was to organize the territories on the Rhine, he sent out two

squadrons, one from Toulon, under Villeneuve, the other from Rochefort, commanded by Messiessy. With the operations of these armaments I have little to do; but the orders, thus given, obtained me an opportunity of seeing Lauriston, who, despatched by the Emperor, whom he accompanied in his progress, to assume the command of the troops in the squadron of Villeneuve, passed some days with me in Paris. I loved Lauriston very much, and we naturally held long conversations on the manner the Emperor passed his time. "You cannot have an idea," said Lauriston to me, "of his vast activity, nor of the species of enchantment which his presence produces upon the troops. But, more than ever, is he enraged against the contractors, and has been very severe upon some." This gave me no surprise; I knew, of old, Bonaparte's sentiments on this point: he used to term these agents the "scourge and leprosy of armies," asseverating, that he never would raise one of them to honours, and that their aristocracy was to him the most insufferable of all. They were now no longer important personages: he not unfrequently proceeded with them in much the same sort of way as with the Beys of Egypt. When a contractor had become too rich, or when the origin of his fortune rendered him suspected, he was ordered to give in a report. Upon this, Bonaparte decided, in an arbitrary manner, whether prosecution was to be employed; in which case, he wrote under the report, "Remit to the minister of justice, who will take care to have the laws put in force." I ought, at the same time, to state, that one circumstance tended greatly to confirm Napoleon in this bad opinion of contractors, namely, that, in most cases, on being informed of the above, or similar marginal reference touching them, the hint sufficed to bring them to an arrangement with the treasury—to speak plainly, to disgorge two or three millions, under the title of a restitution. But, unfortunately, Bonaparte, extreme in all things, made no exceptions; and some men of

probity, as Collot and Carbonnet, were thus nearly ruined.

Lauriston was the best informed of all Napoleon's aides-de-camp, and with him the latter generally conversed on literary subjects. He had then left the Emperor and Empress at Aix-la-Chapelle; but at Lacken, when on duty one day, as he informed me, Bonaparte sent for him, after the Empress had retired to her apartment, and talked of the decennial prizes; of a tragedy, by Carion de Nisas, called "Peter the Great;" and of a new novel, by Madame de Stael. "On this authoress," continued Lauriston, "and on her 'Delphini,' the Emperor made several remarkable observations; among others, 'I dislike masculine women as much as I despise effeminate men.' All to their own parts in the world. What means this vagrancy of imagination?—what remains of it? Nothing. It is all the metaphysics of sentiment—a disorder of the fancy. I cannot endure that woman, just because I detest women who throw themselves at my head—who make a dead set at one; and, God knows, her flatteries were broad enough in all conscience.'" I gave the more credit to these words, as reported by Lauriston, that they squared with my recollections of the manner in which Bonaparte had often spoken to myself of Madame de Stael; and that I had, besides, frequently witnessed her advances to the First Consul, and even to the Commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. Bonaparte had heard of Madame de Stael, only as being the daughter of M. Necker,—a man for whom he entertained very small esteem. The lady, too, knew nothing of him as yet, save from the reports of fame concerning the youthful conqueror of Italy, when she addressed him in letters full of enthusiasm. Of these, Bonaparte would read aloud to me some snatches, then burst out a-laughing, and say, "Can you conceive, Bourrienne, such extravagance?—the woman is certainly mad." I recollect, in one of

these letters, Madame de Stael, among other things, said, they had been created for each other; that, through an error in human institutions, the mild and peaceful Josephine had been united with his fate; that nature seemed to have destined a soul of fire, like hers, for the adoration of a hero like him. All these extravagances disgusted Bonaparte to an indescribable degree. On finishing the perusal of these fine epistles, he either threw them into the fire, or rumpled them up and tore them with marked displeasure, observing to me,—"Truly, indeed! a female wit, a manufacturer of sentiment, compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I will not condescend a reply to such letters!"

At the same time I witnessed what the perseverance of a woman of spirit can accomplish. In spite of Bonaparte's prepossessions against Madame de Stael, and which were never removed, she contrived to get introduced to his circles; and, if any thing could have disgusted him with flattery, it would have been the admiration, or, to speak more correctly, the species of worship, which she lavished upon him. She compared him to a god descended upon the earth,—a simile which, somewhat later, seemed to me exclusively reserved for the use of the priests. Unfortunately, however, it appeared that no god could please Madame de Stael save Plutus; for, in military phrase, under cover of her eulogiums, she threw forward a claim of two millions, due, as she pretended, to the good and loyal services of her father. Bonaparte, on this occasion, replied, that, whatever value he might attach to the suffrages of Madame de Stael, he did not think himself authorized to purchase them at so dear a rate, with the money of the state. It is well known, how the enthusiasm of this celebrated woman changed into hatred, and by what annoyances, unworthy of himself, Napoleon harassed her, even in retirement at Copet. With these things I have nothing to do; since the circumstances reached

me, as they did the public, by report: but of the early intercourse of Bonaparte and De Stael, I have now related what I know to be facts, and coming within the sphere of my personal knowledge.

The mission of Caffarelli, who had been despatched to feel the pulse of pontifical compliance, and endeavour to induce the Holy Father to come to Paris and crown the Emperor, was successful. Caffarelli, whom I knew intimately, bore a striking resemblance to his brother, the general, who died in Egypt. He possessed the same delicate tact, the same pleasant humour, and pliancy of character. But, in truth, there existed, from the first, little doubt of the Pope's determination. Since the concordat, the best dispositions had reigned between the courts of Rome and Paris; nor could Pius VII. have forgotten how much the success of the French arms in Italy had contributed to his own elevation. His election, in fact, had been so opposite to the wishes of the Aulic Council, that, the conclave having been held in Venice, Austria refused to the successor of St Peter a passage through her Italian states, and Pius was obliged to embark for Ancona. I shall hereafter speak of Bonaparte's ulterior conduct to the Head of the Church. His religious ideas have been already described, as consisting rather in a species of instinctive sentiment, than as being the result of a belief grounded on reason and reflection. Still he attached much importance to the power of the church; not that he feared it, far less could it have entered his head that a sovereign, wearing a crown and a sword, should kneel to a priest of Rome, or lower the sceptre to keys, nicknamed of St Peter. His was a mind far too masculine and too great for all this. But the alliance of the church with his authority, he deemed a happy influence by which to work upon the opinion of the people; and as one tie more for ensuring their attachment to a government thus legitimated by the solemn sanctions of religion. On concluding the

concordat, he had said,—"I leave the generals of the Republic to cry out, as much as likes them, against the mass; but I know what I am about; I labour for the future." He was right, and now reaped the fruits of his own foresight.

As to the church, in placing upon the head of Napoleon the right of seniority which had been prudently conceded to the kings of France, she only renewed the action of Stephen III, when, nearly eleven centuries before, he came to consecrate, in France, Pepin the Short and his sons. Probably, too, the Romish clergy — good easy men — were beholding in their visions a return of those golden days of the people's ignorance and the church's power, when kings were her vassals, and she enjoyed the monopoly of both worlds. At least, I recollect to have heard the Cardinal de Bayanne assert a very general sentiment among his cloth, that the consecration of Napoleon was an event extremely favourable to the power of the Papal See, since it proved that none other, save the Pope, could give a legitimate right to the crown of France! I was by no means of the same opinion with his Eminence; but certain it is, that the consecration of Napoleon removed much of the religious scrupulosity entertained by those honest people, who conceived themselves still bound to the Most Christian King. Even in England, though no longer connected with the Romish Church, the arrival of the Pope in Paris produced perhaps a greater sensation than elsewhere; and I subsequently learned that the Cabinet of St James's, and Mr Pitt, were greatly moved; so justly did they appreciate the influence of this event in adding weight to the crown of the new sovereign.

When the Emperor understood that the mission to Rome had been successful, of which he was informed while on his progress through the states of the Rhine, he lost no time in returning to St Cloud, in order to prepare for his coronation. He desired, without

delay, to have the sceptre of Charlemagne confirmed in his grasp, his right to which had already been acknowledged by all the powers of Europe, with the exception of England. The Emperor of Germany had, at first, shewn some hesitation in recognizing the Emperor of the French, waiting to know what part he of Russia would take; but, pressed by the necessity of declaring himself, he sent in his acknowledgment of the Empire, assuming to himself the new title of Emperor of Austria. This determination of Francis, in all probability, was the result of information which could not fail to reach him, that Napoleon had been visited, during his progress on the Rhine, by the majority of the Princes of the Holy Empire.

Orders had been given, in the mean time, that, everywhere throughout the French territories, the Pope should be received with the highest distinction; and the Emperor himself, accompanied by the Empress, set forward to meet the Holy Father at Fontainbleau. From this chateau, now become, like all others, an imperial palace, and lately most splendidly refurnished, the Emperor advanced on the road to Nemours, when he learned, by the couriers, the near arrival of Pius VII. His object in this was to avoid the ceremonial which had been previously settled. Under pretence of the chase, he contrived, as if by chance, to be upon the road when the Pope's carriage passed. He dismounted from his horse, and Pius alighted from his travelling carriage. Rapp, who was present, described to me, with amusing originality, and in his German accent, this grand interview. I think I still hear the comic recital of this independent Alsacian. "Figure to yourself," said he, "how this singular comedy was played. In order that they might be on a footing of equality, the Emperor and the Pope, after properly hugging each other, got into the same vehicle, each by his own door, so as to enter at one and the same time: all this had been arranged. At the entertainment which followed, the Emperor

had taken his measures, so as quite naturally to find himself seated on the Pope's right; and all fell out as he desired. As to the rest," added Rapp, "it must be owned that I have nowhere seen a better looking or more respectable old gentleman than his Holiness."

After this conference, at Fontainbleau, between the Pope and Napoleon, who, as we have seen, commenced their personal correspondence by the first of Christian Kings taking the precedency of the Head of the Church, by a subterfuge, Pius departed first for Paris. All the honours usually given to the Emperor were conferred upon him; and he was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora. By a delicate attention, the Pope found his bedchamber arranged and furnished exactly as in his own palace on Monte Cavallo. His Holiness became the object of public respect, and of general solicitude. His presence in Paris furnished a singular contrast to the state of that capital, where, only four years before, every altar was still lying prostrate. I wished to see the old man, and had my desire gratified when he visited the imperial printing office, situated where the Bank of France now stands. The director of the establishment caused to be printed, in presence of his Holiness, a volume which was dedicated to him, namely, *The Pater*, in one hundred and fifty different languages.* Upon the occasion of this visit, the Pope made the remarkable observation which so well merits preservation: A young man kept his hat on in presence of the Holy Father; some persons, indignant at such gross and ill-placed disrespect, went to pull it off, when the Pope, observing the disturbance, and having learned the cause, approached the young man, and, addressing him in a manner truly patriarchal, said,

* There is to be seen, in the famous establishment of the printer Bodoni, at Parma, the Lord's Prayer, in one hundred and fifty-six different idioms; printed, I believe, in emulation of this imperial edition. — *Translator.*

"Young man, uncover, that I may give you my blessing; the benediction of age never yet did harm to any one." I remember well that the greater part of those present were deeply affected by this paternal allocution. Pius VII. possessed a figure which commanded respect; as may be proved, even to those who have not seen him, for he yet lives in the admirable portrait from the pencil of David.*

The Pope arrived in Paris on the 28th November; and no time was lost in preparing for the solemnity which had brought him thither. Two days after, that is to say, on the 1st of December, the Senate presented to the Emperor the result of the votes of the people, on the question of hereditary succession; and next day the consecration took place. It was pretended that the title of Emperor changed nothing of the republic, and that the succession of this dignity in one family was the only innovation introduced under the empire. On this question, therefore, Napoleon affected to desire the sanction of the people. Throughout the whole of France, then divided into one hundred and eight departments, sixty thousand registers had been opened. There had voted three millions five hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight individual citizens, of whom, only two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine had given their voices against hereditary succession. I know that Napoleon caused the list of these opponents to be transmitted to him, and frequently consulted it. They were not royalists, but, for the most part, old and stern republicans; and, to my knowledge, many royalists abstained from voting, not wishing uselessly to compromise themselves, yet unwilling to give their support to the author of the Duke d'Enghien's death. As for myself, I gave my vote for the succession in

* There is but one, we will not say better, but *more* than equal, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, done at Rome, for his late Majesty.—See *Miscellany*, vol. xxxix.

Napoleon's family; my situation, as may be conceived, not permitting me to act otherwise.

From the month of October, the Legislative Body had been convoked, to assist at the coronation of the Emperor; not only did the Deputies make their appearance, but swarms of the Presidents of Cantons attended, who occupied, without usurping it, a conspicuous place in the annals of ridicule for the year 1804. They became the subjects of all manner of witticisms, and of every species of ludicrous squib. The necessity under which they laboured of wearing a sword, rendered them truly grotesque. All sorts of anecdotes were placed to their account, just as, ten years later, they were christened the light horsemen of Louis XIV. Here I cannot resist the desire of inserting just one specimen, which, though probably an invention, appears to me really a capital story: One day, a certain number of presidents of cantons had the honour of being presented to the Pope. As, generally speaking, these functionaries were by no means rich, it became necessary to unite a great spirit of economy with the exigencies of the new etiquette; so, to avoid the expense of coach hire, they agreed to convey themselves to the Pavilion of Flora in gaiters, as a protection to their white silk stockings against the inconvenient attachment of December mud. One of the party, preparatory to the introduction, had stowed away, in his pocket, these habiliments of the nether man. But, as the story goes, it so happened, that his Holiness received his visitors with a very touching address. By this the man of gaiters was so melted, that, feeling for his handkerchief to clear his eyes, in the distraction of his emotion, he pulled out his unfortunate overalls, dabbled as they were from the effects of his walk, and deliberately begrimed his entire visage. By this mode of reply, the president, in turn, so moved the Pope, that the Holy Father, forgetful of his own

pathetic oration, could no longer contain himself, but fairly laughed outright!

Should I be reproached for encumbering my pages with such puerility, I shelter myself under the fact of the Emperor's having been so delighted with the anecdote, true or false, that, as I learned from Michot, our old professor of declamation at Malmaison, he made him relate it to the Empress, after a private performance at court.

On the 1st of December, when the votes were presented, the Senate, with its president, Francis de Neufchateau, waited upon the Emperor. The president's speech was lengthy, as usual; and, as usual, spared none of the laudatory themes. The harangue, in fact, differed in nothing from those which the same functionary had formerly inflicted, except that the eulogies of the imperial, were substituted for the praises of the republican government. It was a *sempre bene*, as the Italians say—a good story, nothing the worse for being repeated. To this long address of his Senate, the Emperor replied:

"I ascend the throne, to which the unanimous voice of the Senate, the people, and the army, has called me, with my heart full of the sentiment of the mighty destinies of that nation, which, from the midst of camps, I first saluted by the name of great.

"From youth upwards, my whole thoughts have been devoted to them; and I owe it to myself now to declare, that my pleasure and my pains are this day nothing, save as reflections of the happiness or the griefs of my people.

"My descendants shall long preserve that throne.

"In camps, they will be the foremost soldiers of the army, laying down their lives for the defence of their country.

"As magistrates, they will ever bear in mind, that contempt of the laws, and the confusion of social order, can be the result only of the weakness and the wavering of princes.

"You, senators, whose counsel and support have never failed me in the most arduous circumstances,—you will transmit your spirit to your successors. Be ever the upholders and the nearest counsellors of that throne, so necessary to the welfare of this vast empire."*

The Tribunate waited also upon the Emperor with gratulations, but these were not honoured with a reply. Thus Napoleon had attained the height of his avowed ambition; but his ambition spurned limits, as the bounds of the horizon recede before the traveller. It were curious, however, to remark the strange coincidences, separated only by ten years. At Fontainbleau, he met the first bishop of the Christian church, who was to consecrate, by the sanctions of religion, his assumption of the imperial crown: there, ten short years afterwards, he took leave of his army, bereft of crown—of empire—of wife and child. The same Senate which now complimented him—"and which had never been wanting in the most arduous circumstances"—then pronounced his forfeiture! But such inferences I leave to history; my humbler province is to trace recollections.

The reader will not expect me to detail the tedious ceremonial of the 2d December, 1804. All the world knows that the Pope repaired first to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, before the Emperor, and that a mule, led in front of the procession, according to the usages of Rome so excited the laughter of the Parisians, as the Holy Father passed, that the grave pomp of the coronation was not a little scandalized.†

* In the first sentence of this speech, there occurs an error in grammar, which seems an original not a typographical mistake. — *Translator.*

† "Where the devil will the French not laugh?" said an English traveller. "*Mais oui,*" interrupted a Frenchman, "but who the devil dare laugh at them?"—"I," replied the former, "ha! ha!"—"*Ma foi,*" observed the Gaul, "*ou vous êtes Anglais, ou vous êtes fou!*" (you are either English or mad.) — *Translator.*

It is equally well known, that the imperial cortège appeared resplendent with gold, plumes, and rich furniture of the horses; that the costumes dazzled the multitude, and for the first time pages were stuck round the imperial carriage. It is also matter of notoriety, that the vast interior was crowded with an audience in full dress, and with swords. The Emperor took the crown from the hand of the Pope, and placed it himself on his own head. Afterwards he crowned, in like manner, the adorable Josephine, from whose lips I subsequently learned, that the day of her coronation was one of the most sorrowful of her life. But, leaving all this to the respectable order of chamberlains and masters of the wardrobe, I prefer relating an anecdote little known, referring to this very day of the coronation, which was recounted to me by the Empress herself, and admirably paints the character of Napoleon.

Many years before, at the time when Bonaparte paid his addresses to Madame de Beauharnais, neither of the parties kept a carriage, and the general, who was most deeply enamoured of Josephine, often gave her his arm, while they made visits to her men of business. On one of these occasions, they went together to the notary Raquideau, one of the most remarkably little men I have ever seen. Madame Beauharnais, having great confidence in this *brief-writer*, had gone intentionally on the day in question, for the purpose of informing him of her resolution to take, for better and for worse, the young general of artillery—the protegé of Barras. Josephine alone had entered the cabinet, leaving the general in the office, where the clerks wrote. The door of Raquideau's private room having been left ajar, Bonaparte heard him very distinctly using all his endeavours to dissuade his client from the marriage she was about to contract. "You are very wrong," said he, among other things, "and will repent your imprudence; you are going to marry a man who has nothing but

*his cloak and his sword.*"—"Bonaparte," continued the Empress, after having related the foregoing particulars, "never spoke to me on this subject, nor had I the slightest suspicion that he had overheard the remarks of Raquideau; only think, therefore, Bourrienne, what was my astonishment, when, on the day of the coronation, in the imperial robes, he said, 'Call Raquideau; let him come here instantly; I want to speak with him.' Raquideau was quickly brought into his presence, and he then asked him,—'Well! now have I nothing but *my cloak and my sword?*'"

The fact is, Bonaparte, who, during the period of our intimacy, had recounted to me all the events of his life, as they occurred to his memory, never once mentioned this little rebuff which his vanity had sustained in the notary's office, and which seems to have been forgotten till the day of the coronation.

On the morrow, all the troops then in Paris were assembled in the Champ-de-Mars, and deputations from the different arms of the service attended to assist at the distribution of the eagles, which were to replace the republican colours. This spectacle I really enjoyed, for it was truly delightful to see Napoleon, in his uniform of a colonel of the guards, in the midst of his soldiers. An immense platform had been erected in front of the military school, which, though now transformed into a barrack, could not then have failed to recall the singular associations of early youth; behind was to be seen the double throne of the Emperor and Empress. On a signal being given, the whole of the columns moved forward, and in "serried files" surrounded the throne. Napoleon then arose, and pronounced, with a firm voice, the following words:—

"Soldiers! behold your standards! These eagles will ever prove your rallying point; they will always be wherever your Emperor may judge their presence necessary for the defence of his throne, and of his

people. You swear to sacrifice your lives to defend them; and by your valour to uphold them constantly in the road to victory: You swear this!"

It is impossible to describe the acclamations which followed these words; and, as there is something seductive in popular enthusiasm, even those unconcerned could not help being carried away by the impulse of the moment. These various spectacles, the continued excitement which they produced, and still more the positive interests of our improving trade, rendered the coronation very popular in the capital, and acquired more partizans to the Emperor, than opinion and reflection ever could. For the preceding twelve years, the commerce of the interior had not been in so prosperous a condition. These circumstances rendered of little or no avail the "Reclamation" emitted by Louis XVIII, from "the bosom of the Baltic," and dated, by a most singular coincidence, on the 2d December, from Calmar.

Two other events, of considerable importance in the politics of Europe, took place, also, about the same date, namely, a treaty between Great Britain and Sweden, by a subsidy from the former; and a declaration of war between the same power and Spain. These events were speedily followed by the death of Mr Pitt, in January, 1806.

In these circumstances, the Emperor resolved on profiting by his new honours, which, till now, he had affected to consider as incomplete, and to make an attempt to blind his enemies to his policy, or to induce an acknowledgment of equality, which, in either case, could not fail to be useful. He wrote to the King of England as follows:—

"Sir, my Brother,—Called to the throne of France by Providence, by the suffrages of the Senate, the people, and the army, my first desire is peace. France and England waste their prosperity. They may contend for ages. But do their respective governments

fulfil the most sacred of their duties? do they not feel the conscious accusation of so much blood vainly shed, and without even the prospect of a close? I do not conceive that there is dishonour in proposing the first advances. I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world, that I dread none of the chances of war; besides, it offers nothing which I can fear. Peace is the wish of my heart; but war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your majesty not to refuse the happiness of giving peace to the world; bequeath not that grateful satisfaction to your children: for, in truth, never have occurred more favourable circumstances, nor a more propitious moment, for calming every passion, and listening solely to the sentiment of humanity and of reason. That moment once lost, what term shall be set to a struggle which all my efforts have been unable to terminate? In the space of ten years, your majesty has gained more in wealth and territory than the extent of Europe comprehends: your people have attained the height of prosperity. What, then, has your majesty to hope from war? To form a coalition among some powers of the Continent?—The Continent will remain tranquil. A coalition can only increase the prederance and continental greatness of France. To renew internal troubles?—Times are no longer the same. To destroy our finances?—Resources founded on a prosperous agriculture are never to be destroyed. To deprive France of her colonies?—Colonies are to France but secondary objects; and does not your majesty already possess more than your power can protect? If your majesty will but consider, you must perceive that war is without object or presumable result for your majesty. Alas! what a sad prospect, to keep nations in contention merely that they may contend! The world is sufficiently extensive for our two nations to live therein; and reason has sufficient power to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by the spirit of reconciliation.

At all events, I have discharged a sacred duty, and one dear to my heart. Your majesty may rely on the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed, and on my desire to afford your majesty every proof of that sincerity."

This letter I can regard in no other light than as a masterpiece of perfidy; for, most assuredly, the Emperor would then have been very sorry to have seen peace re-established between France and England, more especially, since the war declared by Spain had placed at his disposal the Spanish fleet, consisting of sixty and odd ships of the line, commanded by Admiral Gravina.

The conduct of England, in this conjuncture, has always appeared to me not only reprehensible,—so accordant with my principles is it, that all nations are bound to respect the right of neutral powers,—but also a great political blunder. Better instructed concerning the secret desires of Bonaparte, the English cabinet would probably not have committed so egregious a mistake, as to oblige, by unjust aggressions, a neutral state, such as Spain, to attach itself, by an offensive alliance, to the fortunes of Napoleon. Whatever might have been the deference, or, to speak more correctly, the submission of the cabinet of Madrid to that of the Tuileries, France alone was at war with England, while not one ally, Holland excepted, had made any demonstration of hostility: nothing, therefore, justified, or even called for the interference of the British government with Spain. Without any previous declaration of war, Admiral More insisted on the right of searching four Spanish frigates, returning from Mexico to Cadiz with treasure. The Spanish commodore resisted these demands, and a combat ensued, in which, after an obstinate resistance against a very superior force, three of the Spanish frigates struck, and the fourth blew up. These vexatious violences were not the only injuries

sustained from the English cruizers: they burned, even in the very harbours of the Peninsula, the Spanish merchantmen, and intercepted and captured various convoys, while the minister of that court, M. d'Anguada, was still in London, as ambassador from Charles IV. These aggressions, opposed as they were to the independent rights of all nations, irritated to such a degree the King of Spain, or, to speak truly, the too famous Prince of Peace, that a declaration of war followed against England.

Bonaparte, in the midst of a magnificent fête given by the capital, and while his coronation was similarly celebrated throughout France, could feel but little impression from the official note transmitted by Lord Malmesbury to Talleyrand, in answer to the letter addressed to the King of England. This note recognized not the brotherhood which it had pleased Napoleon to claim with his majesty of England without his consent. It began, "His majesty has received the letter addressed to him by the head of the French government;" and went on to state, "that nothing was nearer his majesty's heart than the restoration of peace to his people; but that he declined to reply particularly without consulting the continental powers, especially the Emperor of Russia."

The year 1804, as we have seen, had been pregnant with great events. The machinations of the police; the culpable death of a young prince; the criminal prosecution terminating in so many executions of illustrious victims, and in some acts of clemency, were crowded into the former part: the latter portion had been engrossed by the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne; his journey through the new territories annexed to the empire; and, finally, by an event the most extraordinary, perhaps, in modern times, because carrying our ideas back to an epoch anterior to the ages of civilization, —the arrival of the Pope in France to dispose, in name of the church, of a throne unoccupied, but not vacant.

The eventful year terminated with the opening of the Legislative Assembly, by the new Emperor in person, whose speech on this occasion made a most powerful impression throughout Europe, and even now appears too remarkable to be passed over entirely in silence.

After mounting a magnificent throne, placed where the chair of the president had formerly stood, and the new oath having been administered, Napoleon spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen, Deputies of Departments to the Legislative Assembly, Tribunes, and Members of my Council of State,—I proceed to open this your session. I would thus desire to impress upon your functions a character the most august and imposing. Prince, magistrates, soldiers, citizens,—all have, in our respective relations, but one aim,—the wellbeing of our country. If this throne, upon which Heaven and the will of the nation have seated me, be dear to my heart, it is because by this alone can be defended and preserved, the most sacred interests of the French people. Without a government, strong at once and paternal, France would have to dread a return of the evils which she has suffered. The weakness of the supreme power is the most fearful of all calamities to a people. Soldier, or First Consul, I cherished but one thought; Emperor, I have none other,—the prosperity of France. I have been so happy as to render her illustrious by victories; to consolidate her power by treaties; to rescue her from civil disorder, and prepare the renewal of morals, of society, and religion. If death does not surprise me in the midst of my labours, I hope to leave to posterity a remembrance which shall for ever serve as an example or a reproach to my successors. It would have afforded me pleasure, on this so solemn occasion, to behold peace reign throughout the world; but the political principles of our enemies, their recent conduct towards

Spain, sufficiently expose the difficulty of this. I have no desire to augment the territory of France, but to maintain the integrity of her possessions. I cherish no ambition of exercising in Europe a greater influence; but I will not resign that which I possess. No state shall be incorporated with the empire; but I will not resign my rights, nor the ties which connect us with those states which I have created." The rest of this the Emperor's first speech, delivered on the 27th December, was little more than a formula of politeness to the several bodies of the legislature, recommending a conduct, such as they had ever maintained — in other words, submission to the imperial will.

I turn now to matters of personal concern, although relating immediately to Napoleon. I mean my nomination to the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the cities of the Hanseatic League, or, generally, to the circle of Lower Saxony.

This nomination took place on the 22d of March, 1805, that day twelve months precisely from my visit to Josephine at Malmaison, after the death of the Duke d'Enghien: a singular coincidence of dates. The Empress, always excellent, ever mindful of her friends, had promised, as the reader is aware, to inform me of the Emperor's intentions in my behalf; and accordingly announced my nomination, by an express, and that I might expect an order to make my appearance at court. The very day on which I received this kind message from Josephine, arrived an official intimation to wait upon the Emperor next morning at Malmaison. I shall not attempt to conceal how much rather I preferred meeting him there than at the Tuileries, or even St Cloud. I had not seen him since our interview and conversation on Moreau; and the splendour of recent events was not calculated to encourage familiarity. The latter had left France; nor did the Emperor put in force

that part of the laws relative to the confiscation of property. Moreau was permitted to dispose of his estate of Grosbois, which he sold to Berthier. I shall not have to speak of Moreau again till after his return from America, and his second entanglement in those political manœuvres by which he was finally undone. It may easily be imagined, that our former intimacies at Malmaison placed me much more at ease during an interview which, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, gave me always a little uneasiness. Was I to be received by my old companion of Brienne, or by his imperial majesty? It was the ancient college friend who received me.

Immediately on my arrival at Malmaison, I was ushered into the alcoved apartment leading to the library. The devil of a man!—let me be excused the expression,—played the coquette in a manner that surprised even me, who knew him so well in his arts of seduction. He came up to me, a smile upon his lips, took my hand, a thing he had never done since the consulate, pressed it affectionately; it was impossible to see in him at this moment the Emperor of France, and the future King of Italy. Still I was too much upon my guard against the susceptibilities of his pride to permit my intimacy to exceed the bounds of affectionate respect. "My dear Bourrienne," thus he addressed me, "surely you do not think that the elevated rank to which I have attained can change me as respects you? No! The trappings of the imperial theatre do not constitute my value; but these are necessary for the people. I claim esteem in myself. I have been very well satisfied with your services, and have appointed you to a post where I shall have need of them: I know I can rely upon you." He then inquired about my family and my occupations with the most friendly interest: in short, I never beheld him in a disposition more free, more open, or exhibiting more of that captivating simplicity, which he displayed with greater frequency

in proportion as his greatness had become unquestionable. "You know," added Napoleon, "that in eight days I set out for Italy; I make myself king thereof; but that is only a stepping-stone: I have greater designs regarding Italy. It must become a kingdom comprizing all the transalpine country from Venice to the maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient: It is, however, necessary, in order to accustom the population of Italy to live under common laws. The Genoese, the Piedmontese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the Tuscans, the Romans, and the Neapolitans detest each other. Not one of these would acknowledge the superiority of the other; and yet Rome, by her associations, is the natural capital of Italy, But to accomplish that, the power of the Pope must needs be restricted to affairs purely spiritual. I do not think just now of accomplishing all this; but we shall see hereafter: I have as yet only crude ideas, but these will ripen with time; and then every thing depends on circumstances. What was it that told me, when we were strolling, like two idle fellows as we were, through the streets of Paris, that I should one day be master of France? My wish; but then a vague wish;—circumstances have done the rest. It is then wise to provide for what may come; and it is what I am doing. Regarding Italy, as it would be impossible to unite her at once into one power, yielding submission to uniform laws, I commence by making her French. All these little good-for-nothing states will thus become habituated to live under the empire of the same laws; and when habits are formed, enmities extinct, then there will again be an Italy; and I shall restore her to independence. But for this, twenty years are requisite; and who can count upon the future? At this moment, Bourrienne, I take a pleasure in telling you these things; they were shut up in my thoughts; with you I think aloud."

I do not believe I have changed two words of what Bonaparte said to me on Italy, so interesting was the subject, and such my habitude of retaining his words. After speaking of these vast projects, without any other transition save that produced by the crossing of his own rapid ideas, Bonaparte continued, "Apropos, Bourrienne, one thing I must tell you! Do you know Madame Brienne has requested me to pass through Brienne, and I have promised her: I do not conceal it from you. I anticipate great pleasure in revisiting the scenes which, for six years, were the witnesses of our youthful sports." Seeing the kindly dispositions of the Emperor, I thought I might venture to say, how happy I should feel, in being permitted to accompany him, and participate in those emotions of the past; to recall on the spot our walks, our studies, and our recreations. Napoleon was silent for a moment, seeming to reflect; then, with an accent of extreme kindness, replied, "Hear me, Bourrienne: In your situation and in mine, that is impossible. It is more than two years since our separation. What would be said of a reconciliation so sudden? I will frankly confess, that I regret you; and the circumstances in which I have frequently been placed, more than once inspired the idea of recalling you. At Boulogne, I had resolved upon it; my resolution was taken. Rapp may have spoken to you on this subject; for he loves you, and told me, with all the frankness of his nature, that your return would delight him. But reflection came; and, if I did not carry out my intention, it is because, as I have repeated to you more than once, I will not that the world can say I have need of any one. No! Go to Hamburg. I have designs upon Germany, in which you can be very useful to me. There will I strike England to the heart. I shall shut the whole Continent against her. I have ideas, besides, that go farther;—but these are not matured. There is not sufficient similarity among the nations of Europe; European

society requires to be regenerated; there wants a superior power, which may so far bear sway over the other powers, as to constrain them to live in good intelligence with each other; France is well placed for that. As to details, you will receive instructions from Talleyrand; but, what I commend to you, above all things, keep strict observance upon the emigrants. Woe to them, should they become too dangerous! I know there are still among them those who will not be quiet—certain of the old leven of the Marquis de Versailles. They are fools, who come like moths to burn themselves at the candle. You have been an emigrant, Bourrienne; you have a weak side towards them? and you know I have recalled more than two hundred on your recommendation. But it is no longer the same thing. Those now in exile are confirmed; they no longer stand in need of revisiting their country. Keep good watch over these: that is the sole recommendation I have to give in particular. You are to be Minister of France at Hamburg; but your mission is one apart. I authorize you, in addition to the official correspondence with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to address myself directly, when you have any thing special to say, to me. You will correspond likewise with Fouché."

Here, the Emperor remaining for a moment silent, I conceived it proper to retire, and, misinterpreting his thought, was about to take leave, when he retained me, saying, in the most engaging manner, —"What, Bourrienne! going already? Why in such a hurry? Let us have a little more talk. God knows when we shall see each other again! Listen!" added he, after a few moments of silence, "the more I think of our situation, of our former intimacy and separation, the more I am convinced you ought to go to Hamburg. Go there, my dear fellow, I advise you; rely upon it, you will find your advantage in so acting. When do you set out?"—"I reckon on departing in May."—"In May? Ah! ah!

I shall then be in Milan, for I shall remain some time in Turin: I love the Piedmontese; they are the best soldiers in Italy."—"Sire, the King of Italy will be the junior of the Emperor of the French." Here I made allusion to a conversation which I had held with Napoleon when we first took up our abode in the Tuileries. He was speaking of his projects of royalty; and, in answer to my objection of the difficulty he would experience in getting himself acknowledged by the ancient reigning families in Europe, replied, "If that be all, I will dethrone every one of them and then I shall be their senior!"—"Ah! ah!" answered he, "I see you have not forgotten what I once said to you at the Tuileries; but, my good friend, I have a devil of a long way yet to make."—"At the rate you now proceed, the end cannot be far off."—"Farther than you imagine: I see all the obstacles; but they do not dismay me. England is every where, and the struggle is prepared for me: I see what will happen; the whole of Europe will become our instruments, sometimes for the one, sometimes for the other; but, in the main, the question rests entirely between England and France."

"Apropos," said the Emperor, changing the subject—a word, as is well known, which served him for his favourite and almost only transition—"Apropos, Bourrienne, you have surely heard of the departure of Jaubert, and of his mission: what is said?"—"Sire, I have heard only vague reports."—"Then you know not whither he is bound?"—"Pardon me, sire; I know very well."—"The devil you do!" interrupted Bonaparte, turning abruptly towards me with astonishment. "No one, I assure you, has spoken to me on the affair; I have merely divined the object. Having received a letter from Jaubert from Leipsic, I recalled what your Majesty has often told me regarding your views on Persia and India. I have not forgotten our conversations in the East, nor the grand projects you developed when you

charmed the solitude, and sometimes the tedium, of our cabinet at Cairo. I am convinced, then, you have sent him on a mission to the Shah of Persia."—"You have divined rightly; but I beseech you, Bourrienne, say nothing of it to any one. The secret is of great importance at this stage. The English would certainly play my messenger some scurvy trick; for they know well it is against their power and their possessions in these countries that my views are directed."—"I think, sire, your Majesty can depend upon me. In place of going to Hamburg, if your Majesty will, I shall set out after Jaubert, accompany him to Persia, and perform half the mission."—"How! would you wish to go with him?"—"Yes, sire. I love him much; he is an excellent man; and I am certain he would not be sorry to have me as a companion."—"But—hem!—listen to me, Bourrienne! that perhaps might not be altogether so bad a scheme; you know something of the East; are accustomed to the climate; and would be of service to Jaubert. Nevertheless—no—Jaubert must be by this a long way off; I fear you would not be able to overtake him; and then you have a large family. You will be more useful to me in Germany. Every thing considered, go to Hamburg; you know the country, and, what is better, are perfectly master of the language."

I perceived that Bonaparte had still something to impart. As we continued walking up and down the alcoved saloon, he stopped on a sudden, and, regarding me with an expression almost of tenderness, said, "Now, Bourrienne, before I go into Italy, you must thus far oblige me. You sometimes visit *my wife;* and that is well; it is quite proper; you have been too long one of the family not to continue so. Go and see her; endeavour once more to induce her to listen to reason on these her foolish expenses. Every day I hear of new extravagancies, and this really puts me to the torture. When I speak to her on the

subject, I get angry — speak harshly. She weeps; I excuse all — pay all. She makes the best of promises; but the very next day comes the same thing; and we have always to begin anew. And, then — had she but given me a child! It is the torment of my life not to have a child. I perfectly comprehend my position; it never will be secure till I have offspring. Should I die, not one of my brothers is capable of succeeding me. All is commenced; nothing is completed: God knows what will be the issue. Go and see Josephine; omit none of the advices I have given you." He then resumed the gaiety which had marked the former parts of our conversation; for clouds driven by the tempest do not traverse the vault of heaven with such rapidity as ideas and sensations succeeded each other in the spirit of Napoleon. He finally dismissed me, with the habitual nod; and, seeing him in good humour, I turned, in leaving the room, and said — "Well, sire, you are going to hear the old bell at Brienne; I wager you find the sound sweeter than the bells of Ruel." — "That's true; you are right: do not laugh at me; — come, good bye."

Such are my recollections of an interview which lasted above an hour and a half. We walked the whole time, for Bonaparte was indefatigable in these audiences, and would have walked a whole day, I believe, while conversing, without being sensible of the exertion. I left him, better satisfied than ever with my friendly reception; and, according to his desire, went up stairs to the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which, in truth, had previously been my intention.

I found Josephine with Madame Rochefoucauld, an amiable woman, and lady of honour to the Empress. On stating that I had just left the Emperor, thinking, doubtless, I had something to communicate, she made a sign to her attendant, and we remained alone. I had no difficulty in bringing the conversation to the

subject on which Napoleon had spoken; for Josephine herself, without knowing, put me upon the track, by first speaking of a violent scene which had occurred only two days before. "When I wrote yesterday," said she, "to inform you of your appointment, and that Bonaparte would require you, I hoped you would come to see me on leaving him, but did not think he would send so soon. Were you still with him, Bourrienne, you would persuade him to hear reason. I know not who takes pleasure in carrying him reports; but really I believe there are people employed every where searching out my debts, in order to inform him." These complaints, so gently hinted by Josephine, rendered my mission less difficult than it otherwise might have been; which, notwithstanding, seemed but a sorry introduction to my new office of diplomatist. I related all the Emperor had said; reverted to the first affair of the twelve hundred thousand francs arranged for half the sum, and ventured to allude to the promises then made. "What would you have me do?" said she; "is it my fault?" These words Josephine repeated with an earnest sincerity which rendered them touching at once, and comic. "People bring me fine things; shew them to me; extol their beauty: I buy; they ask no money, and then demand payment when I have none: this reaches his ears, and he puts himself in a passion. When I do have money, Bourrienne, you know how I employ it; I give the greater part to the unfortunate who apply to me, and the poor emigrants. Come, now, I shall try to be more economical; tell him so if you see him again. But is it not a part of my duty to give as much as possible—to do all the good I can?"—"Certainly, madam," replied I, "but permit me to say, nothing requires more discernment than properly to apply your bounties. Had you passed your life upon a throne, you might have known whether your favours were truly bestowed upon misfortune; but, as it is, you cannot

be ignorant that they are oftener the spoil of the intriguing than the portion of necessitous merit. I cannot dissemble that the Emperor was very much in earnest when touching upon this subject, and desired me to speak with you."—"Did he utter no other reproach against me?"—"None, madam; you know the influence you have over him in every thing not pertaining to politics; let me, as a sincere and devoted friend, beseech you to give him no more uneasiness on the subject of expense."—"Bourrienne, I promise you this. For the present, adieu, my friend!"

In relating to Josephine what the Emperor had stated to me, I had taken especial care not to touch upon a chord far more sensible, alas! than even the very distressing expostulations she had to undergo on the subject of her expenditure. The poor woman! I should have reduced her to despair, had one word escaped me touching the regrets expressed by Bonaparte at having no child. On this subject, she had ever cherished an invincible presentiment of what would one day befall her. As to the rest, Josephine really spoke truth, when she said that it was not her fault: order and economy, while I knew the two, were as incompatible with her disposition, as moderation and patience with the temperament of Napoleon. The sight of the least waste put him beside himself; and this species of emotion his wife rarely spared him. With what dissatisfaction, on the other hand, did he view the greed of his own family for wealth! the more he heaped upon his relations, the more insatiable was their craving. With the exception of Louis, whose desires were always honourable, and his wishes moderate, all the rest importuned him with incessant demands. "Truly," he once observed, "to hear these people, one would say I had devoured the inheritance of our father!"

Voltaire has said—I forget in what place—"that it is very well kissing the feet of popes, provided that hands be tied." Bonaparte had little esteem for

Voltaire, and probably was not aware of this irreverent remark of the philosopher of last century; but he seemed to construe the pleasantry seriously, or at least to act gravely upon the principle. The Pope, or rather the cardinals who advised him, thinking that so great an act of complaisance as a journey to Paris ought to pay somewhat more than its own expense, otherwise it was, in their opinion, thrown away, demanded as a recompense the restoration of Avignon and Bologna, with some other territories in Italy. This really was great awkwardness in a court whose policy is usually so fine and so well adapted to the occasion. To ask the reward after the service had been rendered!—the fable of the stork and the fox! Had the Papal See, *before* the Pope's journey, asked, not Avignon, which most certainly it would not have got, but the Italian territories, Bonaparte might have given these—in order to take them back again. Be this as it may, those tardy claims, authoritatively rejected, occasioned extreme coldness between the Pope and the Church's eldest son: and the former, after conferring the title of Emperor of the French, refused the same consecration to the King of Italy.

As he had stated to me in the preceding interview, Napoleon set out for Milan just seven days after, on the 1st of April, in order to assume the iron crown. The Pope remained behind for some time; and his prolonged presence was not without effect on the spirits of men, when afterwards the times of his own persecution arrived. It had been better for Bonaparte had Pius VII. never come to Paris; for it subsequently became impossible to behold other than a victim in one whose truly evangelical meekness had there been appreciated.

Napoleon was in no haste to seize the crown of Italy, because it could not escape him. He remained three weeks at Turin, where he inhabited the elegant palace of Stupinis, the St Cloud of the kings of Sardinia. Here he received the report from the camp

of Boulogne, and arranged the embarkation with such minuteness, that those who executed his orders were the first dupes. Here, too, he was residing when the Pope passed through Turin, and thither he went to take leave of the Holy Father, affecting the greatest deference in all the relations of personal intercourse. Thence the Emperor set out for Alessandria, where he had already begun those immense works which absorbed so much treasure. After the battle of Marengo, he said one day to Berthier and me, "With Alessandria, I shall always be master of Italy. It must become the first fortified place in the world, with a garrison of forty thousand men, and provisions for six months. The French troops, in case of revolts, or should the Austrians send formidable armies into Italy, will always find a refuge there; and wherever I am, that time will be sufficient for me to fall upon Italy, overwhelm the Austrians, and raise the siege of Alessandria."

So near the plain of Marengo, the Emperor did not fail to visit that celebrated field of battle;* and, to give greater solemnity to the occasion, passed in review thereon, all the French force then in Italy. Rapp afterwards told me, there had been brought from Paris, expressly for this purpose, the uniform and hat which he wore on the day of that memorable conflict. It was remarked, also, that the worms, who spare neither the costume of living kings, nor the bodies of deceased heroes, had been busy with these trophies of Marengo, which, nevertheless, Bonaparte wore at the review.

Thence, by Casal, he repaired to Milan, where the most brilliant reception which had yet greeted any entrance into the capital of Northern Italy, awaited him. In the month of May, 1805, Napoleon was crowned at Milan with the iron crown of the ancient

* The greater part of the battle ground is overlooked from the enormous ramparts of Alessandria. — *Translator.*

kings of Lombardy, which, on this occasion, was drawn from the dust wherein it had reposed for ages.* The ceremony of this new consecration took place in the cathedral of Milan, next to St Peter's the vastest interior of Italy. Upon this occasion, taking the iron crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, Napoleon placed it upon his own head, calling aloud, "*Dieu me l'a donnée; gare à qui la touche,*" which remarkable expression afterwards became the legend of the Order of the Iron Crown, founded by the Emperor in commemoration of this event.†

At Milan, too, the last Doge of Genoa, M. Durazzo, came to add one gem more to the crown of Italy. His mission had for its ostensible object to supplicate the Emperor, in name of the republic, to permit the state of Genoa to exchange her independence for the signal honour of becoming a department of the French empire. This offer, as may well be conceived, was nothing but the result of previous intrigue, the whole being concerted beforehand. The prayer was accepted with a protecting air; and while the country of Andria Doria ceased from the list of nations, her last duke, his representative, was flung back among the crowd of senators. This city, once so opulent, and proud of her surname "superb," became the head-quarters of the 27th military division. The Emperor went in person to take possession, and slept in the Doria Palace, in the bed whereon Charles V. had reposed centuries before.

Descending from these lofty reminiscences, I cannot here omit the opportunity of setting to rights one of

* The iron crown, as it is called, is a plain circlet of gold covering a ring of iron, *said* to be composed of the nails of the Cross. The imperial crown was in the form of a garland of leaves, resembling those on the antique busts of the Cæsars. Its appearance was light and elegant. — *Translator.*

† The original exclamation was in Italian: "*Dio mi l'ha dato; guai a chi la tocca!* — God hath given it me; woe to him that touches it!" —*Ibid.*

those inconceivable mistakes into which Bonaparte, at St Helena, cannot have fallen otherwise than voluntarily. I find in the *Memorial*, that "the famous singer, Madame Grassini, first drew his attention at this coronation." Afterwards, Napoleon is represented as saying, that this celebrated woman addressed him at this period; and has amused himself with putting into her mouth the following speech: "When I was in the full splendour of my beauty and genius, I desired to gain but one look, nor was that wish gratified; and behold, you now regard me when I am no longer deserving of attention—when I am no more worthy of you." I confess my utter inability to explain, or even conceive, what could have tempted Napoleon to invent such a fable. This I know, that in 1800, not 1805—before the battle of Marengo, not at the coronation—I have very frequently been one of three with Napoleon and Madame Grassini at supper, in the General's chamber; whereat I was not more amused than necessary. Another circumstance is also among my recollections, that when I awoke him on the night that information reached me of the capture of Genoa by the Austrians, Madame Grassini awoke likewise. But I write not for the lovers of the scandalous chronicle—only the whole is so ridiculous. My readers, too, will recollect, that I have permitted but one other revelation of the same kind to escape me; and then the liberation of a good-natured husband by the English, drew me on, as being a stratagem of tactics quite opposed to the ordinary character of British gravity.

I continue my recital of the Italian journey, though, before the Emperor's return to Paris, I had already taken up my residence in Hamburg. Before leaving Milan, the Emperor caused to be erected on the Great St Bernard a monument in commemoration of the victory of Marengo. M. Denon, who accompanied Napoleon, and who was always charged with the execution of such plans, subsequently informed me,

that, after fruitless researches for the body of Desaix, in order to entomb it beneath this monument, the discovery was made by General Savary. It is thus certain that the ashes of the brave Desaix rest upon the summit of the Alps.

The Emperor arrived in Paris towards the end of June, and departed instantly for the camp at Boulogne. Then arose anew the belief of an immediate descent upon Britain; the more so, that Napoleon caused several essays at embarkation to be made under his own eye. But these led to nothing. A circumstance, which then occurred, furnished a fresh proof of the inferiority of our marine. A French squadron of fifteen sail, fell in with an English one under Admiral Calder of only nine ships; and in the engagement which ensued, which ought to have been favourable to us, we had the misfortune to lose two of our fleet. This new journey to the coast had then no connection with the project of invasion, of which Napoleon had long foreseen, if not the impossibility, at least the inutility. The only object was to shew himself a second time as Emperor, with the new dignity of King of Italy, to the finest and best disciplined army which Europe had for a long time beheld. He wished also, by empty menaces against England, to inflame the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and to conceal the intention, that these armed masses had been organized in order to overrun Germany, and repel the Russian forces already in march towards the frontiers of Austria. The dissatisfaction and intrigues of these two powers, and certain other movements in the North, as we shall find, had not escaped the eagle glance of Napoleon amid the pomp and splendours of his coronation. We shall soon behold him fall like a thunderbolt on Germany, and render himself master of the Austrian monarchy by the day of Austerlitz, as in like manner the field of Marengo had hailed him victor of Italy.

## CHAPTER IV.

HABITS OF THE EMPEROR — FONDNESS FOR NARRATING GLOOMY FICTIONS — JULIO, A TALE BY NAPOLEON.

In the course of these memoirs, I have already mentioned one of the peculiar tastes of Bonaparte,—that of relating stories. This taste he still continued to indulge. In fact, during the first year after his advancement to the imperial throne, Napoleon was accustomed to pass in the apartments of the Empress those evenings which he could gain from public affairs. Generally he threw himself upon a sofa, and, in this attitude, remained absorbed in voluntary abstraction and sombre silence, which none had the hardihood to interrupt. Sometimes, on the contrary, he gave scope to his ardent imagination, and his taste for the marvellous; or rather, to speak more exactly, to that necessity of creating effect, which, perhaps, was one of his dominant passions. On these occasions, he related narratives almost always of the terrible kind, and in harmony with the natural cast of his ideas. The ladies of the suite were present at these recitals of the Emperor, and to one of them I owe the following tale. In the midst of my serious avocations, as minister plenipotentiary at Hamburg, towards the end of September, I received a packet, with the post-mark of Strasburg, where the Empress then was. The form differed from that of diplomatic despatches, and the address shewed me immediately that it came from Josephine's establishment. On opening, I found the narrative, noted by my fair

correspondent from the lips of Napoleon. "Never," continued the lady, in her letter, "had the Emperor appeared to me more extraordinary. Carried away by his subject, he frequently traversed the apartment with a rapid step; the intonations of his voice varied according to the personages whom he introduced upon the scene: he seemed to multiply himself in order to represent all the parts, and no one needed to feign the agitation which he wished to inspire, and the impression of which upon our countenances pleased him." In the style, I change nothing, as several persons can attest, who, to my knowledge, have copies. It is curious to compare the passionate part of the tale with the style of Napoleon, in certain of his letters, addressed to Josephine.

## JULIO; A TALE.

*Improvised by Napoleon.*

There appeared at Rome a mysterious being, who pretended to unveil the secrets of futurity, and who was shrouded in such shadowy darkness that even its sex formed the subject of doubt and discussion. Some, while relating the singular predictions received from her mouth, described the forms and features of a woman; while others justified their terror by ascribing to its object the aspect of a hideous monster.

In one of the suburbs of Rome, within the recesses of a deserted palace, this oracle had established a retreat, which superstition and its own awful nature sufficiently guarded from the effects of popular curiosity. None could assign the period of the arrival of this singular being: in a word, whatever had reference to her existence was enveloped in impenetrable secrecy. In the eternal city, the Sibyl, for such was the name fixed upon by common accord, furnished the sole subject of conversation. All burned

with a desire to consult her, but very few found courage to pass the threshold of her abode. On approaching to that fearful sanctuary, the greater part of those whom curiosity had conducted thus far, were seized with a horror which they could refer only to a fearful presentiment, and fled, as if violently repelled by an invisible arm.

Camillo, a young Roman, of a noble family, resolved to visit the cave of the Sibyl, and prevailed upon Julio, his intimate friend, to accompany him in this adventure. The latter, of a timid and irresolute character, at first refused: it was not the fear of unknown peril which caused this hesitation, but Julio shuddered at the idea of rending the salutary veil which concealed futurity. He yielded, notwithstanding, to the entreaties of Camillo.

On the appointed day, they set out together for the fatal palace. The gate opened, as if of its own accord; the two friends entered, without trusting themselves to deliberate. After traversing for a long time the spacious but deserted apartments, they reached at length a gallery, closed by a black curtain, with this inscription: "*If you would know your destiny, pass this curtain, but prepare yourself by prayer.*" Julio experienced a violent agitation; he involuntarily fell upon his knees. Was he already under the influence of the mysterious power? After a lapse of some moments, the youths drew aside the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and penetrated into the sanctuary. They were met by a female; she was young, perhaps even beautiful; but her aspect defied and repelled examination: the cold calm of death, strangely mingling with the movement of life, formed the expression of her countenance. How find words to define or to portray those supernatural beings who, doubtless, inhabit regions where human language is unknown? Julio felt himself ready to sink, and turned away his eyes. Camillo, with downcast looks, waited till the Sibyl had demanded

the nature of their visit, and then replied. But she heard him not. Her attention seemed wholly absorbed by Julio: agitated, trembling, she extended a hand towards him, as if to seize him; then suddenly started back. Camillo repeated his desire for her to reveal his fate; she consented, and Julio retired.

After a short conference with the Pythoness, Camillo rejoined his friend, whom he found plunged in deep thought. "Courage!" said he to him with a smile; "as for my part, I have learned nothing terrible. The Sibyl has promised that I shall espouse thy sister, Juliana, [this marriage had in fact been settled;] she merely added, that a slight accident will retard, for a short time, our union."

Julio, in turn, withdrew behind the fatal curtain, and Camillo remained in the gallery. By and by a fearful cry pierced the ear: he recognized the voice of his friend, and rushed forward to his succour. Julio was on his knees before the prophetess, who, waving a wand above his head, pronounced these terrible words:—"Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" Camillo, seized with horror, approached Julio, whom he found pale, motionless, and unable to sustain himself. In vain he questioned; he could obtain no reply from his friend, who continued to repeat, with an accent of vague terror, the dreadful words,—"Murder! sacrilege!"*

Camillo, at length, accomplished the removal of Julio to his own home, and the moment he could obtain a pretext for leaving him, hastened to the dark dwelling of the Sibyl, resolved to force an explanation. But all had disappeared,—the curtain, the inscription; and the palace was in utter loneliness; nor did there remain one trace of the magician, who never returned more.

Some weeks had elapsed; the day for Camillo's

* These words were pronounced with a deep and mournful accent by Napoleon.—*Author.*

nuptials had been fixed, and Julio seemed to have recovered tranquillity. Camillo avoided interrogating him, hoping the terrific scene would gradually be effaced from his memory. On the evening previous to the marriage, the Marquis de Cosmo, Camillo's father, fell from his horse, and, though he received no serious injury, the accident caused the celebration of the nuptials to be deferred. Julio, Juliana, and Camillo were seated round the sick couch of the Marquis, lamenting the cause which had delayed their happiness, when Camillo, struck with a sudden recollection, exclaimed, — "The prediction of the Sibyl is accomplished!" All observed, that the remark threw Julio into the greatest agitation. From that moment he shut himself up in his apartment, shunning all society. The only one whose visits he admitted was a venerable monk, who had been his tutor, and with whom he held long and mysterious conferences. Camillo no longer strove to obtain an interview with his friend; for he perceived that Julio, above all others, avoided him.

The day so ardently desired at length arrived; Camillo and Juliana were united. But Julio did not appear; he had quitted the paternal roof, and all endeavours to discover his retreat were unsuccessful. His father was in despair; about a month afterwards he received the following letter: —

"My Father, — Spare yourself unavailing search: my resolution is inflexible; nothing can change it. Dispose of your riches; Julio is dead to the world. It pierced my heart to leave you, but I am constrained to flee from a horrible destiny.

"Adieu! Forget the unhappy JULIO."

This letter was without date; the messenger unknown: he had disappeared on delivering it. The Marquis interrogated the monk, who could yet offer him the sole chance of recovering his fugitive son;

but with him entreaties and menaces were equally vain: he could neither be persuaded nor intimidated. "I am not ignorant," replied he, "of your son's intentions. I long opposed them; but he had so firmly resolved, that I considered it my duty to yield to his wishes. I know the place of his retirement; no power on earth, however, shall force me to betray secrets intrusted under the sanctity of confession."

Julio had departed for Naples, and thence embarked for Messina, where he proposed entering into a Dominican monastery, recommended by his confessor. Father Ambrosio, the superior of this house, had too much real piety, and a spirit too enlightened, to take advantage of the troubled imagination of a young man, and Julio vainly supplicated to obtain a dispensation of the noviciate. He wished to be at once fixed in his retreat; the superior was inexorable, and Julio underwent the usual trial of one year, through which he passed without even one lingering thought towards the world. He was under the empire of an awful superstition, and believed it impossible to escape his fate, save by embracing a monastic life. The remembrance of the Sibyl haunted his mind, and the words which she had applied to him, still sounded in his ear. "Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!" The cell appeared the only refuge capable of protecting him from love and crime. Ill-fated youth! as if the walls, the vows, or the rules of a cloister, could shield man from his destiny!*

The year of the noviciate expired; Julio pronounced his vows; he believed himself happy; and, at least, experienced relief from the torments he had suffered. The thought of the sacrifice which he had just sealed, did not present itself, even for an instant,

* It was with an expression of profound conviction that Napoleon uttered this reflection, as if he had applied it to quite a different person than the hero of his narrative; then, seeing that his auditory betrayed the most anxious attention, he continued. — *Author.*

to trouble or to sadden his reflections. Yet, on the very evening of the solemn day, at the moment of retiring to his cell, he met one of the monks, who pressed his hand affectionately, and said to him, "Brother, it is for ever!" These words, "for ever!" appalled Julio. What marvellous power, over a feeble spirit, may reside even in a single word! This expression seemed, for the first time, to disclose to Julio the extent of his sacrifice: he already regarded himself as one dead, for whom time no longer existed: he fell into a deep melancholy, and appeared to bear with pain the load of life.

Father Ambrosio beheld with compassion the young man's state; it sufficed to know him unfortunate, to excite a tender interest in his favour, and he thought that occupation might win him from his sadness. Julio possessed great eloquence: Ambrosio named him preacher to the establishment. His reputation rapidly extended; crowds flocked to hear him. He was young and handsome, and, doubtless, the very mystery which hung over him lent an additional charm to his words. The time approached for celebrating a grand festival, at which the King of Naples and the whole court were to be present. Julio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of St Thomas, the patron of the monastery; and great preparations were made on the occasion. The day arrived: an immense crowd filled the church: Julio, with difficulty, was making his way through the people, to reach his station, when, in the midst of his efforts, the cowl fell from his head, leaving his countenance exposed. At this moment he heard a voice exclaim, "Great God, how beautiful he is!" Surprised, agitated, he turned involuntarily, and beheld a female, whose eyes were fixed upon him, with the most touching expression. That single moment sufficed to reverse the entire existence of these two beings. Julio went through the service; and, immediately on finding himself at liberty, ran to the solitude of his cell; but

no longer could he deliver himself up to his usual meditations. Pursued by the image of the unknown; experiencing sentiments altogether new to him troubled, disquieted, he found no repose; yet deemed existence had only begun from that moment in which the voice had fallen upon his ear, in accents that had penetrated his heart. He dared not hazard one thought on the future. Alas! what could it avail him? His destiny was irrevocable. Every morning he went to celebrate mass, and every morning he remarked, in the same place, a veiled female; he recognized her, but, at the same time, dared not even to wish to see her features, for he desired to forget her: such was his duty. Still he permitted his eager gaze to fall upon the veil! he followed every motion of the wearer; he felt, so to speak, the beatings of her heart, and his own responded to them. Too weak to tear himself from danger, he trembled at self-examination, and put away from him the truth. His whole life was reduced to a few rapid moments: during these he existed; all time besides became an absolute nothing. He determined to flee from thoughts he could not subdue. "If she come again to the church to-morrow," said he at length, "I will return there no more. Armed with this resolution, he thought himself secure, and appeared to experience some tranquillity. On the morrow, he repaired earlier than usual to the church; she was not there. When all had retired, he approached the seat of the unknown, and perceived her prayer-book; he seized and opened it, and read upon the first page the name of Theresa. At length, then, he could call her by name—a thousand times would he repeat that cherished name. "Theresa! Theresa!" murmured he with a low voice, as if dreading to be overheard, although quite alone. Since she came not, he no longer scrupled to return to the church: but days and weeks passed away, and Theresa continued always absent.

Theresa, united to an aged spouse, whom she loved

as a parent, was happy in the fulfilment of her duties, nor thought of other happiness beyond what had fallen to her lot. She saw Julio, and the peace of her bosom was destroyed. The soul of Theresa was so ardent, that her first true sentiment must needs decide the fate of her whole life. She adored Julio. Until this critical moment, her husband had been the confidant of all her thoughts; but she never spoke to him of Julio. This mystery was painful to her, and seemed a silent accusation to her own mind. She felt there was danger to be avoided, and had courage to abstain from going to mass. In the hope of calming her troubled breast, she desired to have recourse to confession; and resolved, for that purpose, to return to the church of the Dominicans. She chose the hour when she knew Julio would be occupied: approaching the confessional, she there, on her knees, acknowledged all her feelings, since the period of the festival; the pleasure she had enjoyed in beholding Julio every day; the remorse which had followed that felicity; and the courage with which she had renounced its indulgence: but she feared that this strength would soon fail her. "What must I do?" exclaimed she; "take pity, O father, on a miserable sinner!" Her tears flowed in torrents; her agitation was extreme. Scarcely had she ceased speaking, when a threatening voice pronounced this sentence, —"Unhappy woman! How is this? sacrilege!" At these words Julio—for destiny had so ordered that he should receive this avowal—rushed from the confessional. Theresa, still on her knees, arrested his flight, laid hold of his robe, beseeching him to retract his malediction: she implored him in the name of his salvation—she implored him in the name of his love. Julio repulsed her but feebly: "Theresa, Theresa," cried he at length, "quit this place; I feel my resolution failing." At these words, Theresa threw herself upon his breast, and encircled him with the arms of her love. "Tell me," entreated she,

" oh tell me, that I am beloved, before I separate from thee!"

Julio, no longer master of himself, and fearing to be thus surprised, returned for a moment her caresses, and pressed her to his heart; but again, as if struck with the recollected prediction, he vowed to flee from her for ever, and, without explanation, forced from her the same promise. Theresa, existing only in her attachment, and scarcely comprehending his words, yielded consent to all he imposed. What, indeed, imported language to her?—it sufficed that he loved her; was she not sure of again beholding him?

Julio—alone—restored to his own reflections, shuddered to think of his imprudence; but it was too late to avoid the danger; he could not flee from his destiny. Already he was a prey to the *love without limits;* the *sacrilege* had already been committed. Had he not declared his passion, even in the very church wherein he had pronounced his vows of sanctity? But, at the same time, he had sworn to flee from Theresa for ever. Strange infatuation of the human heart! That which ought to have been his punishment became his consolation. In this painful struggle, however, Julio had but an alternative of misery. Theresa was less afflicted: she was a woman: Julio loved her; had confessed his love; and this, to her, was a shield against all the strokes of fate. With what delight did she retrace the fleeting moments of their brief interview!—a single hour of such existence leaves more recollections than a whole life without love. She no longer remembered even the promise to avoid Julio: she returned to the church, and beheld Julio; who, on his part, seemed also to have forgotten his oath.

The whole of existence was absorbed by his passion; and, when he looked upon Theresa, the entire universe besides disappeared from before him. Still they abstained from conversing together. Julio, in the absence of Theresa, was tormented with bitter remorse; but

a single glance of hers recalled the fatal charm which held his soul enthralled. At length, he resolved to speak to her—to bid an eternal farewell.

There usually stood at the gate of the monastery, a poor woman and her child, who lived upon the alms of Theresa. The little Carlo often followed her; carried her book to church, and prayed by her side. Julio, who dared not trust himself to accost Theresa, directed Carlo to say, that Father Julio expected her at confession, at seven o'clock the same evening. What a day for Julio!—he trembled at the idea of being alone with Theresa. He feared that he should lack courage to bid her an eternal adieu: never could he repeat the words—But he could write them. He decided, then, not to see her; and Carlo was charged with delivering a letter to her as she entered the church.

Theresa, on receiving the first message, felt a strange disorder. "What can he want?" sighed she; "were we not so happy!" She failed not, however, to repair to the church at the appointed hour. Carlo gave her the letter; she broke the seal with eager emotion; but how great her surprise on reading what Julio had written!—"Fly, imprudent woman, and come not again to sully the sanctity of this place! Banish a remembrance which causes the torment of my life! I never loved you. I will see you no more!"

This cruel declaration pierced the heart of Theresa. She might have struggled against her remorse; but he loved her no longer—he had never loved her! Her remorse was far less bitter than these words. She was attacked by a violent fever; her life was in danger. The name of Julio often rose to her lips; but love guarded its own secret, even in the midst of delirium—that name was never betrayed; only from time to time she murmured, in subdued accents, "I never loved you."

Had Julio, meanwhile, recovered his tranquillity?

had he stifled remorse? No, no. His life was one scene of misery. After his declaration to Theresa, that he had never loved her, he yielded without reserve to his fatal passion. The sacrifice seemed to him sufficient, so terrible had been the effort of writing that letter! Oh! Theresa, couldst thou have known what it had cost the unfortunate Julio, thine own grief would have been softened by the consciousness of his sufferings! Julio became a prey to the most hopeless despondency. Three months had passed; and oh! how heavily had they passed! yet no news of Theresa. Time seemed still more to increase his love, and more than ever he avoided human society. Under the pretence of bad health, he prevailed upon Father Ambrosio to dispense with all such duties as might lead him abroad. He remained constantly immured in his cell, or wandered all night amid the tombs of the adjoining cemetery; his energies yielding daily to the disorder of his sentiments, and leaving him courage neither to vanquish, nor to resign himself to, love. Above all were his sufferings from that suspense which consumes life without remembrance, and without hope.

To the long illness of Theresa, succeeded a languor not less alarming. She felt herself dying, and wished to fulfil the last duties of religion. Her husband, who loved her with tender attachment, saw but too well that some secret sorrow was hurrying her to the tomb; but respected her silence, and would not permit himself even a single question. He requested Father Ambrosio, whose ministrations were held in great reverence, to visit Theresa. The good Father consented; but an unforeseen circumstance prevented the fulfilment of this promise. The superior directed Julio to take his place, and to repair to the house of Signor Vivaldi, the husband of Theresa, there to administer the balm of consolation to a departing spirit. Alas! Julio, himself a prey to the darkest despair, had only tears and grief, but no words of

consolation to impart. He desired, but in vain, to be excused; Ambrosio persisted in imposing this duty. Julio obeyed, and presented himself before Vivaldi's gate. He was conducted into a chamber dimly lighted, where a numerous circle of sorrowing friends surrounded the couch of a female. On his arrival, all retired, respecting the sacredness of his functions; and Julio was left alone with the patient.

Julio, under an undefinable emotion, remained motionless and irresolute. "My father," said the dying penitent, "is there yet mercy in heaven for a sinful woman?" Hardly were these words pronounced, when Julio fell upon his knees by the bed of death. "Theresa! Theresa!" he ejaculated.—Who can describe the feelings of both? All explanation was useless; they mutually loved. Julio recounted all he had endured for her sake, and accused himself for all she had suffered. "Pardon! O pardon! Theresa!—Julio is thine for ever!" These tender words recalled Theresa to life; she could not speak, but she saw Julio—she heard him—she pressed his hand: To die thus seemed to her more delightful than life.

Julio folded her in his arms: how willingly would he have prolonged her days at the expense of his own. "Thou shalt live!—will it not be so? Thy friend is with thee! My Theresa, speak to me!—must I never more hear thee?" The sound of that voice seemed to recall strength to Theresa. "I love you, Julio—I love you," murmured she; and these words contained the history of her whole life—what need of saying more?

The moments of such an interview flit rapidly away; the certainty of again meeting could alone have inspired them with courage to separate. Theresa regained health; Julio saw her every day. A tranquil intimacy subsisted between them, and Julio seemed to have forgotten his fears and his remorse. Occupied entirely with Theresa, he watched with the tenderest interest the progress of her recovery.

He dared not afflict her; he felt that her life depended upon him, and he interpreted this pretext for seeing her into a duty.

In the mean while, two years had elapsed since he had quitted Rome; the day of the anniversary of the fatal prediction having come round, he sunk into a gloomy thoughtfulness. Theresa would know the source of his secret sadness; she had never questioned him; but now, bent on sharing his sorrows, she could allege a motive for being informed of their cause. Julio related his interview with the Sibyl, and his flight from the paternal home. In the course of this recital, all its horrible associations crowded on his remembrance, and he cried out, in accents of terror, "Love without bounds! sacrilege! murder!"

Theresa's emotion was extreme; but the words *Love without bounds*, threw a dangerous spell over her heart and imagination; and when Julio dwelt upon the other terms of the prediction, she gently repeated, "Love without bounds,"—thinking thus to calm their troubled minds; for, to her, love was all.

Sometimes, hurried away by the violence of his passion, Julio fixed upon her a gaze so ardent, that she dared not meet his look; she felt her heart palpitate, her whole frame tremble, and a perilous silence succeeded to these tumultuous emotions. Still were they happy; for they were as yet without guilt.

Julio now received an important mission from father Ambrosio, which would oblige him to be absent for some time. He had not the courage to bid adieu to Theresa, but wrote, promising a speedy return. Detained, however, by a thousand, to him, trivial obstacles, a long month and more elapsed before he could return to Messina. On his arrival, he hastened instantly to Theresa, whom he found alone, upon a terrace overlooking the sea. Never had she appeared to him so beautiful, so captivating. One moment he gazed upon her in ecstasy, but longer he could not

refrain from the delight of speaking to her, and of listening to the delicious charm of her voice. He called her, she started, beheld him, and rushed into his arms. Yielding to his tenderness, he returned it with transport; but, on a sudden, repelling her far from him, with horror, he fell upon his knees, remaining thus, with clasped hands, fixed eye, and trembling throughout his whole frame. His deadly paleness, his bewildered expression, completed the terrible effect of this scene upon Theresa.

She dared not approach him; and, for the first time. found herself incapable of participating in his emotion, "Theresa," repeated he at length, with a mournful accent, "we must separate! thou knowest not all thou hast to fear." Theresa scarcely heard him, but saw his agitation, and endeavoured to sooth his feelings. He repelled her again. "In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed he, "approach me not:" she stood trembling and motionless; she knew of love only from its tenderness, and could not comprehend its fiercer emotions. Julio, impatient of her silence, started to his feet: "To-morrow," said he, "my fate shall be decided;" he was gone ere Theresa could reply. On the morrow, she received the following billet:—

"Theresa, I can see you no more; I am unhappy even in your society. I know you cannot conceive what I feel. Theresa, thou must yield thyself wholly to me, but it shall be the act of thine own will. Never could I take advantage of thy weakness. Yesterday thou sawest it; I tore myself from thine arms, for thou saidst not—I will be thine. But think well of this; we are lost for ever. Oh! Theresa, eternal perdition! how terrible are these words! even with thee, they would mar my happiness. For us, no more peace—death our sole resource—death even is no longer a refuge for us! To-morrow, if you will see me again, (and thou

knowest at what price)—to-morrow send Carlo to church. If he bring your prayer-book, Theresa, it will be to me a sign that thou hast renounced Julio; but, if he come without that book—then thou art mine for ever. For ever! it is the language of eternity! how dare to pronounce the word!—Adieu!"

Gentle and timid, Theresa was struck with affright on reading this letter. The words "eternal perdition" sounded to her like some fearful curse. "Julio," cried she, "we were so happy! why could not our happiness suffice thee?" She knew not how to resolve: to see him no more was impossible; "and yet," sighed she, "remorse will evermore pursue him. Oh! Julio, thou hast placed thy destiny in my hands: I will sacrifice myself—but save thee." Carlo received orders to carry her book to church; he placed it upon the seat usually occupied by Theresa.

As to Julio, an excess of love—an excess of remorse, had become alike necessary to his morbid feelings; yet, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he would not be the favoured lover of Theresa, save by her own voluntary attachment. Cruel through very weakness, he wished thus to throw upon her the whole responsibility of the crime. The church had been long deserted; Julio was waiting for Carlo: at length he beheld the messenger approach, go up to Theresa's seat, and there lay down a book. He was no longer master of himself, but, rushing forward, seized and returned the volume to Carlo, with orders to carry it back to his mistress. Long he remained immovably fixed to the spot, where he had awaited the decision of his fate, and that of Theresa. At length, recovering from the stupor into which the agitation of his thoughts had plunged him, "At least," murmured he, "I will see her once more."

Carlo returned to Theresa, and restored the book,

saying, that Father Julio had sent it back. What was the emotion of Theresa! She knew by this that Julio would return,—and went to meet him on the same terrace where they had seen each other for the last time.

At length he appeared; but grieved, depressed, and advancing with faltering step. Theresa read his inmost soul; she had trembled at the bare idea of this interview—had summoned up resolution to refuse it; but seeing the beloved of her heart so miserable, she no longer found courage save to console his wretchedness. No longer hesitating and trembling, she approached him, and breathed the confession—"Julio, I am thine!"

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[Here occurred a sort of pause and silence, which it is impossible to represent on paper, otherwise than by blanks. Of this species of interact, Napoleon took advantage to recover breath, before the catastrophe of the drama, and then resumed in these words]:—

A prey to remorse, Julio became sad and gloomy, even in the company of Theresa: the tenderest marks of affection had no longer power to move him. Meanwhile Theresa's love increased even by the sacrifice she had made. She sighed in secret over the change but too perceptible in Julio: she complained not, however, fearing to afflict him, and deluded herself with the hope of yet rendering him so happy that he should forget all save her.

Far from answering to this love, Julio accused her as the cause of his misfortunes. "Thou hast seduced me—thou hast been my ruin!" thus would he exclaim; "but for thee, my soul had still been pure!" His visits became less and less frequent; then ceased altogether.

Theresa sent to inquire for him; went constantly to church; wrote every day. Her letters were returned unopened, and Julio no longer left his cell. But it had become necessary that Theresa should see

him—should speak to him, and confide a new secret. Alas! the secret of a mother! What was to be her lot, should he thus persist in abandoning her!

The following Sunday, Julio was to officiate at the altar. Of this Theresa was informed, and felt that such an opportunity was not to be neglected. There was more than her own life at stake; this thought armed her with strength and courage. An important object occupied and absorbed her wholly. The two days preceding her anticipated interview with Julio were devoted to preparation for the flight which she now meditated. The situation of the convent on the sea shore would facilitate this enterprize. As to the region whither they should direct their course, she thought not of that for one moment. Julio must decide; for, except Julio, all else had become indifferent to Theresa.

She had hired a little bark, and arranged every thing with so much secrecy and prudence, that her design was not even suspected. Her perturbation of mind secured her from the torment of contemplating the obstacles she might have to encounter. The day so impatiently expected arrived at length, and Theresa, shrouded in a long veil, placed herself near the altar. Julio was unable to recognize her, though she saw every movement of his. While the assembly was dispersing, she glided behind a column, near which he must necessarily pass, in returning from the service. On perceiving him approach, she too clearly discerned that he looked more than ever a prey to sorrow: his arms were crossed upon his breast, his head drooped, his step was slow and dragging, like that of a criminal. Theresa beheld the effects of his despair with deep emotion. She would have sacrificed her own life to purchase his repose; but there no longer existed the right to hesitate—the innocent being to whom she was soon to give birth, demanded of her a father. She presented herself before Julio. "Stop," cried she, "Julio, I must speak with you—and you must hear

me! I will not leave you, till you have given me the key of the garden of your monastery. I *will* have it! Oh, Julio! it is no longer *my* life only that depends upon you!" At these words, Julio seemed to start as from some hideous dream: "Unfortunate woman," exclaimed he, "what sayest thou? Begone! fly far from this place." But Theresa flung herself at his feet, and called Heaven to witness her resolve never to leave him till he had granted her request. All his efforts to escape were vain: a supernatural force seemed to animate Theresa. "Swear to me," were her words, "that we shall also meet again, at midnight." While she reiterated these demands, Julio heard a slight noise: fearing discovery, he gave the key. "At midnight," was his sole reply; and they separated.

By midnight, Theresa had reached the garden. The night was dark; she dared not call, lest all should be disclosed. Soon she heard the steps of one approaching. It was Julio. "What wouldst thou?" inquired he; "speak! the moments are brief! Cease, I conjure you, to pursue a wretch who can never render thee happy. Theresa, I love thee! without thee, life is an insupportable burden; and with thee, my remorse is a torment greater than I can endure: it poisons even my sweetest moments. Thou hast seen my despair. How often have I accused thee! Pardon! pardon! my best beloved! it is just I should become the author of my own punishment. I have renounced thee: that sacrifice is the expiation of my crime." He ceased to speak, overwhelmed by unutterable grief. Theresa sought to console him, by painting a happy futurity that lay before them. "Julio," said she, "had it been for mine own sake, I should not have dared to come hither in search of thee; like thee, I could have braved death; but the pledge of our love calls upon us to live. Come, then, Julio, let us depart! all is ready for our flight!"

Julio, suffering under inexpressible anguish, allowed

himself to be conducted for a space; a few minutes more, and they were to be united for ever—a few minutes more, and the path of innocence and happiness would be regained. But, all of a sudden, disengaging himself from Theresa's arms,—"No!" cried he; "never!"—and plunged a dagger to her heart.

[While pronouncing these words, Bonaparte approached the Empress, with the action of one who draws a poniard: the illusion was so powerful, that the ladies of the suite threw themselves between him and his wife, uttering a cry of terror. Bonaparte, like a consummate actor, continued his recital, without taking notice, or appearing to remark the effect he had produced.]

She fell,—and Julio was covered with her blood. He stood motionless, as if rooted to the spot, contemplating his victim with bewildered gaze. Day began to break; the bell of the monastery chimed the hour of morning prayer. Julio, starting at the sound, raised and consigned to the deep the lifeless form of her who had loved him with such devoted affection. Then, with precipitate step, and frantic mind, he rushed into the church. His robe dabbled with blood—the dagger still grasped in his hand—all denounced the murderer. He was immediately seized, without offering resistance.—Julio disappeared for ever.

[The Empress pressed the Emperor to add some details on the future fate of Julio. Napoleon briefly replied,—

"*The secrets of cloisters are impenetrable.*"]

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The history of Julio is not a fiction. Some time previous to the Revolution, an event nearly similar occurred in a monastery at Lyons. The documents

referring to this occurrence fell into Bonaparte's hands, and furnished him almost entirely with the circumstances and characters of his tale.

Often have I listened to similar recitals: on these occasions, he always had the apartment illuminated by a feeble light, in order to produce greater effect upon the minds of his auditors. When he thus gave loose to the impetuosity of his imagination, to such a degree did the warmth of his accented declamation transport him, that all things around wholly disappeared, or took the colour of his own "thick-coming fancies." For my own part, I read the story of Julio with the more pleasure, that I could readily conceive to myself the tones of his voice—his utterance, at times difficult to be followed; the power of his expressive looks; and the action with which he accompanied these extempore recitations. I can assure my readers, that, above all, his was a case to which they might justly have applied the remark of Æschines, "What, then, would have been the effect had you heard himself!"

## CHAPTER V.

FOUCHE — VIEWS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN ELEVATING BONAPARTE — BOURRIENNE MINISTER AT HAMBURG — HIS DUTIES — POLITICAL STATE OF GERMANY — SWEDEN — AUSTRIA — HANOVER — BERNADOTTE — TREATY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND ENGLAND — NEUTRALITY OF PRUSSIA VIOLATED — THE EMPEROR JOINS THE GRAND ARMY — PROCEEDINGS ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM PARIS — SINGULAR HISTORY OF AN OFFICER OF ARTILLERY — BONAPARTE'S MODE OF INTERROGATING — PROCLAMATION.

As minister-plenipotentiary to one of the German circles, I found myself in the very centre of intrigue and military movement. But the reader will expect some account of my own proceedings, while I have several preparatory measures of importance to explain prior to the campaign of Austerlitz.

I left Paris on the 20th May, 1805; but, as the Emperor, in my audience of leave, had recommended me to communicate with Fouché, I had previously passed two days at his country seat. There being few visitors at Pont Carré, I had several private conversations of moment with that minister, in which I took care that he should be the chief speaker. Fouché had this in common with his master, that, in the warmth of discourse, he allowed very imprudent disclosures to escape. In ordinary circumstances, however, this was attended with no inconvenience; for, as he enjoyed so great a reputation for duplicity, the very truth from his lips seemed one of the lures employed by craftiness. I knew this celebrated

personage sufficiently well to discriminate between stratagems and indiscretions, and had discovered, also, that the best way to draw him on was to let him talk without interruption. Our conversations naturally turned upon the events of 1804. Fouché took great credit to himself for having advised Napoleon to the empire. "I attach no importance," continued he, "to any form of government more than another: all that signifies nothing. The object in the Revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons; nothing was at first contemplated beyond the reform of abuses, and the removal of prejudices; but, when it appeared that Louis XVI. had neither the courage to refuse these demands, nor the good faith to grant what his weakness had led him to promise, it became evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign in France; and things reached such a pitch, that we were constrained to condemn Louis, and resort to energetic measures. You know what took place then, and has ensued since the 18th Brumaire. We have now all seen that a republic is a thing impossible in France. Thus the whole reduced itself to the question,—How are the Bourbons to be kept at a distance from France—and for ever? and I conceive no measure more likely to attain this end than disposing of their hereditary right to the crown in favour of another family. Some time before the revolution of Brumaire, I had a conference with Sieyes and Barras, in which it was agitated, whether, in case of the Directory being menaced, the Duke of Orleans should not be recalled. I could easily perceive that Barras inclined to this opinion, from his representing it only as a rumour, the progress of which he commended to my watchfulness: Sieyes said nothing. I cut all short by remarking, that if such a report had ever circulated, I must have known, and that the restitution of the throne would be an impolitic act, which could change only for a moment the situation of those who had brought about the

Revolution. Of this interview with Barras I gave an account to General Bonaparte, on first conversing with him after his return from Egypt. I sounded, and found him, in the decrepitude of the Directory, the very man we wanted, and subsequently ordered the agency of the police towards procuring his elevation to the chief magistracy. He speedily shewed himself ungrateful. Instead of yielding me his confidence, after having seconded him as I had done, he set himself to spinning fine, and gave, I know not to how many people, their petty polices, whose least fault was their uselessness. The majority of their agents were men at my beck, who obeyed my instructions in their reports; and then, a hundred times have I seen the First Consul quite elated with having made discoveries without me, which came only from me, and the absurdity of which I had no difficulty in proving. I confess having been at fault in the affair of the 3d Nivose; but is there any human means of preventing two men, without accomplices, from plotting between themselves and bringing a design into execution? You saw the Consul on his return from the opera; you heard his declamations. A secret instinct told me that the infernal machine was the contrivance of the royalists. This I explained to him privately; I am convinced, too, he was of the same opinion: nevertheless, he persisted in condemning some hundred individuals, under the sole pretence of their old opinions. Do you suppose me ignorant of what he said respecting my vote in the National Convention? On my word, it is not his part to cast reflections upon the Convention; it was that vote which placed the crown upon his head. You must have remarked, that the republicans, not the party of the Convention, were in general most opposed to the revolution of Brumaire. Witness Moreau and Bernadotte. I know that the former was opposed to the Consulate, and that weakness only induced him to accept command of the guard over the Directory. I know that he

even made an apology for his office to his prisoners; of this they themselves informed me!"

On the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, Fouché continued thus: "It was I who hatched that conspiracy, in order to recover my ministry, and as a consolation for not having discovered the attempt of Nivose." He confirmed me fully in the correctness of the opinions already expressed on this subject, and on the machinations at the commencement of 1804. He congratulated himself in set terms on having tricked Regnier, and constrained Bonaparte to recall him to office. As a proof that he had put in movement means of uniting the conspirators, or rather of converting the discontented into conspirators, hear his own words: "Informed, as I was, of every thing, had I continued in the ministry, it is probable that the conspiracy would not have come to a head, but Bonaparte would still have had to fear the rivalship of Moreau. He might not have been Emperor, and we should still have lived under the apprehension of the return of the Bourbons,—a catastrophe which, thank heaven, we no longer dread!"

These avowals of Fouché will surprise no one who knew him. I have already said that he was naturally indiscreet—he laid himself much more open after success. To draw him on, I confided the secret of my being authorized to correspond directly with the Emperor; and thus took the merit of revealing, as in confidence, what I was well aware he would soon discover by his agents. I said a few words, also, on the regrets expressed to me by Bonaparte on the subject of having no children: the object here was, to discover Fouché's real opinion. Deeply did I feel my indignation stirred on his saying,—"It were to be wished the Empress might die: that would remove many difficulties. Sooner or later he will take a wife who may bring him children; for, so long as he is without an heir, his

death is to be feared as the signal of a dissolution of the empire. His brothers are of revolting incapacity: we shall see a new party spring up in favour of the Bourbons, which, of all things, is to be prevented. At present, they are not dangerous; but they have active partizans, especially where you are going: watch them narrowly. Beware, however, of double spies; they swarm in Germany."

At Hamburg, when I arrived and presented my credentials on the 5th of June, the diplomatic body then consisted of representatives,—from Spain, Count de Rechteren, a bon vivant, and his secretary Romanillos, ill educated, and disagreeable; from Prussia, Baron Grote, insupportably vain and talkative; from Denmark, Baron d'Eybe, an absolute cipher; from England, Mr Thornton, an excellent man, prudent, and well informed; from Russia, M. Forshmann, a little droll fellow, a fool, and still more vain than foolish; from Austria, M. Gieffer, a very good man; from Portugal, M. Schubach, one of the most honourable merchants in Hamburg; from Holland, M. Reynoldt, talented, but self-sufficient; from Sweden, M. Peyron, whom I did not see, on account of the war. This I regretted: he was described as wise and conciliating, and dissuaded his majesty of Sweden from kidnapping and binding me up as volume the second to M. Rumbold, the English minister, whom Napoleon had carried off in my predecessor's time.

Immediately on arriving in Hamburg, I had instructions, first of all, to give assurance that his Imperial Majesty would guarantee the constitution and the tranquillity of Germany, and that he regarded this obligation as a most sacred duty: but scarcely had I entered upon my functions, when war ravaged Germany, and the continental system ruined the trade of its commercial cities. I recalled then what the Emperor had said in my audience of leave—"You will be useful to me in Germany; I have views on

that country." These *views* thus placed me in continued contradiction with my amicable assurances of friendship and protection. In other respects, my situation, during the first few months of residence at Hamburg, was attended with excessive labour, while affairs succeeded and crossed each other with inconceivable rapidity. My occupations were different, but not less numerous than those formerly devolving upon me in the cabinet of the Emperor; while my present avocations incurred a responsibility which had not attached to the functions of private secretary. In detail—I had to watch the emigrants in Altona, of itself no small affair; to correspond almost daily with the minister for foreign affairs, and the minister of police; to confer with the foreign ministers resident at Hamburg; to maintain active intercourse with the generals of the French armies; to examine my secret agents; to keep an eye over them also. I was enjoined, besides—not the least disagreeable of my engagements—to be constantly on the alert for those accursed articles in the *Hamburg Correspondent*, which so grievously annoyed Napoleon. The editor sent me a proof, every evening, of the paper as it was to appear next morning,—a favour granted only to the minister of France; but even thus, nuisances crept in, or, rather, could not be kept out.* Fouché overwhelmed me with denunciations; had I listened to him, I should have tormented every body. During the first months succeeding my arrival, I received an order to arrest a great many persons, almost all qualified as *dangerous men* and *bad subjects*. When convinced of the falsehood of an accusation, I gained time; and he who gains time, gains all: forgetfulness replaced severity, and no one complained. Besides, such orders were almost always illusory;

* Of the paper at this time, 27,000 copies were circulated, which impression soon after rose to 60,000. It was got up excellently, and paid well.

even when no repugnance existed against their execution. The accused marched away from Hamburg to Altona as one takes a walk from the Tuileries to the Champs Elysées, the distance being somewhat less than three quarters of a mile; and Hamburg, a city of ninety thousand souls, was under the control of a president and captain of police devoted to the English. I could not make myself be heard at Altona—a word in German, expressive of too great proximity—save by way of Copenhagen; which long, but indispensable circuit rendered null every measure. I renounced the attempt, and certainly found, for my part, that *Altona* was not *too near*.*

The enmity of the foreign princes against Napoleon encouraged all sorts of abusive writings, which greatly added to the difficulties of my situation. This hatred had greatly augmented on the death of the Duke d'Enghien,—a fact not concealed by any one of the ministers or foreigners of distinction who resided in or visited Hamburg. Of this I find a curious proof among my papers, in the shape of an article for the *Correspondent*. It did not, of course, appear in that publication, and mine is the intercepted copy. It states, "that on the day when the news reached Berlin, a grand entertainment having been previously appointed to take place at the palace in the evening, the first thought was to postpone the arrangements. Time, however, did not suffice to countermand the invitations; and besides, the king, on reflection, felt the necessity of temporising. But when the French minister made his appearance, every one whom he addressed turned away, nor would any one sit at the same card-table with any of the members of the French diplomacy." The indignation against that transaction was, in truth, universal. The King of Sweden distinguished himself by his violence; and liked to make himself be talked of. About the time of my arrival,

* The etymology of Altona is said to be *alzu-nahes*, too close.

he gave a grand military fête in his camp at Scania. The Swedish minister afterwards shewed me an autograph letter, directing him to have inserted in the *Correspondent* the details of this mighty affair. Of this camp, his own minister, M. d'Ocariz, spoke with derision. This prince sent back to the king of Prussia the collar of the black eagle, because the order had been conferred upon the First Consul. His Prussian majesty was much hurt by this proceeding, which he considered to be an insult, and as improper as the returning of the golden fleece by Louis XVIII. had been noble. Gustavus, in fact, was inconsiderate and irascible. He called Bonaparte *Master Napoleon.* He was brave, enterprizing, and chivalrous; but his follies and reverses in Hanover unquestionably occasioned his abdication. His declaration of war on the 31st October, 1805, was filled with personal abuse against the Emperor. We shall see by and by what were the results of his grand expeditions.

On my first arrival in Germany, the Emperor of Austria had not yet acknowledged Napoleon as King of Italy, though his ambassador had remained at Paris. From that moment, however, Austria prepared for war. England, glad to remove even the apprehensions of an invasion, urged on the cabinet of Vienna. But I have reason to believe that Napoleon *was not absorbed* in his pretended expedition when the hostile intentions of Austria manifested themselves; he desired such manifestation, and this lifting of bucklers in another quarter caused to be forgotten, without regret, his useless and expensive preparations against England. This power was, in the mean time, making immense efforts to resist the invasion which threatened her, and expended considerable sums in transporting troops from Hanover. Never, in fact, had such precipitation been witnessed. Vessels could not be procured in sufficient abundance, and immoderate prices for transports were given. These troops were those of General Walmoden, captured in Sub-

lingen, by Marshal Mortier, who first commanded the army of occupation in Hanover. The British government had refused to ratify the capitulation, because it stipulated that the troops should remain prisoners of war. Bonaparte had two motives for not insisting upon this harsh condition; he wished to retain possession of Hanover in lieu of Malta, and as the means of more easily attacking Prussia, whose intentions had begun to excite his suspicion. He thus secured his left flank, in the event of marching to the north. Mortier, therefore, received orders to modify the capitulation, and the transport of the troops thus liberated, with the supposed urgency of their presence at home, occasioned the haste now described, by which many of the Hanoverian houses realized fortunes.

Marshal Bernadotte succeeded Mortier in Hanover. We resumed our ancient relations of amity, both officially and privately. Before my arrival, two Irishmen had been recommended to the marshal by Berthier as spies. One of these, MacMahon, I quickly found to be more a spy of England than ours. Of this I apprized Bernadotte; he had made the same discovery, and wrote me, "I never had any confidence either in the capacity or the devotion of the said MacMahon. I never intrusted him with any commission of importance; and, if he received employment, it was from his having been recommended by the minister of war, and that his unfortunate situation inspired pity. I gave him at first 400 francs per month, (£16, 13s. 4d.) but, detecting his incapacity, I reduced this allowance to 250,—a pittance barely sufficient to keep him alive." After the occupation of Hanover, Mr Taylor, English minister at Cassel, had been obliged to quit that court, but had returned, notwithstanding the opposition of France. Bernadotte's letter to me on this subject is interesting:—

"My dear Bourrienne,—I have just received

advices, which remove all doubt on the transactions at Cassel, in Mr Taylor's affair. That minister has been received, notwithstanding the representations of ours, (M. Bignon,) which, indeed, till now, had been merely verbal. I know the Elector wrote to London, requesting that Mr Taylor might not return; in reply, the English government sent him back: our minister did every thing to induce the Elector to dismiss him; but the grand consideration of the Elector's pecuniary interests carried the day; he could not afford to quarrel with a court on which he depends for 12,000,000 francs, (half a million.) The British ministry, to be sure, have been again addressed on the subject; and the Elector himself, by a private letter, has requested the King of England to recall Mr Taylor; but it is very likely the court of London will elude the demand. Under these circumstances, our troops have approached Cassel. Until then, the whole country of Gottingen had been exempt from military occupation; new dispositions, required by the scarcity of forage, determined me to send a squadron of horse chasseurs to Munden, a little town twelve miles from Cassel. This movement placed the Elector ill at ease; he has expressed a desire to see things reinstated in their former position; and begged M. Bignon to write me in these terms, charging him to repeat the assurance, that he should be delighted to cultivate my acquaintance at the waters of Nemidorff, where he is to be for some time. But herein I shall act, as already stated to you. I believed, my dear Bourrienne, you would not be sorry to learn all these particulars: you may depend upon them. I salute you.

BERNADOTTE."

Our information, however, was not always so legitimately obtained, as the following incident, which happened about the time of my arrival at Hamburg, will shew:—A courier from Vienna, on his route to England, was waylaid, in a forest through which he

had to pass, and his despatches seized, by order of the Emperor. His hands were then tied, and he himself, in this condition, bound to a tree. The unfortunate man remained in this frightful situation, till an old woman, passing accidentally, discovered, and released him from almost certain death. During the six years I remained in Germany, no such order reached me: it was well; for I would not have directed its execution.

In the beginning of the month of August, a treaty was talked of between Russia and England; I had previously learned, upon unquestionable authority, that the Emperor Alexander had made overtures to General Moreau, to induce him to accept the command of the Austrian infantry. The Emperor made offer of twelve millions of rubles (£2,100,000) to defray travelling expenses. Moreau, as is well known, had not the misfortune to accept these conditions till long after, when he died in the ranks of the enemy.

This treaty, persons of high rank, and versed in these affairs, who saw the original, communicated to me by the following extract:—1. The object of the treaty to be the re-establishment of the equilibrium of Europe: 2. The Emperor of Russia shall place 36,000 men at the disposal of England: 3. Neither of the two powers to lay down arms till the King of Sardinia be restored to his dominions, or have received an equivalent in the northeast of Italy: 4. Malta to be evacuated by the English, and occupied by the Russians: 5. The two contracting powers guarantee the independence of the Ionian Republic, and England engages to aid Russia in her war with Persia. Had this project of a treaty been realized—and of its existence I have no doubt—it is impossible to calculate what might have been the consequences to Europe.

At this epoch, no one in the north questioned the near approach of a continental war. I affirm, that, had not Napoleon assumed the initiative, and renounced

in good time his extravagancies at Boulogne, France would have been overwhelmed. I was not slow in advising him of the danger which threatened the country: Of this, more hereafter.

The movements of the Hanoverian army, which occupied a vast extent of position, required its force to be concentrated, in order to approach the line of those military operations, which events announced to be at hand. Bernadotte was thus *obliged* to abandon Cuxhaven, which belonged to Hamburg, and took occasion of this necessity to elicit certain aids from that city, under pretext of the evacuation being a mark of respect for the municipality! The following is his letter to me on this subject:—

"You have good reason, my dear Bourrienne, to complain of me; I had, from the first, intended to advertise you of the movements taking place in the army, but supposed that in twenty-four hours you must be informed of every thing. I have completed preparatory dispositions, for concentrating the troops upon Verden, and beyond that upon Ganove; I have also assembled some regiments at Gottingen. Up to this moment, all is conjecture; but, so soon as I have any thing positive, be assured, my dear B., you shall know. I feel how important it is that you should be *au courant* as to how matters go here. As the movement I have just made carries me a little from Cuxhaven, I may abandon that post entirely. Could you not turn that circumstance to advantage for the army? I think you would perform something agreeable to his majesty, by procuring supplies for his army in Hanover. Accept, my dear B., renewed assurances of my regard. BERNADOTTE."

"September 3, 1805."

The Marshal soon after set out, in full march, for the south of Germany. Napoleon, remembering the successful mission of Duroc to Berlin, under the

Consulate, despatched him a second time, in order to appease the King of Prussia, who took very seriously the violation of his neutrality, by the passage of Bernadotte's army through Anspach. Duroc's mission, however, was this time not so agreeable. The easy progress of the troops through Hesse had encouraged this new infringement; but there existed a mighty difference between a petty state and the kingdom of Prussia. In his first letter, Duroc wrote me,—"I know not how long may be my sojourn at Berlin. By my last news, the Emperor is still at Paris, and numerous armies are assembling on the Rhine; the hopes of peace become more and more overcast: Austria is at the bottom of all. I have heard from Marshal Bernadotte. His passage through Hesse has been effected in the best manner possible; the Marshal lauds the Elector to the skies." To this was subjoined a note in the handwriting of M. Laforest, our minister at the court of Prussia, desiring copies of the Russian Military Regulations, and the Austrian Almanack,—"a circumstance," to borrow my correspondent's words, "which, if it shewed how far we are behind in these matters, proved at least our good faith." Duroc's second letter was in a different strain; the kindness of the King of Prussia had vanished with the news of the march through Anspach. Much misconstruction has been put on this no doubt illegal violation of the rights of a neutral power: but a letter from a servant of the Emperor, dictated in the confidence of friendship, may place things in their proper light:—"The corps of Marshal Bernadotte has traversed the marquisate of Anspach, and an order, issued in the best possible faith, but misconstrued, through certain underhand dealings, has been here at Berlin represented as an insult offered to the King, and an outrage to his neutrality. But is it to be supposed, that the Emperor, in the present circumstances especially, would think of insulting, or of offering violence to an ally?

Besides, reports have been exaggerated, or invented by those who are greater friends to our enemies than to us. I am very ready, however, to admit, that Marshal Bernadotte's seventy thousand soldiers are not seventy thousand virgins. Whatever may be the extent of damage—and I am very sure it has been far from fatal,—it is not the less injurious to us. Laforest and myself have been very hardly looked upon, though in no degree culpable. All the idle stories set afloat here must have reached you. Perhaps Prussia will not forget, that France was the only power which took an interest in her aggrandizement, and has still the same views to maintain."

The junction of the Marshal's corps with the grand army, prior to the battle of Austerlitz, was of too much importance to Napoleon not to be expedited by all means, and by the shortest road. Gustavus of Sweden, always engaged in some scheme, proposed to form an army, composed of his own troops, the Prussians, and English; and unquestionably, a vigorous attack in the north had prevented Bernadotte's departure from the Wezer and the Elbe, to reinforce the grand army, in its march upon Vienna. But this coalition confined its operations to besieging the insignificant fortress of Hameln. Prussia would not yet break with us, and the King of Sweden, thus abandoned, only drew upon himself the heavier resentment of Bonaparte, while his reverses alienated the affections of his own subjects.

Such was the state of affairs after I had been three months in Hamburg, when, at length, intelligence reached me that the Emperor had set out for the army. This event was preceded by the abolition of all that now remained of the Republic, namely, its calendar. This had been one of its most foolish inventions; for the designation of the months could not be generally applicable, even when confined to France. A decree of the 9th September, decerned, that, from the commencement of January, 1806, the

months and days should resume their ancient divisions and names.*

It was Napoleon's constant policy to represent his enemies as aggressors — himself as forced to declare war. In this he had two objects in view, — to maintain an appearance of sincere love of peace, and to remove the responsibility of a contest which he seemed not to have sought. His career offers few examples of this policy so striking as the operations previous to the first conquest of Vienna. Nothing could be more evident than that the transformation of the Cisalpine Republic into the Kingdom of Italy, and the union of Genoa to the empire, were acts contrary to the existing treaties; yet the Emperor did not the less complain of these treaties being violated by Austria. The truth is, Austria had armed in the most secret manner, and assembled her troops on the frontiers of Bavaria. An Austrian corps had even penetrated into some of the provinces of the Electorate. From that moment, Napoleon could assume for a pretext the necessity of marching to the succour of the allies of France.

In this spirit, he published a singular manifesto, intended for the Diet then assembled at Ratisbon. In this document he exposed his grievances, and threw the odium of all that might follow upon the previous bad faith of Austria; here the facts were, of themselves, true, but presented only one side of the question. "In such grave circumstances," so concluded the document, "and after vainly endeavouring to bring the court of Vienna to sentiments truly

* To the labouring classes the division into decades, instead of weeks, giving a day of rest only every tenth, instead of every seventh day, was particularly obnoxious. Few better sayings are on record than that of the French mathematician, who, being consulted on the apportioning of the new calendar, replied, "Learned calculations are thrown away here; the question is decided by the commonest wants of man; a *dirty shirt* and a *rough beard* will ever be against your decades." — *Translator.*

pacific, notwithstanding the reiterated asseverations of that court, of having no hostile intentions against France, the Emperor of the French regards himself bound to declare, that he will consider as a proclamation of war, formally directed against himself, every aggression to the detriment of the Germanic body, and especially against Bavaria; the Emperor being fully determined never to separate the interests of his empire from those of the Princes of Germany, his allies." This note reached me on the 15th September. Twelve days after, on the 1st Vendemiaire, which was to figure, for the last time, among the festivals of the Imperial Republic, Napoleon presided in the Senate, and departed on the morrow for the army.

In the memorable sitting, which preceded his departure, the Emperor had presented to the Senate, a plan for the reorganization of the National Guards. The minister for foreign affairs read an explanation of the reciprocal conduct of France and Austria posterior to the peace of Luneville. Before the sitting broke up, the Emperor addressed the senators in a speech, which produced a very lively sensation throughout Germany.

"In the present circumstances of Europe, I feel the necessity of meeting my Senate, and explaining to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital, in order to place myself at the head of the army, bear prompt assistance to my allies, and defend the dearest rights of my people.

"The wishes of the eternal enemies of the continent are accomplished: hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. Only a few days hence, and I still cherished the hope that peace would not be troubled,—menaces and insults found me passive; but the Austrian army has passed the

Inn; Munich is forcibly seized; the elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital, and my hopes have vanished away.

"In this crisis, the baseness of the enemies of the continent is unveiled. They still fear the manifestation of my profound tone of peace,—they feared lest Austria, at the aspect of the abyss which they had sunk beneath her steps, should relapse into sentiments of justice and moderation, and they have precipitated her into hostility. I lament the blood which this will cost to Europe, but the French name shall thence derive new lustre.

"Senators! When, at your prayer,—at the call of the whole French nation,—I placed upon my head the imperial diadem, I received from you, and from every citizen, a pledge to maintain it pure and unsullied! My people, under all circumstances, have given me proof of their confidence and their attachment. They will hasten to range themselves beneath the banners of their Emperor and of his army, who before many days will have passed the frontiers.

"Magistrates, soldiers, citizens,—all will strive to preserve the country from the influence of England, who, if she prevailed, would grant us none other save a disgraceful and ignominious peace, the principal conditions of which would be the conflagration of our navy, the destruction of our harbours, and the annihilation of our trade.

"All the promises which I pledged to the French people I have fulfilled. The French people, on their part, made no engagement which has not been redeemed. In these circumstances, so important for the national glory and my fame, they will continue to merit the name of great, with which, from amid fields of blood, I saluted France. Frenchmen! your Emperor will do his duty; his soldiers will perform theirs; you will discharge yours!"

In this address I recognized the usual boasting

of Napoleon: For this once, however, events seemed as if striving to accomplish these vaunts. The Emperor may have made campaigns more scientific than that of Austerlitz, but not one of his fields is surrounded with so much of the dazzling and the wonderful. Often have I thought of the secret joy with which he must have set out for a great war in Germany; a favourite idea, which he had cherished even amidst the sands of Egypt. He first halted at Strasburg, whither Josephine had accompanied him, and, during this short residence of the Empress, I received from that city the manuscript of the Tale of Julio.

All my reports spoke of the enthusiasm of the army on learning its destination to be for Germany. For the first time, Napoleon had now recourse to accelerated means of transport. Twenty thousand carriages transferred his army, as if by enchantment, from the shores of the ocean to the banks of the Rhine.* Each young ambition grew yet more ambitious, in the hope of signalizing its powers under the eye of a leader who was the idol of his soldiers. Thus, during his residence at Strasburg, the Emperor might venture to predict with some security the success awaiting him under the walls of Vienna,

* A very graphic description, by an eye-witness, of the breaking up of the camps at Boulogne, has lately been forwarded to me. "At daybreak the wind was fair for England,—the blockading squadron had been blown down the Channel. The trumpets sounded 'On board!' and in six hours nearly two hundred thousand men,—sailors, soldiers, artillery, stores, ammunition, and arms, were embarked! Every thing seemed favourable. All was hushed,—each eye and ear intent for the signal to weigh. The trumpets pealed for 'To land!' The army disembarked in the same admirable order, but with different feelings. The soldiers hung their heads, and even murmurs were heard as they retired to their camps. Here a brief proclamation announced the change in their destination; and by to-morrow's dawn the vanguard was on the march for Austerlitz." — *Translator.*

which, as Rapp informed me, he did in presence of a great many persons, while on the eve of quitting Strasburg,—"The plan of Mack's campaign is settled; the Caudine forks are at Ulm." This was a favourite expression with Napoleon, when he beheld the enemy's army concentrated upon a point, and foresaw its defeat. Experience proved that he was not deceived; and I must here affirm, that the report of Mack's having sold himself and Ulm, is a groundless —a notorious falsehood. What may have given some countenance to it, was the humane intercession, made by Napoleon in favour of Mack, when threatened with trial by a court-martial.*

I may here relate the circumstances whence dates the fortune of a man of great merit, because occurring at this time, though the information reached me at a later period. The Emperor was still at Strasburg, when one day he desired Marescot, general of the corps of engineers, to name him a young man of spirit, to whom a delicate mission could be confided. "He must be brave, prudent, and well informed, so as to push a reconnoissance to the utmost." A young captain of engineers was recommended, named Barnard; who, accordingly, set out, without exciting notice. He advanced almost to Vienna, and returned to the imperial head-quarters about the time of the capitulation of Ulm. Napoleon interrogated this messenger himself, and was much pleased with his replies. Not satisfied with answering verbally, Barnard had drawn up a written report; in which, among other things, it was advised to march directly upon Vienna, without regarding the fortified towns; because the possession of the capital would secure the rest as a matter of course. "I was present," said

* Why, if Mack were innocent, was intercession necessary? The reader will remember Nelson's character of Mack when the latter commanded at Naples,—"That fellow either does not, or will not, understand his business."— *Translator.*

Rapp to me, "while the young officer was examined: when he had finished his report, to our astonishment, the Emperor exclaimed in a passion, 'How! you are a bold one! very daring indeed! A petty officer presume to trace plans of the campaign to me! Begone, and wait my orders.'" In this, and what I have still to relate of Captain Barnard's career, we recognize Napoleon completely. "When the young officer had been thus roughly dismissed," continued Rapp, "the Emperor, all at once changing his tone, said, 'That is a young man of merit; he has observed well; I have no wish to expose him to the chance of a bullet; I shall want him, most likely, hereafter: go and tell Berthier to expedite an order for him to set out for Illyria.' Away went Barnard with a heavy heart, burning to be engaged in a campaign, whence he conceived himself removed as a punishment, when, in fact, this removal was a precaution of the Emperor to preserve a young officer whom he had appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the Emperor gave promotion to the officers who had been most distinguished, Barnard, supposed to be in disgrace, did not appear on Berthier's list, among the captains of engineers proposed for nomination to the rank of colonel:—the Emperor, with his own hand, inserted his name, placing it before all those presented to him."

Notwithstanding this, Napoleon overlooked his protegé for a long while; and I may as well introduce here, the manner in which Barnard was again brought to mind, and how he became colleague to my informant, Rapp, in quality of aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Some time previous to the campaign of 1812, the Emperor, being at Paris, desired to have exact information regarding Ragusa and Illyria. He sent for Marmont, whose replies did not altogether satisfy him. Several other generals were examined; still the result was, "It is all very well, yet not exactly what I want. I do not yet know Ragusa." Dejean,

inspector of engineers, was then called. "Have you, among your officers, any one who is well acquainted with Ragusa?" Reflecting a little, Dejean replied, "Sire, there is a colonel belonging to our corps, long forgotten, who knows Illyria perfectly."—"His name?"—"Barnard."—"Ah! stop; Barnard! I know that name: where is he?"—"Sire, he is at Antwerp, employed on the works."—"A telegraphic despatch—Let Barnard mount and be here without drawing bridle." It is well known with what promptitude orders of this kind were executed. Barnard in a few days, was in the cabinet of the Emperor. Napoleon instantly recognized his old constructor of campaigns, and received him kindly, putting the subject before him thus: "Tell me about Ragusa!" This was his usual mode, and one day, during the Consulate, he himself told me, "By this manner of interrogating, I am most certain to discover what a man has observed interesting in any place." The account given by Barnard was entirely satisfactory; and, when he had finished, Napoleon said, "Colonel Barnard, now I know Ragusa." Afterwards, he talked with him familiarly, entering into many of the details concerning the fortifications constructing at Antwerp—found faults, and shewed how he would turn many of them; Barnard, on his part, explained how he would foil these attacks, in a way that quite enchanted the Emperor, who gave the young speaker a mark of confidence, which, to my knowledge, had never before been conferred. The Emperor, going to preside at the Council of State, desired the colonel to accompany him; and, during the sitting, even asked his opinion on the matters under discussion. On the breaking up of the Council, Napoleon, turning to the officer, said, "Barnard, you are my aide-de-camp." After the ensuing campaign, he was made general of brigade, and, soon after, general of division. At this moment, Barnard is well known throughout Europe as the first engineer in existence. A foolish proceeding of

Clarke's deprived France of a man so distinguished, who, rejecting brilliant offers made to him by several of the European potentates, has retired to the United States, where he commands the engineers, and has there constructed those fortifications on the side of the Floridas, which all men of science regard as a masterpiece in the art. In all the circumstances of this case, I not only see completely displayed the character of Napoleon, but a remarkable instance of the eagle glance with which he detected merit, wherever it was to be found, and of that species of instinct which urged him to attach it to his interests, as something which had emanated from, and ought to return to himself.

Departing from Strasburg, the Emperor hastened forward, and threw himself at the head of the Bavarian troops, thus holding the enemy at bay till his own army came up. When all were assembled, in order to excite to a still higher pitch, if that had been possible, the zeal and devotedness of these noble legions, he addressed them in the following proclamation, issued with the orders of the day:—

"Soldiers! The war of the triple coalition has commenced. Your Emperor is in the midst of you. You are but the advanced guard of the great nation, ready, if necessary, to rise, as one man, at my voice, to confound and overthrow this new combination, which the hatred and the gold of England have formed. But, soldiers! we shall have to make forced marches; fatigues and privations of all kinds to endure: whatever obstacles may be opposed to us, we will surmount them all, nor rest till we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

## CHAPTER VI.

RAPID CONQUESTS — CAPITULATION OF ULM — ANECDOTES — NAPOLEON AND THE CAPTIVE GENERALS — HIS OPINION OF A RUSSIAN ALLIANCE — CAPTURE OF VIENNA — DARING STRATAGEM OF LANNES AND MURAT — ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF HIS FIRST PATRON — PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS — BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ — RAPP'S DESCRIPTION — INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA — TREATY OF PRESBURG — CONSEQUENCES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Were I to attempt merely to give an idea of the brilliant campaign of 1805, I should be obliged, in extracting from despatches and letters, to assimilate my narrative in some measure to an almanack, marking each day by one victory at least, or one of those rapid movements which the presence of Napoleon impressed upon his army, and which so powerfully contributed to the prodigious results of a campaign of sixty days. In truth, was not the celerity of the first operations of the Emperor a thing, till then, unimagined? On the 24th of September he left Paris, and hostilities had commenced by the 2d of October. On the 6th and 7th, the French passed the Danube, and turned the army of the enemy. On the 8th, Murat, in the battle of Wertengen, on that river, made two thousand prisoners, with many Austrian officers of distinction. On the morrow, the defeated Austrians sustained another discomfiture at Gunzbourg, by our valiant squadrons, who, following up their advantage, entered

Augsburg on the 10th, and Munich on the 12th of the same month. On receiving these despatches, I could almost fancy myself perusing legends of romance. Two days after the entry of the French into the Bavarian capital, that is to say, on the 14th, an Austrian corps of six thousand laid down their arms to Marshal Soult at Memmingen; while, on the same day, Ney won, by force of arms, his dukedom of Elchingen. Last, the 17th of October beheld the famous capitulation of Ulm; and, in another quarter, the same date witnessed the commencement of hostilities in Italy, between Massena and the Archduke Prince Charles. I am persuaded that Napoleon felt great disappointment that the Prince was not opposed to him, for often have I heard him complain of the unskilfulness of the enemy's generals, whose faults, though he ably profited by them, seemed to take from him the full honours of victory. Never, perhaps, did any man more anxiously desire to encounter enemies worthy of his arms.*

With respect to the capture of Ulm, the report which I am now to render is that which was laid before the Emperor. He had paused, for a brief space, at Augsburg, with the venerable prelate and former elector of Treves, who was gratefully attached to his person, in order to consider the movements by which he was to operate upon the Austrian army. The pause was the couching of the tiger before he springs: he rushed forward with such incredible rapidity, that the Archduke Ferdinand deemed himself but too fortunate in being barely able to recross the Danube. All the other Austrian forces, however, were shut up in Ulm, and the garrison of a place deemed to be

* Probably it would have been as difficult to convince the Emperor of the *worthiness* of his enemies, as to persuade Bourrienne on the same point. From some expressions of the secretary, he seems to doubt the *worthiness* of the Duke of Wellington; yet he beat Napoleon. — *Translator.*

impregnable, had thus been augmented to thirty thousand men.

General Segur, afterwards in the service of Murat, had been intrusted with conveying the first overtures to Mack. His report for the Emperor, on this subject, will be read with interest. "Yesterday, 24th Vendemiaire, (16th October,) the Emperor sent for me, to attend in the cabinet. I received orders to repair to Ulm, to decide Mack to surrender in five days, or, if he should stand out for six, to grant them. These were my only instructions. The night was dark; a fearful hurricane raged; the rain fell in torrents; it was necessary to pass by cross roads, and avoid gulfs in which man, horse, and mission, might have met an untimely end. I had almost reached the gates, without lighting upon our advanced posts. There were none, in fact: sentinels, videttes, mainguards—all had got under cover; even the parks of artillery were deserted; no fires—no stars. I continued to wander about for three hours, in search of some means to make known my approach. I traversed several villages; questioned those in them; all to no purpose. At last I found a trumpeter of artillery, half drowned in the mire, and stiff with cold, under a carriage. We were doubtless expected; for, at the first summons, an officer, M. de Latour, appeared, who spoke French very well. He bandaged my eyes, and led me under the fortifications. I remarked to my conductor, how useless were all these precautions in such darkness; but customary observances could not be dispensed with. The distance appeared long. I entered into conversation with my guide, endeavouring to discover what troops were shut up in the city. From his replies, I conjectured we held enclosed all the remains of the Austrian army. At length we reached the inn where the commander-in-chief held head-quarters. He speedily made his appearance—tall, aged, pale, and with an expression which announced a lively imagination. On his countenance

was obviously impressed an anxiety which he laboured to conceal. After the exchange of some compliments, I gave my name, stating I had come, on the part of the Emperor, to summon the Austrian general to surrender, and to arrange with him the terms of capitulation. These expressions appeared to him insupportable, and, at first, he would not listen to their being necessary. I insisted; observing, that, having been received, it must be obvious to the Emperor, that the General was aware of his own situation. He replied quickly, that his situation would soon be changed; that the Russian army was approaching to his succour; that we should be between two fires, and might find it our time to talk of capitulating. I replied, that, in his position, it was not wonderful he should be ignorant of what had taken place in Germany; that, in consequence, I had the honour to inform him of Marshal Bernadotte's occupying Ingoldstadt, and his advanced posts being on the Inn, where the Russians had not yet shewn themselves. 'May I be ——,' exclaimed General Mack, in great wrath, 'if I am not certainly informed, that the Russians are at Dachau! Do you suppose you can deceive me thus? or treat you with a child? No, no! M. de Segur, if in eight days I am not relieved, I consent to surrender the place; my soldiers to remain prisoners of war, and their officers to be prisoners on parole. Then there will be time for relieving me, and I shall have done my duty. But succours will reach me: of that I am certain.'—'I have the honour to repeat, General, that we are not only masters of Dachau, but of Munich. Besides, supposing you right —which is not the case—if the Russians be at Dachau, five days will be sufficient for them to come and attack us, and these his Majesty grants you.'—'No, sir,' replied the General, 'I demand eight days; they are indispensable to my responsibility.'—'Thus,' resumed I, 'all the difficulty consists in three days. But I cannot understand the importance your Excellency

attaches to these, when his Majesty is before your gates, with an army of one hundred thousand men; while the corps of Marshal Bernadotte and General Marmont are able to retard, for three days, the march of the Russians, even supposing them to be whence they are yet far off.'—'They are at Dachau, I repeat,' interrupted General Mack.—'Well, be it so, M. le Baron,' said I, 'or, if you will, at Augsburg; we are so much the more pressed to a speedy termination of your affair. Do not force us, then, to carry Ulm by assault; for then, instead of five days, the Emperor will be here in the morning,'—'Ah, sir!' replied the commander-in-chief, 'do not imagine that fifteen thousand men will allow themselves to be forced so easily; it will cost you dear!'—'Some hundreds of brave fellows, doubtless,' replied I, 'and you the destruction of your army and of Ulm, with which Germany will reproach you; in short, all the evils of an assault; which his Majesty would spare by the proposition offered through me.'—'Say,' cried the Marshal, 'that it will cost *you* ten thousand men! The strength of Ulm is no secret.'—'It consists in the heights which surround it—and these are in our possession.'—'Then, sir, is it possible that you do not know the strength of Ulm?'—'Doubtless we do, Marshal, and so much the more completely, that we can look down upon your works.'—'Very well, sir,' said the unfortunate General, 'then you see men ready to defend themselves to the last extremity, if your Emperor does not grant them eight days. I can hold out long enough here. There are in Ulm three thousand horses upon which we will feed, rather than surrender, with as much pleasure as you would do, if in our place.'—'Three thousand horses!' answered I; 'ah, Marshal, the straits to which you are already reduced must be considerable, since you so early think of such wretched resources.'

"The Marshal hastened to assure me, that they had ten days' provisions; but I gave no credit to the

assertion. The day began to break; I arose, saying my instructions directed me to return before day, and, in case of refusal to surrender in five days, to transmit the order, in passing, to Marshal Ney, to begin the attack. Here General Mack complained of the severity of the Marshal, in refusing to receive his flags of truce; and I embraced the opportunity to represent the character of Ney as fierce, impetuous, impossible to be restrained; that he commanded the most numerous and nearest force of the army, and waited with impatience the order for the assault. The old General was not to be intimidated; insisted upon eight days; and pressed me to carry his request to the Emperor. I might have proposed six, but saw no advantage in the measure, and wished not to compromise myself. He held out for the only thing now left him to defend—time.

"On the 25th, at nine in the morning, I again saw the Emperor, at the Abbey of Elchingen, and gave an account of this negotiation, with which he appeared satisfied. On being recalled, I received from Marshal Berthier new propositions in writing, which General Mack was to be required to sign immediately. By these, the Emperor granted eight days to the Austrian General, but to date from the 23d, the first day of the blockade, which, in fact, reduced the time to six days; but, in case of obstinate refusal, I was authorized to date from the 25th. About mid-day, I entered Ulm, always with the same precautions; but, this time, General Mack was at the gate. I presented the Emperor's ultimatum; he retired to consider it, with some officers, among whom I thought I perceived Prince Lichtenstein, and Generals Klenau and Giulay. In a quarter of an hour he returned, to dispute with me about the date. From a misunderstanding, he had conceived that the eight days were clear, exclusive of the 25th, and, with a strange emotion of satisfaction,—'M. de Segur,' cried he, 'my dear M. de Segur, I reckoned on the generosity

of your Emperor, and have not been deceived. Tell Marshal Berthier, I respect him: Say to the Emperor, that I have only some slight observations to make, and will sign all he requires: But tell his Majesty, that Marshal Ney has been very harsh; that generals do not treat each other in the fashion he has treated me. Be sure you repeat to his Majesty, that I confided in his generosity.' Then, with an effusion of increasing delight, he added,—M. de Segur, I value your esteem: I attach much importance to the opinion you may entertain of me: I will shew you a writing which I had signed, for I was determined.' While speaking thus, he unfolded a sheet of paper, inscribed with these words,—'*Eight days, or death!*' signed '*Mack.*'"*

Prince Maurice of Lichtenstein had also been sent to the imperial head-quarters with a flag of truce, and, conformably to usage, was conducted on horseback, with his eyes bandaged. Rapp afterwards described to me this interview. "Figure to yourself the astonishment," said he, "or rather confusion, of the poor Prince, on the bandage being removed; he knew nothing at all of the real state of affairs, having no idea that the Emperor had yet arrived. On finding himself in presence of Napoleon, he could not forbear an involuntary expression of surprise, which did not escape the Emperor, and frankly avowed that Mack was not aware of his being before the walls of Ulm. The Prince demanded to capitulate, on condition that the garrison should be permitted to

* Bourrienne denies the presumption which has hitherto been, and was at the time generally entertained, of contrivance between Mack and Bonaparte, in the surrender of Ulm. The narrative in the text does not appear calculated to second such denial. The relation seems to want the straightforward simplicity of real business. Mack is too anxious to display, *indirectly*, the state to which he is reduced; he labours to impress the idea of being constrained by circumstances to a surrender, while he parades his resolution to stand to a defence. — *Translator.*

return to Austria. That request drew a smile from the Emperor; 'That is not to be thought of,' replied he; 'I can have no motive for granting your demand. What should I gain? Eight days? In eight days you are mine without conditions. Do you suppose I am not informed of all? You expect the Russians? If they be in Bohemia, it is the nearest. If I allow you to depart, who shall assure me that you do not join their army, and afterwards fight against me? Your generals have too often deceived me; I will not again be their dupe. At Marengo, I had the weakness to allow the troops of Melas to march out from Alessandria. What ensued? Two months after, Moreau had to fight the garrison of Alessandria. Besides, the present is no ordinary war. After the conduct of your government, I can trust to no engagement. You have attacked me. If I consent to what you demand, Mack would pledge himself—that I know; but has he the power to keep his word? As respects himself, yes; but no, as concerns his army. Were the Archduke Ferdinand still with you, I might confide in his word, because he would be responsible for the conditions, and because he would not dishonour himself; but I am aware he has quitted Ulm; he has passed the Danube—I know how to reach him, though.'—You cannot conceive," continued Rapp, "the embarrassment of Prince Lichtenstein. Recovering a degrée of composure, however, he said, 'that, unless upon these concessions, the army would not capitulate.'—'In that case,' replied Napoleon, 'you may return to Mack, for I will never grant such conditions. Do you make game of me? Hold, there is the capitulation of Memmingen; shew that to your General; let him surrender on the same terms: I will consent to none other. Your officers only shall return to Austria, but the soldiers must remain prisoners. Tell him to make haste. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays, the worse he will render his own situation and yours. I shall have

the corps to which Memmingen surrendered here to-morrow,—and we shall see. Let Mack know that there remains no other part to be taken, save conforming to my will.'"

The imperious tone which Napoleon employed with his enemies almost always succeeded, and produced upon Mack its usual consequences. Ulm became, as he had predicted, the "Caudine forks" of the Austrian army. The defenders marched out with what are termed the honours of war, and were sent prisoners into France. I may here remark, that, of all the troops which Napoleon had to combat in his military career, the Austrians most readily surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

How great the change which fifteen days of success, crowned by the capture of Ulm, had effected in the position of affairs! The hopes of our enemies had risen to a pitch of folly. The security of the cabinet of Vienna was really inexplicable. Some had even disposed of France as a conquered country; and, among other presents, at her expense, had awarded Lyons to the King of Sardinia, in compensation for the temporary occupation of Piedmont!

It was a singular trait in the character of Napoleon, that, however irritated he might feel against opposition, and its authors, his resentment disappeared with success. He consoled the misfortune of the vanquished generals when admitted into his presence: nor did this arise from a feigned generosity or emotion of dissembled pride. Often have I heard him say, "How miserable must be the general, on the morrow, after a lost battle!" He had himself experienced the feeling at Acre, and I believe, at that moment, would have strangled the Djezzar; but, had the latter surrendered, he would have treated him with the same distinctions as were lavished upon Mack and the other captive commanders at Ulm. These amounted to seventeen, among whom were Prince Lichtenstein, Klenau, and Giulay, both enjoy-

ing reputation acquired in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, whose situation was delicate, as being an emigrant and a Frenchman. It was really painful, as Rapp informed me, to look upon these generals, while they defiled, with Mack at their head, bowing respectfully, as they passed the Emperor, who addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen, I regret that so many brave men should be victims of the folly of a cabinet which entertains absurd projects, and scruples not to compromise the dignity of the Austrian nation, by trafficking in the services of its generals. Your names are known to me, and are honourably remembered wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have compromised you. What more iniquitous, than to attack me without declaration of war, and unawares? Is it not criminal to bring upon the nations a foreign invasion?—to betray Europe, by thus introducing into her disputes hordes of Asiatics? In sound politics, the Aulic Council, in place of attacking me, ought to have sought my alliance, to drive back the Russians to the north. The union now formed by your cabinet will stand eternally in history as a monstrous thing; it is a compact of the dogs and shepherds with wolves against the sheep. Such a conception would never have entered the head of a statesman. It is fortunate for you that I have not been worsted in the unjust contest to which I have been provoked, otherwise the cabinet of Vienna would have but too late perceived its error,—an error for which it will in all likelihood pay dearly some day."

On these successes, Napoleon addressed to his army a proclamation, which has always appeared to me a masterpiece of military eloquence. For, while he commended their past exploits, he stimulated the ardour of his troops to fresh exertions. He congratulated his soldiers on having, in a campaign of fifteen days, chased the Austrians from Bavaria, annihilated a force of one hundred thousand men, by the capture

of sixty thousand prisoners, two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety standards, and all the generals; fifteen thousand soldiers only having escaped. At the same time, he roused their emulation, by announcing,—"But we must not stop here; you are impatient to begin a second campaign. That Russian army which English gold has transported *from the extremities of the universe*, must experience from you the same fate. In the approaching struggle, the honour of the French infantry is especially concerned: then will be decided, for the second time, the question already determined on the plains of Holland, and amid the mountains of Switzerland, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe. There are no generals against whom I can acquire glory. All my care will be to obtain the victory by the least possible effusion of blood. My soldiers are my children." The reader must have witnessed, as I have done, the prodigious excitement into which his soldiers were wrought by the words of Napoleon, to conceive the effect of such an address.

The second campaign speedily opened, and was hailed with undiminished enthusiasm. There is no exaggeration in saying, that the exploits of our troops surpassed the rapidity of thought. Every courier brought me reports more favourable than I had even dared to hope. Two days after the capitulation of Ulm, Murat, on his side, had shut up General Warnuk, and forced him to capitulate at Trochtelfrugen. With him were ten thousand men; so that, exclusive of killed and wounded, the Austrian army found itself diminished by fifty thousand, in the course of twenty days. On the 27th October, the French troops, by crossing the Inn, first penetrated into the Austrian dominions, and immediately occupied Saltzburg and Braunau. Massena also obtained important advantages in Italy, having, on the same day that these two fortresses surrendered, that is, on the 30th, gained the sanguinary battle of Caldiero, and taken five

thousand prisoners from the Austrians. On the 2d of November, Lintz was captured; and the bold march of Ney upon Innspruck had rendered us masters of the Tyrol. Still I was not prepared for a letter received by an extraordinary courier from Duroc, who, after leaving Berlin, had rejoined the Emperor in Lintz. This laconic epistle ran as follows,—"We are in Vienna! The Emperor is well, and better satisfied than ever; he is much pleased with your services at Hamburg, and appears equally contented with my mission to Berlin, although you are aware that I succeeded in nothing; but he had no doubts of my zeal. He expected me with impatience. I did not conceal from him the tergiversations which I had witnessed. As much as possible hold yourself informed of proceedings at Berlin, and send us word." This letter, dated on the 13th, and these words, "We are in Vienna!" appeared to me like a dream. The capital of Austria, that city which, from time immemorial, had not beheld the face of an armed foe, become the prey of the *imperial eagle* of France! which, after three centuries, at the close of a campaign of forty days, had thus avenged the humiliation of Francis I, imposed by the *griffin eagle* of Charles V.*

Austria, however, did not fall without an effort, both in the field and in the cabinet. An attempt was made through Giulay, already mentioned, with the too palpable design of retarding us in the career of victory, by proposing an armistice, preliminary to a peace, of which the Austrian government professed to be sincerely desirous. The snare was too gross.

* Paul Jovius, at the commencement of the 16th century, wrote the famous line in a satire on Charles V, in favour of Francis I, on the Austrian eagle, which has passed into a proverb, —

Aquila Griffagna, che dui becchi porta per meglio divorar.

When afterwards the satirist solicited employment from the Emperor, the latter replied to this request by repeating this line. — *Translator.*

Napoleon said he too desired peace, but kept pushing on,—bidding Giulay report to his master for answer, that he was ready to treat, though as yet he saw no reason for suspending operations. Bonaparte could not, in effect, without the greatest imprudence, listen to Giulay, since he brought no powers from Russia, who therefore might easily have disavowed the armistice, and interposed in time to defend Vienna, the occupation of which had become so important to the French army. The Russians were, in fact, marching in front of our troops; and the division commanded by Mortier received a check in the first encounter, which occasioned the Emperor very great displeasure. For the first time during the campaign, he had thus experienced any thing like a reverse; it was in truth very slight, but the capture of the three first eagles of which the enemy had obtained possession vexed him exceedingly, and detained him for some days longer than he intended at St Poulten, where he then was.

The capture of Vienna is due to the fortunate temerity of two men, Murat and Lannes, who yielded to each other in nothing where bravery and daring were concerned. At the time, much was talked of the bold stratagem by which these two marshals prevented the destruction of the bridge of Tabor: without this, our troops could not have gained possession of Vienna, save after incredible difficulties, since that capital is defended by the Danube and its branches.* This act of courage and presence of mind,

* Unquestionably the possession of this bridge proved of great importance in the succeeding movements of the campaign, but was not indispensable to the *easy* occupation of Vienna, since that capital stands on the *right* bank of the Danube, to which the invading army had crossed in Bavaria. On translating this passage in the first edition, I experienced a difficulty in reconciling my reminiscences of the Austrian capital with my author's remarks. The error in thus placing that city on the *left* bank I have since seen noticed by the German reviewers.—*Translator.*

which exercised such essential influence over the rest of the campaign, was subsequently related to me by Lannes himself, who spoke of it as an excellent joke, and seemed much more delighted with having outwitted the Austrians, than considering himself as having performed a splendid action. The most hazardous enterprizes were so simple and so natural for him, that he was very often the only one who saw nothing unusual in them. What men have been the victims of Napoleon's ambition!

"Conceive," said Lannes to me, I think during the Prussian campaign; "I was one day strolling with Murat along the right bank of the Danube, upon which lay our respective divisions of the army, when, reaching the extremity of the bridge of Tabor, we saw the Austrians at work on the opposite side, evidently employed in preparations for blowing up the bridge on the approach of our troops. These rascals had the assurance to work under our very noses; but we gave them a lesson. Our plan being settled and properly arranged, we returned to give orders. I confided the command of my column of grenadiers to an officer on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. Our dispositions made, Murat and I, with two or three other generals, returned to the bridge. Here we advanced along, quite at our ease, and with so much composure, that they took us for simple officers. We entered into conversation with the commander of a post established on the middle of the bridge; conversed, without affecting any thing, on an armistice speedily to be concluded; and in this way contrived to divert the attention of the Austrian officers to the left bank. On this, according to previous orders, my column rushed upon the bridge. The Austrian artillerymen on the left bank, seeing their officers in the midst of us, dared not fire; my grenadiers, with Murat and myself at their head, charged forward; and thus we gained the opposite bank. All the materials prepared for

blowing up the bridge were thrown into the river, and my men took possession of the batteries destined to protect the passage. The poor devils of Austrian officers remained perfectly stultified on my telling them that they were our prisoners: it was even necessary to bully them a little."*

Such was the recital of Lannes, who laughed most heartily on recalling the figure cut by the Austrian officers, in their consternation on discovering the blunder they had committed. Lannes, however, had not foreseen the importance of the enterprize which he had accomplished, though it soon became evident. Not only was a passage into Vienna thus secured to the army, but an insurmountable barrier interposed between the junction of the Austrian corps under the Archduke Charles with the Russian army. The Archduke, pressed by Massena, had retreated in all haste to the heart of the hereditary states, not doubting that a general battle would there be decided. I may just advert, in passing, to the disagreeable situation of Prince Charles: forced to take part in a war of which he had highly disapproved, but intrusted only with a secondary command in Italy, his reputation was exposed to a compromise, while he had never been brought fairly into the contest. Thenceforth he renounced all command in the Austrian armies.

As soon as the corps of Murat and Lannes had taken possession of Vienna, the Emperor ordered all the other divisions of the army to direct their march upon the capital, which became, in some sort, the capital of the French army; and he himself, as if at St Cloud, established his head-quarters at Schœnbrunn, whence he issued his directions both for forcing the Archduke Charles to retire upon Hungary, and for leading his own army against the Russians. Leaving

* As some excuse for the folly of the Austrian commanders, it ought to be remembered, that they had seen Giulay depart as envoy to the imperial head-quarters ostensibly to arrange an armistice, and he had not then returned. — *Translator.*

in Vienna and the environs only four divisions, under Mortier and Marmont, he took the route for Snaim (Moravia,) where the mass of the Russian army was believed to be concentrated. The Russians, however, had marched upon Brunn, towards which Napoleon then eagerly hastened: the two armies, in mutual search of each other, could not thus allow the question to remain long undecided.

During these forced and next to miraculous marches, Murat and Lannes constantly commanded the advanced guard. The lofty foresight of the Emperor seemed to augment during the operations preceding the battle of Austerlitz: it is certain—and too many officers, witnesses of the fact, have deposed to that effect in my hearing, for me to doubt its truth—that he himself pointed out the ground in advance upon which he would engage the Russian army, and commanded his generals carefully to examine its sinuosities, for they would there have to play a high game. Still to keep up the persuasion that he desired peace, he had caused the minister for foreign affairs to follow the army close at hand, and sent also Savary as envoy to the Emperor of Russia, offering peace, before coming to blows with him. The conditions, however, were of a nature which he knew could not be accepted without dishonour, and such as the gain of a battle could not more than authorize.* It is evident to every reflecting mind, that he acted thus for the purpose of assuming the air of a pacificator, while he could securely indulge his passion for war.

I revert, for a moment, to affairs at Hamburg. On hearing of the march of the Russian troops upon the Electorate, the French in Hanover, under General Barbou, concentrated in Hameln. On the 2d of November, the King of Sweden arrived at Stralsund, and subsequently the Swedo-Russian army crossed

* Savary, Duke of Rovigo, has given an account of this embassy in his Memoirs.— *Translator.*

the Elbe at Luneburg, six miles from Hamburg. Government attaching great importance to movements on the flank of the grand army, I collected intelligence, and addressed to the Emperor a despatch, to which, I believe, Duroc alluded in the note from Vienna, and of which the following is the substance: After relating the movement of the different detachments, their force was enumerated at fifteen thousand Russians, with fifty-eight pieces of artillery; eight thousand Swedes; and twelve thousand English: I added, "The general opinion is, that these thirty-five thousand troops are destined to attempt a diversion in Holland. The English disembarked in the Weser and Elbe from one hundred and six transports. The passage had been more tedious than was expected, and the greater part of the horses perished for want of forage. One transport, with two hundred men, swamped in the Weser, and all perished. The King of Sweden is expected at Luneburg to-day or to-morrow. The King of Prussia is to take possession of Bremen, to prevent, he says, its occupation by others."

At all times when foreign armies were in the field against France, the emigrants shewed themselves, and several, on the present occasion, took up arms in the Austrian and Russian service. Of this number was General Dumouriez, who, I was informed, had landed from England at Stadt, in company with one St Marten, whose wife was the general's mistress. This St Marten, whom I was reproached with not having arrested, came secretly to Hamburg, bought two carriages, and was off to Stadt, fortified, besides, with a brevet in the English service,—a protection against every thing in Hamburg. From Stadt, Dumouriez set out for Moravia.

At this time, the King of Prussia desired to take possession of Hamburg, but Russia, so eager to aggrandize herself, would not permit aggrandizement to others. Things remained thus, and no doubt contributed to encourage the neutrality of Prussia.

In December, the recruiting for the English service met with prodigious success in Hanover, to the extent sometimes of a hundred men a-day: of this the misery which prevailed in Germany, the famine in Hanover, and hatred towards the French, were the causes; and thus the English procured as many men as they chose. They had several vessels lying in the Elbe laden with money for this purpose. On the 7th of the same month, hostilities commenced between the Russians and the garrison of Hameln.

I return now to my accounts from the grand army, and, among other anecdotes of Bonaparte during this campaign, occurs the following, received from Rapp, who was present:—"Some days before his entry into Vienna, Napoleon, riding along the road on horseback, dressed, as usual, in the uniform of a colonel of the guard, met an open carriage, in which were a lady weeping, and an ecclesiastic. Napoleon drew up to ask the lady whither she was going, and the cause of her tears? Not knowing the Emperor, she replied, —'Sir, my country house, about two leagues from hence, has been pillaged by some soldiers, who murdered my gardener. I am going to seek your Emperor, who knew my family, and indeed is under obligations to us.'—'Your name?'—'De Bunny. I am the daughter of M. de Marbœuf, formerly governor of Corsica.'—'I am delighted, madam,' replied Napoleon, with much kindness, 'to have an opportunity of being serviceable to you—I am the Emperor.'—You cannot imagine," continued Rapp, "with what distinction the Emperor treated Madame de Bunny. He reassured her, expressed his regret, and almost offered personal excuses for what had happened.—'Be pleased, madam, to wait for me at head-quarters; I will see you again presently: all who are connected with M. de Marbœuf have a right to my regard.' The Emperor assigned on the spot a picquet of chasseurs from his own guard as an escort, visited the lady again in the course of the day, loaded her with

attentions, and munificently indemnified the losses she had sustained."

Prior to the battle of Austerlitz, French columns were now traversing Germany and Italy in all directions, all tending to Vienna; and about the beginning of November arrived at Saltzburg the corps of Bernadotte, for whose presence so much anxiety had been evinced.

At this date we were at peace with Naples; in September the Emperor had even concluded a treaty of neutrality with Ferdinand IV, which allowed Saint Cyr, who occupied that city, to evacuate Naples, join Massena in Upper Italy, and, with his corps, follow him up to the grand army, which they reached on the 28th November. Scarcely, however, had the troops of Saint Cyr quitted the Neapolitan territories, when the king, ill advised by his ministers, and, above all, by Queen Caroline, broke the neutrality, opened his harbours to the enemies of the Emperor, and received into his states twelve thousand Russians, and eight thousand English. It was on learning these occurrences that Napoleon, in one of his most violent bulletins, stigmatized the Queen of Naples as the modern Fredegonde; and subsequent events having added to his threats but too powerful an authority, the fate of Naples was decided.

At length arrived the great day, when, according to the expression of Napoleon, "the sun of Austerlitz arose." All our forces were concentrated on the same point, about forty leagues beyond Vienna. There remained only the wrecks of the Austrian army, the division of Prince Charles not having been able to triumph over the skilful manœuvres which held it distant from the line of operations; but the Russians, of themselves, were superior to us in number, while their army was composed, in greater part, of fresh troops. Illusion had reached a high pitch in the enemy's camp. The north of Europe has its Gascons no less than the south of France: the Russian

youth, as I afterwards learned, expressed their confidence in loud boasting. The evening before the battle, the Emperor Alexander having sent the Prince Dolgoroski, one of his aides-de-camp, to Napoleon with a flag of truce, this young man could not govern his petulance, even in presence of the Emperor. As the conference took place in private, no one knew the nature of the "impertinence;" but Rapp, being in attendance, heard Bonaparte exclaim, in dismissing the messenger, "When you are on the heights of Montmartre! I can reply to such impertinence only with my cannon." Singular phrase, while in thought we transport ourselves to the time when it became a prediction.

As to the battle, properly so called, I am able to speak of it almost as if I had been present, having had the lively satisfaction of seeing my friend General Rapp soon after in Hamburg. His graphic relation was as follows:—

"When we arrived at Austerlitz, the Russians, ignorant of the Emperor's skilful dispositions to draw them to the ground upon which he had resolved to engage, and beholding our advanced guards yield before their columns, conceived the victory won. According to their notions, the advanced guard would suffice to secure an easy triumph. But the battle began—they found what it was to fight; and, on every point, were repulsed. At one o'clock, the victory was still uncertain; for they fought admirably. They resolved on a last effort, and directed close masses against our centre. The imperial guard deployed: artillery, cavalry, infantry, were marched against a bridge which the Russians attacked, and this movement, concealed from Napoleon by the inequality of the ground, was not observed by us. At this moment I was standing near him, waiting orders. At once arose on our left the rolling of a heavy fire of musketry; the Russians were repulsing one of our brigades. Hearing this sound, the Emperor ordered me to take the Mamelukes,

two squadrons of chasseurs, one of grenadiers of the guard, and to observe the state of things. I set off at full gallop, and, before advancing a cannon-shot, perceived the disaster. The Russian cavalry had penetrated our squares, and were sabring our men. In the distance could be perceived masses of Russian cavalry and infantry in reserve. At this juncture, the enemy advanced; four pieces of artillery arrived at a gallop, and were planted in position against us. On my left I had the brave Morland, on my right General d'Allemagne. 'Courage, my brave fellows!' cried I to my party; 'behold your brothers, your friends, butchered; let us avenge them, avenge our standards! Forward!' These few words inspired my soldiers; we dashed, at full speed, upon the guns, and carried them. The enemy's horse, which awaited our attack, were overthrown by the vigour of the same charge, and fled in confusion, as we pursued, over the wrecks of our own squares. In the meantime the Russians rallied; but, a squadron of horse grenadiers coming to our assistance, I could then halt, and await the reserves of the Russian guard. Again we charged, and this charge was terrible. The brave Morland fell by my side. It was veritable butchery where we fought man to man, and so mingled together, that the infantry on neither side dared to fire, lest they should kill their own men. The intrepidity of our troops finally bore us in triumph over all opposition: the enemy fled in disorder under the eyes of both Emperors of Austria and Russia. These sovereigns had taken their station on a rising ground, in order to be spectators of the contest. They ought to have been satisfied, for I can assure you they witnessed no child's play. For my own part, my good friend, I never passed so delightful a day. The Emperor received me most graciously when I arrived to tell him that the victory was ours; I still grasped my broken sabre, and as this scratch upon my head bled very copiously, I was all covered with gore. He

named me general of division. The Russians returned not again to the charge,—they had had enough; we captured every thing,—their cannon, their baggage, their all, in short; and Prince Ressina was among the prisoners."

Such was Rapp's recital, and, in many long and interesting conversations with this excellent man, I learned other details, which will appear in their proper place. What now remains of Austerlitz? The remembrance—the glory—and magnificent picture of Gerard, the idea of which was suggested to the Emperor by the sight of Rapp, covered with blood.

The day after the battle, the Emperor being still in the Chateau of Austerlitz, Prince Lichtenstein, the former envoy at Ulm, arrived in the evening with a message from Francis, proposing an interview. This was accepted, and the ceremonial concluded on the spot to take place on the morrow, the 4th; for the battle had been fought on the 2d December, exactly the first anniversary of Napoleon's coronation. The French Emperor on horseback found himself first at the place appointed for the meeting, at a windmill, about three leagues from Austerlitz. Immediately after, the Emperor of Austria arrived, in an open carriage. When Napoleon observed him approaching, he alighted, advanced on foot, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, and embraced Francis on accosting him. During the interview, Napoleon was attended by Berthier only, and Francis by Prince Lichtenstein; so that the aides-de-camp—from one of whom, Lauriston, I received these details—could not overhear the conference, the subject of which it is easy to divine. I can portray to myself Bonaparte, endeavouring to seduce his vanquished enemy by those insinuating words, of which he possessed the secret in so great a degree, seeking, in some sort, to palliate his own glory by the exterior of affected modesty: we may, in like manner, paint the humiliation of the future father-in-law, forced to obey the imperious

dictate of necessity. What a situation for the successor of Charles V! The Emperors remained together nearly two hours, and separated as they had met, with an embrace. On returning slowly towards his army, the Emperor must have experienced the internal complacency of gratified pride: he seemed wholly absorbed in meditation, which he suddenly broke off to send an aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Austria. Savary was selected for this purpose. The object of the mission was to inform Francis, that the messenger had orders to proceed to the head-quarters of Alexander, to receive his adherence to the terms, as agreed upon by the two Emperors in their conference. Alexander agreed to every thing, saying, that since the King of the Romans (the only title yet vouchsafed to the Emperor of Austria) was satisfied, so was he; that for his sake only had he interfered, and, consequently, now found himself disengaged—having no wish to form for himself. Thus terminated the hostilities of this campaign, which elevated the glory of Napoleon to the highest pitch. The diplomacy of France and Austria assembled in Presburg, and there the negotiations were begun and carried on till the 25th, when all was concluded on that day three months from the time Napoleon left Paris. Russia, though she had taken part in the war, took none in the negotiations: hostilities ceased between her and France, but without any treaty of peace being established.

The Emperor had solemnly announced to his Senate, on leaving Paris, that he wished no aggrandizement for France; and he kept his word. Judging, apparently, that the promises of the Emperor of the French did not bind the King of Italy, he so ordered matters, that, by the treaty of Presburg, were conceded—not to France, but to Italy—the ancient territories of Venice in Dalmatia and Albania. In virtue of the same treaty, the Elector of Bavaria, with the title of king, received the principality of Eichstett, a part of the territory of Passau, the Tyrol,

and the important city of Augsburg. The Elector of Wirtemberg was likewise raised to the regal dignity, and all the Austrian possessions in Swabia, Brèsgaw, and Orteneau, were divided between the two new kings, and the Elector of Baden created Grand Duke. To have the appearance of granting some concessions, Saltzburg and Berchtolsgaden were yielded to Austria, while to the Archbishop of Saltzburg was assigned the principality of Wastzburg, erected into a grand duchy; Napoleon thus rewarding the good ecclesiastic with a province, for the hospitable reception he had given him, on his way to conquest. The same treaty recognized the independence of the Batavian and Helvetian republics, while it disannulled the Teutonic order. Thus was explained to me the expression, "I have views on Germany," as employed by the Emperor in our last interview.

After the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon established himself for a few days at Brunn, in order to superintend the cantoning of his troops. Here he ascertained the losses, sent his aide-de-camp to visit the hospitals, and to present, in his name, each wounded soldier with a napoleon, (16s. 8d.) To all wounded officers also, he caused gratifications to be distributed, from five to three thousand francs, (£21 to £125,) according to their rank.

The Emperor then set out for Schœnbrunn, where he arrived, without stopping at Vienna, through which he passed during the night. On the morning after his arrival, he received for the first time the Prussian minister, M. de Haugwitz, who had been for some time in Vienna, negotiating with Talleyrand, and who found himself as critically situated as can well be conceived for a diplomatist. The Prussian envoy was very saucily received, as may be supposed, and treated with haughtiness and severity. "Is that a loyal conduct," demanded the Emperor, "which your master holds towards us? It would have been far more honourable to have declared war

at once, although he has no cause for so doing. Then he would have served his new allies, for I should have had to look two ways before giving battle. You would be the friends of all parties: that is not possible; you must choose between them and me. If you wish to side with these gentlemen, go—I oppose it not; but, if you hold with me, I desire sincerity, or I separate myself from you: I prefer open enemies to false friends. What sense is there in that? you call yourselves my allies, and you permit, in Hanover, a body of thirty thousand Russians to communicate with the grand army across your states: nothing can justify such conduct; it is an overt act of hostility. If your powers are not sufficiently ample to treat of all these questions, inform yourself: I shall march against my enemies wherever they are to be found." The Emperor was so excited, said my informant, Lauriston, and spoke so loud, that we heard him very distinctly, although in a different apartment.

The situation of the Prussian envoy was a delicate one; the more so, too, that the grievances of which Napoleon complained were not without foundation. The truth is, that Haugwitz had come from Berlin solely in quality of observer, and having only conditional instructions. Had the Emperor been beaten by the coalition, the cabinet of Berlin had instructed its representative frankly to declare for the victors; but the result of the battle being so eminently in favour of the French, the object of the mission dared not even be assigned. Seeing that Prussia was likely to be alone against triumphant France—that peace, unquestionably, would soon be agreed upon—urged on, moreover, by the menacing words of Napoleon, who never threatened in vain, M. de Haugwitz, finding no other means of averting the storm ready to burst upon his country, took upon himself, unauthorized by his sovereign, to sign a treaty, in virtue of which, the margravates of Bareuth and Anspach

were exchanged for Hanover. I am far from any intention of justifying such a procedure, but, doubtless, the same reproaches are not to be laid upon the ambassador, as if he had acted under ordinary circumstances. In that case, his incredible want of address could not have been too severely reprobated in exchanging two provinces for Hanover, which belonged to England, and for which his master would have to account to that government. But hope was still at Berlin, though despair only presented itself to Haugwitz at Vienna, and he thought, by thus sacrificing a part, to save the whole.

While these things were transacting in the Austrian capital, I learned, by my bulletins, that the Count de Hardenberg, *by order of his master*, had concluded a new treaty with England,—a circumstance which rendered the position of Prussia, with regard to her simultaneous allies, exceedingly hazardous and complicated. How get out of this embarrassment? yet get free of it they must; while Frederick William and his cabinet saw no means of safety. To Napoleon, they could no longer allege even a dubious plea of neutrality. Thus, war could not be avoided: the only question was, shall it be with France or England? The former was in the strength of recent victory, and the latter had granted a subsidy of fifteen millions. Haugwitz, having signed his treaty at Vienna, set out immediately for Berlin. On the road, he met Colonel Pfuhl, despatched to inform him of the treaty concluded by the cabinet at home. The two returned to Berlin together.* At this moment, all the diplomatists were in motion, although Bonaparte had greatly simplified their calling; for, as far as concerned him, only two principles now composed the diplomatic code—"My will, or war."

His Prussian Majesty, as may well be imagined,

* Thus making, if the pun may be allowed, "a pair of fools:" (Pfuhl pronounced Fool.)

expressed the most lively dissatisfaction with the proceedings at Vienna. Never, perhaps, had sovereign been placed in more cruel perplexity. Under the difficulties of the case, recourse was had to one of those political shifts, which may retard, but can never avert, the danger. It was conceived, that the clause of the treaty which respected Hanover might be refused, at least until the sanction of England should be obtained,—a sanction which, very obviously, would not be procured. To escape the immediate resentment of Napoleon, the two margravates were sacrificed, and Hanover was received as in pledge, till the conclusion of a general peace. After all, the Emperor, in thus dealing away Hanover, absolutely bestowed nothing: it belonged not to him—not even by military occupation; for the occupying division had been recalled at the commencement of the campaign.

Still there were hopes for Prussia. The Russians, indeed, had retired from the field of battle at Austerlitz, but without renouncing all hostile action: the Emperor Alexander had not acknowledged Napoleon either as Emperor of the French, or King of Italy. I remember to have heard even, that, having occasion to write before the battle, the superscription of his letter ran,—"To the Chief of the French government." In fact, at this very moment, while the French cabinet at Vienna knew nothing of the new treaty with England, and entertained no doubts of the validity of the one just signed by Haugwitz, the Russian general, Buxhoewden, at the head of a corps of thirty thousand men, after passing the Vistula at Warsaw, was in full march for Bohemia. This was one of the fruits of Alexander's journey to Berlin: that prince had induced the King of Prussia to make common cause with the coalition; but the fortune of Napoleon had anticipated the declaration. Duroc had witnessed the interviews of the two sovereigns; but their political negotiations had been so adroitly

managed, under this, in appearance, amicable intercourse, that neither he, nor our minister, Delaforest, spite of their rare sagacity, could discover, certainly, to which party the Prussian cabinet would adhere. Probably the King himself had not exactly made up his own mind; and, besides, there existed a difference of opinion among his counsellors, of whom M. de Hardenberg and the Queen inclined more directly to hostility against France, than did Frederick William.

Amid these various diplomatic arrangements, results of his late brilliant successes, the Emperor received intelligence of the disaster of Trafalgar, which had been nearly contemporaneous with the surrender of Ulm to his own arms. Admiral Villeneuve, who, with Gravina, commanded the combined fleets of France and Spain, sailed from Cadiz, with the intention of attacking the English fleet under the orders of the famous Admiral Nelson. The southern shores of the Peninsula witnessed this naval combat, in which thirty-one French engaged thirty-three British ships; and, notwithstanding this equality of force, eighteen of our fleet were captured or destroyed.* This great battle gave to the world a new proof of our inferiority at sea, both in materiel and seamanship. Admiral Calder had given us a lesson which Nelson completed, — but at the expense of his life. A bloodier naval engagement had not taken place since the renowned Armada. Its issue was equivalent to the destruction of

* In English writers, diversity of statement appears relative to Nelson's force; but the best accounts make it amount to only twenty-seven sail of the line, which were brought into action in two divisions. Nelson had the weather line of fourteen, and Collingwood the lee of thirteen ships. But in the *order of sailing* of the previous day, an advanced squadron of *six* two-deckers is mentioned. Now, strange as it may appear, writers have left it a question whether these latter are, or are not, included in the *order of fighting* among the line of battle ships. The decision of this would decide whether Bourrienne's number is right or wrong. — *Translator.*

our whole fleet, since the thirteen ships that escaped to Cadiz were almost wrecks. For a space, courage gave hope to the French, as I learned by my information from Vienna; but finally they were obliged to yield to the superior tactics of the enemy. Our naval power was thus indefinitely paralysed, and an end put to every thought of an attempt upon England. The day was fatal to three admirals; Nelson lost his life in the fight, Gravina died of his wounds, and Villeneuve, a prisoner, was carried to England, where he committed suicide.

The news of this disastrous conflict was known from public report, and from foreign papers, but all intelligence of it was prohibited in France; and so carefully was the catastrophe then concealed, that, till the Restoration, not one public print dared to speak of it, throughout the whole extent of the empire. The details, however, were no secret at Hamburg. The mercantile interest was speedily informed of them; and I had learned many of the particulars from my own agents, before receiving any communication or official statement from the minister for foreign affairs then at Vienna.

The intelligence gave profound uneasiness to Napoleon; but of its first effects he allowed no indication to appear. I lent the more credit to my information on this point, that I knew Bonaparte never permitted two things to engross him equally at one and the same time. When events justled with his projects, he laid them up, so to speak, for the future, in order to consider them at a fitting season; but banished from his thoughts—such incredible empire could he exercise over himself—every reflection which might distract his mind from the dominating idea of the moment. Thus, entirely absorbed in the design of terminating the campaign by one grand stroke, he escaped provisionally from the thoughts of Trafalgar; and to this ability of concentrating his whole mental energies on one aim, success is often to be ascribed.

General Rapp, to whose opportune visit my readers are so much indebted, had not reached Hamburg direct. He had made a tour, both of business and pleasure. "We had been fifteen days at Schœnbrunn," continued the general, "since the battle; but I had not resumed my duties of aide-de-camp near the Emperor's person, when he sent for, and asked me, 'If my wound would permit of travelling?' Upon assurance in the affirmative, 'Go, then,' said he, 'be off, and relate the details of the battle of Austerlitz to Marmont; make him curse his stars that he was not with us.' I set out, and agreeably to my instructions, presented myself at Gratz. Here I found Marmont sufficiently cast down at having been absent on that great day. I told him, always in conformity with the Emperor's directions, that negotiations were begun, but nothing concluded; he was, therefore, to hold himself in readiness for either event. I took cognizance of the state of his army in Stiria, and the number of enemies in his front; and, after instructing him to send spies in abundance into Hungary, and to transmit to the Emperor the result of their reports, I took the road to Laybach. Here I joined Massena, at the head of the eighth corps of the army, to whom I communicated the Emperor's intention that he should march, with all speed, upon Vienna, in case of hearing that negotiations had been broken off. Thence I continued my progress to Venice, and afterwards till I had fallen in with Saint Cyr and his troops, who had orders to face about, and retrace their march to Naples, the Emperor having, by this time, learned the treachery of the king, and the landing of English and Russians. Having executed these various missions, I returned by way of Klagenfurth, where I saw Marshal Ney, and subsequently joined the Emperor at Munich. Here I had much pleasure in finding assembled all our friends, and also the excellent Josephine, who is always amiable—ever as you have

known her. For my part, I was delighted on my arrival to hear that the Emperor had adopted Eugene. I was present at his marriage with the Princess Augusta. As to that affair, you know fêtes are not much to my liking, and the Emperor might very well have dispensed with my services as chamberlain. Eugene had no idea of what was going forward, when the Emperor sent to desire his presence at Munich with all speed. He, too, is still the same; always our old comrade. At first he felt not over pleased with a political marriage; but, after seeing his intended, he got quite in raptures, and really, I do assure you, she is charming."

## CHAPTER VII.

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES IN FRANCE — SPECULATIONS OF OUVRARD — INJUSTICE OF THE EMPEROR — TRANSACTIONS AT HAMBURG — ASSASSINS — PRESENCE OF MIND — OVERTURES TO MR FOX — HIS GENEROUS CONDUCT — ELEVATION OF THE MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY — WAR WITH PRUSSIA — ITS RESULTS — BATTLE OF JENA — DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

WHILE the Emperor might naturally have expected that his brilliant success would rouse the public mind in France, he learned that a general alarm was spreading, the bank assailed, and its notes at five per cent discount. At the same time, in Hamburg, the paper money of France had reached twenty-two per cent below par. The public funds were falling; and the condition of this grand thermometer of public opinion had a corresponding effect upon the imperial temper. An immense financial enterprize of the famous M. Ouvrard was the proximate cause of the embarrassments of 1805. To this speculation the treasury had lent itself; and, had the original scheme been followed out, under the management and rigid probity of the projector, there can be no question that it would have proved advantageous to Spain, and ultimately to France.

I knew M. Ouvrard well: the majority of the facts now to be related, passed under my own eyes; and, in 1808, during a visit to Hamburg, he himself informed me of the details of his gigantic operations. Though a bankrupt in 1806, before the 18th Brumaire, he had

realized sixty millions, (£2,500,000) on which he owed not a single franc. This celebrated financier, the astonishing variations in his fortune, the activity of his life, and the immense undertakings in which it was passed, have excited general attention. Upon these a judgment is not to be hastily formed; for the son of a paper manufacturer, who, by his unaided efforts, could raise himself into such eminence, is no ordinary person. At the same time, the honour of his dealings, and the probity and secrecy with which he kept his engagements, aided not a little in procuring him the management of affairs. Many a time have I witnessed the arts and the menaces of the First Consul, vainly employed to obtain a single revelation capable of compromising any one. But I must regularly interrogate my old recollections, in order to explain the gradual progress of the frightful crisis of 1805. On attaining to the consulate, Bonaparte had found Ouvrard one of the navy contractors for supplying the Spanish fleet. This situation he owed to the Prince of Peace, which, in three years, netted fifteen millions, (£625,000,) accounts being held in piastres at three francs and a fraction, while in reality they were worth nearly five and a half francs. But then this money was in Mexico, and Spain could not bring it home; yet her marine must be victualled. While we were still at the Luxembourg, one morning, (25th January, 1800,) during breakfast, the First Consul said to me, "Bourrienne, my part is taken; I order Ouvrard to be arrested." — "General, have you proofs against him?" — "Proofs! Is he not a contractor? he must disgorge! All these contractors and provision venders are so many knaves. How have they made their fortunes? at the expense of the state. I will no longer suffer such disorder. They have millions; they wallow in insolent luxury; while my soldiers have neither bread nor shoes! I'll no more of that. At the latest, I shall speak to the Council to-day, and we'll see what is to be done."

I waited with impatience his return, to know what had passed. "Well, General?"—"The order is given." I was uneasy about Ouvrard, thus treated more like a Turk than a citizen of the Republic; but learned in the evening that the arrest had not been executed, because he could not be found. On the morrow, I knew positively that a member, whom I do not name, escaped from the council-room for a minute, and, writing on a slip of paper with a pencil, advertised, by a faithful domestic, the unfortunate financier of his danger. Before evading the officers, Ouvrard had secured his private papers: thus no one was compromised. The Consul, however, had his curiosity satisfied on one point,—he found vouchers that the contractor had lent such and such sums to Madame Bonaparte.

Some days afterwards, Ouvrard delivered himself up. Furious at his escape, Bonaparte was equally enraged at this. "The fool," said he, speaking to me on the subject, "he little knows what is awaiting him! He thinks he will thus make the public believe he has clean hands,—that he has nothing to fear: but it is bad play; he shall not thus come round me. It is in vain to talk. Bourrienne, you may depend upon this, that, when a man has so much money, he cannot have come honestly by it; and, besides, all these fellows with such fortunes are dangerous. In a revolutionary time, no one ought to have more than three millions, (£125,000) and that even is too much."

As Ouvrard had many and powerful friends, great interest was made to get some one to speak in his behalf. Berthier, notwithstanding many entreaties, refused. "I dare not—it is quite impossible; *he* would say that Madame Visconti's pinmoney was at the bottom." I cannot exactly remember to what circumstance the contractor owed his freedom, but he was not long confined; and, granting his liberation, Bonaparte asked him for twelve millions, (half

a million sterling,) which Ouvrard refused. He had his revenge, however; for, wishing to set out to Mexico to recover the money due by Spain, Ouvrard applied, through Talleyrand, for a special passport, and thus became the victim of too great caution. I was in the cabinet, and can fancy still hearing the dry *No!* the only answer to the minister's application. When we were left alone, Bonaparte said,—"Are you not quite of opinion, Bourrienne, that Ouvrard made a good job of his affair with the Prince of Peace? but then why, like an imbecil, send Talleyrand to ask me for a passport? That awakens suspicion. Why not have got a passport as every body else does? Is it I who grant them? He is a fool—so much the worse for himself."

I was sorry for the disappointment; and not the less so, that Ouvrard had offered me a share in any arrangements he might make with Spain. His brother undertook the mission, and succeeded, having found in Mexico seventy-one millions of piastres due to government, among which were his brother's four millions for the Spanish fleet at Brest, set apart and marked. In 1802, a frightful scarcity desolated France. A remedy had become absolutely necessary, both to save and to quiet the people. Ouvrard was applied to, and, with Wanlerberghe, undertook to import grain. This they did to the amount of twenty-six millions, (£1,085,000,) accepting for this sum, drawn from them by foreign venders, treasury bills at six months, government selling the grain. When due, the bills were dishonoured; but six months afterwards the treasury offered to pay, on condition that government should retain half the profit on the commission. The victuallers refused, and the treasury found it to be still more profitable to pay nothing. The hope of recovering this debt induced the house to continue transactions with government, till at length, in 1804, the three partners, Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Seguin, of whom the first was

the responsible, were creditors to the amount of one hundred and two millions, (£4,250,000.) The effects of the retarding these treasury payments were beginning to react to a very serious extent, when Ouvrard and Company agreed to accept orders on the receivers-general for one hundred and fifty millions, and to pay off the one hundred and two which government owed. In this contract Desprez was agent, to whom the house transferred their bonds at a discount.

In 1805, Ouvrard contracted with the treasury for the current expenses of the year, to the amount of four hundred millions, (£16,500,000.) At this time, thirty-two millions were due from Spain of a subsidy of seventy-one millions, (nearly £3,000,000,) which she had agreed to pay us, while a grievous famine raged in that country. Ouvrard was despatched to Madrid, to negotiate the payment of the outstanding balance, and, on this occasion, contracted with the Spanish government the vast enterprize of conducting the exclusive trade of its colonies, and of importing on his own account the gold and silver bullion received from them. For these privileges, he agreed to pay to France the thirty-two millions, and to bring corn into the country. After some delay and difficulty, subsequently even to his fulfilment of the conditions, the following treaty, probably the most extraordinary ever entered into between a sovereign and a private individual, was signed by Charles IV. of Spain and M. Ouvrard of Paris,—"Ouvrard and Company are authorized to export, to *all* the harbours of the New World, *all* merchandize and provisions necessary for their consumpt; and to import from all the Spanish colonies, during the *whole* of the war with England, *all* articles of gold or silver coming from these colonies." Immediately after the signing of this compact, whence the king was to derive half the profit, Ouvrard received acceptances from the treasury of Madrid, for the sum of one hundred and

sixty-two millions (£6,750,000) in piastres, to be brought from America. In the mean time, he paid off the debt to France, and brought into Spain two millions of quintals of grain, at twenty-six francs (£1, 1s. 8d.) the quintal. This required enormous outlay; and, before he could reap any advantage, or even be reimbursed for his advances to the treasury of Paris, it was necessary to bring the piastres into Europe. Some difficulties being got over, the English government agreed to facilitate this part of the arrangement, and furnished four frigates for transporting the specie.

Ouvrard had only commenced these amazing operations when the Emperor precipitated himself from the camp at Boulogne upon Germany. Funds were required. Ouvrard was sent for—negotiated successfully with the house of Hope at Amsterdam—and instantly returned to Madrid. In the midst of the most flattering prospects from these gigantic speculations, he found himself at once menaced by a crisis brought on through the misconduct of his agent, Desprez, who, without consulting his principal, had agreed to pay up the four hundred millions for the current expenditure. In these circumstances, the treasury thought itself authorized to draw upon Ouvrard for fifty millions, (£2,083,000,) the minister declaring he had granted to the partners a very advantageous disposition, and that, trusting to this sum being remitted, he had come under obligations. The money was sent; but a few days after arrived in Madrid a commissioner from Paris, the bearer of a ministerial despatch for Ouvrard, to collect all possible assets, and to return to Paris. The treasury was in the greatest embarrassment, alarm becoming general. Of this the immediate causes were the following:—The treasury, by a circular, had authorized the receivers-general to remit to Desprez all their disposable funds, to be placed to its account-current for liquidation of the bonds held by him.

Such an authorization was probably very wrong, but Desprez resolved to profit thereby, and entered into speculations which, in his situation, were very imprudent. He wrote to the receivers-general to transmit to him all the money they could procure below eight per cent, promising an advance above this rate. Money poured in from all quarters, and chests were daily received in Desprez's office, from every part of France. He lent fifty millions to the merchants of Paris, which reduced him to straits for ready cash: to meet the demand, he placed in the bank the treasury bonds, which had, to an extent, been liquidated by the sums remitted through the receivers-general, as was found on presenting the bills of Desprez. The bank became alarmed when Desprez, instead of specie, sent in only his acceptances, and called upon him to explain the state of his affairs. Fears augmented, and were participated in by the public; in short, a species of financial panic seized all minds; the bank suspended payments, and its bills fell twelve per cent at one stroke. Terrified at such a crisis, in the absence of the Emperor, the minister of the treasury, M. Marbois, convoked a council, wherein Joseph presided, at which Desprez and Wanlerberghe were examined. Informed of all, Ouvrard hastened from Madrid, applied to his correspondent Hope, and negotiated a sale of fifteen millions of piastres, at $3\frac{3}{4}$ francs each. Ouvrard had purchased these piastres at 3 francs, consequently was very happy to dispose of them at this rate;* but his abrupt departure from Madrid, and the state of financial matters at Paris, alarmed the Spanish government, which withdrew from its engagement, and he was thus unable to make any advance of piastres. The bankruptcy of Desprez produced a dreadful result upon houses that had hitherto enjoyed boundless confidence, and through-

* He thus gained on each piastre sevenpence halfpenny sterling. — *Translator.*

out France, where the crisis continued to agitate all minds, till the news of the victory of Austerlitz, and the hope of approaching peace allayed the ferment.*

Precisely as if to temper the pride of victory, the Emperor learned the troublesome situation of his treasury and bank on the day following the battle of Austerlitz. He previously knew there were some difficulties, but only then was informed of the full extent of the evil. The numerous and afflicting reports transmitted, accelerated his departure from Vienna; and the very evening of his return to Paris, as I have heard, while going up the stair of the Tuileries, he pronounced the dismissal of the minister of finance, M. de Marbois. The severity of that functionary had raised him up many enemies, and yet he was accused of having compromised the state through weakness. Even Madame de Stael, upon hearing the unyielding firmness of Marbois extolled, said, "He firm! he is only a reed bronzed." Be that as it may, Napoleon's resentment knew no bounds; and Marbois was replaced by Mollièn.

So finished this fatal catastrophe in finance: but all was not yet over with Ouvrard. It may naturally be supposed that the imperial hand—not always a hand of justice—sometimes made its grasp be felt. In February, 1806, the Emperor issued two decrees, in which he declared the contractors for 1804 and 1805, with their agent Desprez, debtors to the state for eighty-seven millions (£3,625,000,) received since the 16th August, and applied by them to private and *personal* speculations with Spain. Who would not think, from this last expression, that Napoleon had taken no interest in the mighty project of the two Americas? He was personally, and deeply too, concerned in it; but he must needs never be known in any thing not successful. Armed with the authority

* Among other houses which were thus ruined, was that of M. Hervas, father-in-law to General Duroc.

of his own decrees, he seized everywhere the effects and piastres of the company, and made a great deal of money; and, if advantage can result to a sovereign from the prostitution of public credit, he enjoyed such advantage, together with the consolation of having reduced an enterprizing subject, the partner of a king in the commerce of the two worlds, in less than two years, to a state of bankruptcy.

These interesting details have seduced me somewhat from my path: I now enter my cabinet of minister plenipotentiary, wherein events not a little curious occasionally took place. The year 1806 began my troubles, with the effects of the literary propensities of Louis XVIII, in shape of a "Declaration," transmitted by post on the 2d of January. This production had been dispersed in vast numbers, being in a form easily transmissible, even into France, as a letter. On the 16th, I received a despatch from Fouché, with three envelopes of the work of the *Pretender*, urging me to procure as many such as possible, and transmit them to him. From this duty I got free, by pleading its impossibility, knowing well, that the object was to compromise individuals, who had received a letter without being aware of its contents. In this dispersion, Dumouriez, whose carriage was loaded with copies, had been very active; indeed his occupation had now dwindled to vending pamphlets, more or less indifferent. At this date, Germany, and especially the Hanse Towns, were inundated with such writings. Before the proclamation, one of the most odious of these pamphlets had appeared under the title, "Bonaparte, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.—Rome, printed by the Pope."* The expressions were horrible, and I never could discover the author, though I prevented the circulation of this fearful tract. Fauche-Borel, our old friend, was very active in printing these annoyances.

* Bonaparte, der du bist im Hemmel, geheiligt werde dein nahme.—Rome, in der pabstlichen Buchdrukery.

In February, I was enabled to answer fully an information received from the ministry of police in Paris, relative to one named Dranob, who, with Lesemple, had formed a plot against the life of the Emperor. The name was an anagram of Bonard, the true appellation of the former, who, in female disguise, had escaped from the Conciergerie in 1798; and represented himself to me as having been an officer in the light artillery. Few examples occur of knaves with so much courage and address.

Arriving in Hamburg, about the commencement of 1805, to fulfil these engagements, which, as he told me, were entered into with the English government, Bonard, instead of killing the Emperor, thought it would be better to inform against his accomplice Lesemple. Discovering, probably, that my agents were in search of him, he called upon me, of his own accord, and placed in my hands certain papers which he had long concealed about his person. These documents, written in a very small character, and rolled up carefully, were enclosed in a tin case, very nicely made, very slender, and about six inches long. This case was concealed about his person so as not by any possibility to be discovered, and in a way which I dare not attempt to describe. It contained, likewise, a small file, of a brownish metal, which cut iron as a knife cuts paper,—an instrument several times discovered by the police of Paris on the persons of other malefactors. All these papers were written by Lesemple, and contained extracts from the correspondence of the two relative to their nefarious enterprize. That nothing might be wanting in the chain of evidence, I found a quarrel had taken place between the two villains, at the moment of embarking at Harwich, and a combat fought, in the burying-ground of that town, with the knives which they had been using at the tavern. While relating this horrible transaction, Bonard suddenly uncovered his right side, and shewed me a frightful gash, still

bleeding. Let the reader imagine my situation; alone, with the most athletic man I have ever beheld, baring his breast, covered with gore, and confiding to me his fearful design of murder,—not from repentance, but from the belief that its discovery would be more profitable than the accomplishment, producing, at the same time, the proofs of his own villainy, concealed in a manner so incredible! While his schemes were thus denounced, Lesemple was on his way from Holland. Assured by Bonard that his prompt arrival might be expected in Hamburg, I took measures to have him arrested, and had begun to entertain apprehensions, when, at length, he did appear, having been detained by the Russians as a spy, and, on the 19th, I had him suddenly seized, with his papers, of which he could thus conceal none. I examined him, and his confession confirmed the horrible details before given by his associate. In his pocket-book were three passports, fabricated by himself, and a bill of exchange, the product likewise of his own manufacture. Upon his person were found several packets carefully made up, and each ticketed *fifty louis*, but which, on being opened, were discovered to be filled with copper only, as also a purse with counters of the same metal. These he used for deceiving at the gaming tables. He was at once pickpocket, spy, forger, and assassin. I had promised Bonard to send him to Paris free, in order to reply in person to the examination of the minister of police; but as such characters cannot be a single day in a place without being sullied with some crime, he was accused of being accessory to several robberies in Hamburg, and, accordingly, consigned by the prefect to the care of the police. Fearing such recommendation, however, he contrived to escape, but was taken some days after, and sent under a good escort to Paris.

Yet, among such degraded men have I found rare instances of courage and presence of mind. I had an agent among the Swedo-Russians, named Chefneux,

who was detected almost in the act of espionage, with a bulletin, just ready to be sent off to me, though fortunately addressed to a merchant at Hamburg. He had also a letter of recommendation, which I had procured from a gentleman intimately known to the Russian minister, which saved him summary punishment from the Cossacks. With all these precautions, it was still suspected that he had some connection with me. After many fruitless examinations, a last effort remained. Chefneux, condemned to be shot, was led out to the plain of Luneburg, with a bandage over his eyes: he heard the word, "Make ready," given to the squad, and the ticking of the locks of the muskets. At this moment a person approached, and whispered in his ear, in a tone of interest and kindness, "I am your friend; only say you know M. de Bourrienne, and you are saved."—"No!" cried Chefneux, with astonishing firmness; "I should then lie." The bandage fell from his eyes, and he was restored to liberty, with the assurance of not getting off so easily a second time. It would be difficult to mention an instance of more extraordinary presence of mind.

Sometimes, too, I had it in my power to do good, even by instruments of evil. In March of this year, a M. de la Ferronays, at Brunswick, was denounced by the Parisian police, as a very dangerous man. I sent the same Chefneux, giving him five hundred francs per month, to live as a gentleman, and he quickly insinuated himself into the good graces of the suspected and his friends. I was obliged to send his information to Paris; but, from the manner I had otherwise heard De la Ferronays mentioned, he had awakened a lively interest in my mind, and I resolved to save him. Orders had been given for his arrest, as he passed through Hamburg for England, notice of this journey having been forwarded by his friend my agent. Travelling under another name, with the farther protection of secretary to Lord Kinnaird, a

title granted by his lordship, and a momentary stay only in passing to Altona, saved him here. But he was soon after guilty of an imprudence which had nearly proved fatal to himself, and compromised me. One evening, while at the opera, the prefect of police came up to me, saying M. de la Ferronays was in the house, and requiring an order for his arrest. He directed my attention to a young man wearing powder, whom I at once recognized from Chefneux's description. I still desired to befriend the young emigrant—but how save him now? "You must arrest him," said I to the prefect; "but first I shall take precautions to have it done quietly, without alarming the house;" and, slipping out, I begged one, on whom I could rely, to pass the unsuspecting victim, so as not to be observed, and whisper him to flee. Returning instantly to my box, "Now, do your duty," said I to the prefect; but, before he had shut the door upon me, I saw the intimation given, and Ferronays was on the road to Altona.*

* M. de la Ferronays, a personage of considerable note, and of excellent character, was one of the earliest and most attached friends of M. de Rivière, with whom the reader is already acquainted, and whose life offers one of the few noble instances of piety to his God and devotion to his sovereign, by which the sad history of the French Revolution is occasionally brightened. The Marquis de Rivière was born in 1763; consequently, in 1804, when tried as an accomplice, in the memorable machinations of Georges and Pichegru, had attained his thirtieth year. Subsequently he underwent a most rigorous confinement of four years; part in a dungeon in the castle of Iona, and afterwards, with some alleviation, granted by the humanity of his gaoler, at Strasbourg. On the Restoration, he was created Duke de Rivière; and the last service which he performed to his royal master, was the most important of all, as preceptor to the Duke de Bourdeaux, son of the Duke de Berri, and *then* heir to the throne of France. This office he discharged so conscientiously, that he renounced every other engagement, sleeping even in the apartment of the young prince, in order that he might devote night and day to the study and formation of his character. The education of the Duke de Bourdeaux, so far as it is advanced, has

But, while execrating espionage and spies, I am constrained to acknowledge the necessity under which the Emperor lay of being on his guard against the multitude of intrigues, hatched in the vicinity of Hamburg, especially surrounded as that place was by the Russians, Swedes, and English, still in arms; and when the treaty with Prussia stood on such dubious terms. On the 5th of January, the Swedish monarch had approached, with his troops, to the very gates of Hamburg. He had menaced the hapless senate with the utmost weight of his displeasure, for having, on my demand, ordered the colours to be removed which had been hung out over the Austrian recruiting office. Deputies from the city were, after some delay, received into the royal presence, and the storm blew past. The king, with his six thousand men, seemed resolved on playing the part of the restorer of Germany, and of exhibiting himself as the Don Quixotte of the treaty of Westphalia. At this time his head-quarters were Boëtzenburg, on the north bank of the Elbe. As a resource against dulness in this stationary warfare,

perhaps been more carefully conducted than that of any of the young princes of Europe. He lost his last affectionate preceptor, the subject of this note, in April, 1828. Upon the Duke de Rivière's death being announced, Charles X. feelingly said, "My sorrow is two-fold; I grieve as a man and as a monarch, nor do I know in which capacity I feel my loss more severely: my poor child is now *twice* an orphan." The reader will determine whether the conclusion of the memoir be affecting or merely curious: — "As an expression of tender respect for the memory of the Duke de Rivière, Charles X. has taken charge of his eldest son, in order that he may be educated along with the Duke de Bourdeaux. Like his father, young De Rivière will thus ever be near his royal master; but more fortunate still, he will not experience the grief of attending his king in exile." This was printed in 1829! — In these posthumous memoirs I have found many proofs of Bourrienne's accuracy in matters which the two parties view very differently. M. de Ferronays, is the same person who, in 1827-28, conducted the measures instituted by Charles X. for the relief of the Armenian Greeks driven from Constantinople. — *Translator.*

the king sent for Dr Gall, then at Hamburg, where he lectured on his system, at first rejected, by false science and prejudice, subsequently adopted, in consequence of his arguments, which, to my mind, are unanswerable. I had much intercourse with Dr Gall, who has done me the honour of inscribing, with my name, one of his works on cerebral organization. On taking leave for the camp of his Majesty of Sweden, I observed, " My dear doctor, you will certainly find on his cranium the organ of vanity." In truth, had the learned doctor been permitted to feel all the crowned heads in Europe at that time, he would have got hold of some curious craniological studies.

The King of Sweden was not the only enemy to be feared. Prussia made many flattering overtures to be admitted to the protectorship and occupation of the city. This to Hamburg will be the last misfortune. The political and fiscal system of Prussia is one, of all others, most to be dreaded by a commercial city. Besides, England would never have consented to a measure which must have excluded her from the Elbe, and from one of the richest markets and most convenient points whence to extend her policy. At this time the recruiting in Hanover, no longer occupied by French troops, was carried on by England to a great extent. She scattered gold with both hands, and employed in this service an establishment of one hundred and fifty carriages, with six horses each. The recruiting was intended for the Hanoverian legion; and I had little doubt the Anglo-Russians would attempt a diversion in Holland. Of these transactions I informed Napoleon, by an extraordinary courier, a means of intelligence in the use of which I had orders to stand on no hesitation; and Heaven knows how many I received and expedited. Russia, in all her dispositions, manifested extreme hatred of France; and, from the movements of her corps in the north of Germany, of which I sent a fresh despatch, with all the intelligence to be collected, left no doubt in my

mind of an approaching rupture in those parts. Of all these circumstances,—the movements of the Russians at Wilna, Brode in Austrian Moldavia, and Prussian Poland, the names of their generals, the strength of their corps, where they laboured most assiduously on their fortifications,—I sent information to government, in a despatch addressed to M. de Talleyrand. Russia, the reader will recollect, had merely retired from Austerlitz; for, at this time, there existed neither convention nor pacification—not even an armistice. Of this she seemed inclined to take advantage; but Napoleon watched, and to outplay him was not easy.

Notwithstanding the impending war, which I judged inevitable, some attempts were made to bring about a general peace. I was not deceived; for, even in the least things, I remarked a feeling of determined hostility to pervade all foreign nations against France. I often received, for instance, from the minister of marine, packets for the Isle of France, to the preservation of which settlement the Emperor attached much importance. I had great difficulty in prevailing upon the captains of privateers, who made occasional visits to that colony, to take charge of my commissions. The hopes of peace were founded on the demise of Mr Pitt, and especially on the entrance of Mr Fox to the ministry. It was well known that the deceased premier was personally hostile to France, while between his successor and the Emperor there had existed reciprocal esteem; and really Mr Fox did shew himself frankly disposed for peace. The possibility of this consummation he had always advocated when in opposition to Mr Pitt. Bonaparte, likewise, moved by the high regard he entertained for Mr Fox, might have been induced to some concessions he had formerly repelled. But two obstacles, I may say insurmountable, presented themselves: the conviction, on the part of England, that such peace would only be a truce, of longer or shorter duration, from

Napoleon aspiring to universal dominion; and, secondly, that he meditated an attack upon England. Had he essayed this invasion, it would not have been more to strike his rival to the heart, and to destroy her commerce, so superior to that of France, than to blast the liberty of the press, which he had rooted up in every other place. The spectacle of a free people, separated by a strait of only six leagues, presented in his mind too seducing an example to France, and would eventually arouse the emulation of all those generous spirits who bend beneath no yoke.

During the first days of the administration of Mr Fox, a Frenchman called upon him, offering to assassinate the Emperor. The English minister wrote immediately to M. de Talleyrand on the subject, and stated that the British laws did not authorize the detention of any foreigner for a length of time, who had not committed some offence, but that, nevertheless, he should not release this miserable wretch till such period as would allow the head of the French government to be informed of the proposal, and to take precautions against its effects. Mr Fox, in his letter, farther said, that he had done the fellow the honour of *taking him for a spy;* an expression strongly significant of the English minister's indignation. This information, so nobly given, was the key which opened a door to new negotiations. The Emperor directed Talleyrand, in reply, to express to Fox, how deeply he was touched by his honourable procedure, and that he congratulated himself on contemplating what might be expected from a cabinet guided by those principles which such conduct evinced. Napoleon did not confine himself to this diplomatic courtesy: he thought the occasion favourable for creating a belief of his sincere love of peace. He sent from Paris Lord Yarmouth, one of the most distinguished of those Englishmen who had been so scandalously detained prisoners at Verdun, from the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. To this nobleman,

he consigned proposals to the English government to enter upon negotiations, voluntarily offering to recognize, in favour of England, the possession of the Cape of Good Hope, and of Malta. Some have thence attempted to elicit an occasion of praising the moderation of Bonaparte, while others have affected to discover too great concessions in these advances; as if the Cape of Good Hope or Malta could have entered into competition with the title of Emperor, the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, the acquisition of Genoa, and all the states of Venice, the dethroning of the King of Naples, and the gift of that realm to Joseph; in fine, the new form given to Germany,—all posterior to the peace of Amiens, of which changes Bonaparte said not one word, and from which he certainly would not have departed.

I distrusted all accounts of peace, therefore, and too well knew Bonaparte to place any reliance on the sincerity of the Emperor, especially after the success of the campaign of Vienna; in fact, every day I saw his ambition extending. He already coveted possession of the Hanseatic Towns, the last asylums of the wrecks of liberty in Germany. This design he veiled under pretence of offering, or rather selling, his protection. In this negotiation, I know not why, I became agent; although, from my own knowledge of the state of men's minds, with little hope of success, I did my duty: that is to say, in many conferences with the municipalities, I endeavoured to persuade the towns of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, to accept the Emperor's protection, at a small sacrifice of six millions, which they were required to pay for this honour. They, too, were faithful to their duties, by acting in the way I would have done in their place; they declined the Emperor's generous proposal.

The Elbe renders Hamburg the natural emporium of Germany. That beautiful river, traversing the whole length of the city, receives into its bosom the

riches of the east and south. Here the agriculturist and the manufacturer receive in exchange every production of the earth, which taste and refinement have rendered, from being luxuries, essential necessaries to the descendants of the ancient Germans, as well as to every inhabitant of civilized Europe. At the same time, the most unsullied probity of commercial relations had conciliated for the merchants of the Hanse Towns universal confidence. When the sacrifices, voluntary and forced, which these small states were condemned to make before they were ingulfed in the empire, are considered, we can hardly believe it possible for them to have possessed such resources. In such states we discover the true secret of liberty.*

We have seen what brought the Emperor in haste to Paris in the end of January, 1806, where, on arriving, he learned that his troops occupied Malta. Having made kings in Germany, he now deemed the time arrived for surrounding his own throne with new princes. At this epoch, he named Murat Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves; Bernadotte Prince of Ponte-Corvo; M. de Talleyrand Prince of Benevento; and his two ancient colleagues, Cambacèrés and Lebrun, Dukes of Parma and Placenza. He granted also to his sister Pauline, some time before married, in second nuptials, to the Prince Borghese, the investiture of the Duchy of Guastella. Strange turn of events! who could then have foreseen, that the duchy of Cambacèrés, the colleague of the First Consul, was to become the place of retreat to a princess of Austria, the relict of Napoleon, before his death?

In the midst of this prosperity of the imperial family, when the eldest of the brothers already

* At this time Hamburg reckoned a population of 90,000, with a territory containing 25,000; Bremen 36,000, and its territory 9000; Lubeck contained 24,000 within, and 16,000 without the walls. — *Translator.*

swayed the sceptre of Naples, while that of Holland awaited Louis, and even Jerome had thoughts of exchanging his lawful wife for the unlawful throne of Westphalia, inquietudes hovered around the imperial pillow itself. War did not actually exist with the continental princes, since they mutually observed each other, without coming to blows. This state of momentary repose, however, had little resemblance to the tranquillity of peace. France was at war with Russia and England: the situation of the continent presented only uncertainty: the Prussians were arming in silence: the treaty of Vienna had been fulfilled only in part. Napoleon turned his eyes towards the east; Sebastiani, in the beginning of May, was despatched to Constantinople. The general's measures justified the choice of his master; he was clever and conciliating: peace with the Turks resulted from his mission. The overtures to England had not so successful a termination, although, after the first conferences with Lord Yarmouth, Lord Lauderdale had been sent to Paris by Mr Fox, and M. de Champagny and Clarke, a man as able to manage these things as he had been on the day before he knew them, had been sent over to London. Nothing resulted from these negotiations.

The Emperor had drawn enormous sums from Austria, exclusive of the vases, statues, and pictures, with which he decorated the Louvre, and the bronze which now covers the column in the Place Vendome, in my opinion, the purest monument of his reign.*

* There is at present talk of transporting, with the permission of England, the remains of the founder from St Helena, and interring them under this column. It is constructed in imitation of the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, at Rome, covered externally with bas-reliefs, running in a spiral line from top to bottom, representing the history of the campaign of Austerlitz, and formed of the cannon taken from the Austrians. It is 180 feet high, and *was* surmounted by a statue of Napoleon.—*Translator.*

As Austria was thus exhausted, all the contributions exacted from her could not be paid in ready money, and payment was tendered in bills. Of these I received and negotiated one for seven millions, (£296,000 nearly,) on Hamburg.

The affairs of the princes of the house of Bourbon became less favourable as their chances of success proportionably decreased, and their finances fell so low, that the pretender was under the necessity of declaring to the emigrants in Brunswick his inability to continue their allowances. This was a heavy stroke; for many had no other means of subsistence, and, whatever might be their sentiments of fidelity to the royal cause, few had any objections to the maintenance of their zeal by a salary. Of these the most remarkable was Dumouriez, who, wielding the weapons of a new warfare, scattered bad pamphlets every where. The vagabond life of this general, who kept running about begging arms of every one against his country, while no one listened, had begun to cover him with contempt. He was looked upon as stale. He resided at this time in Stralsund, under protection of the King of Sweden, who, as I had predicted, now bordered on the conclusion of the farce he had been playing for four months, and was thinking of returning to Sweden, with plenteous increase of ridicule, and an army decreased by a good third, through desertion.

To cut short the disputes with Holland, of which the above general was dreaming the conquest, with an imaginary army, the Emperor gave that kingdom to his brother Louis. Another cause of discontent, also, had been the unwillingness of the Dutch to shut their ports against England. But these events I defer till the period of speaking of my relations with Hortense, who detailed to me all her own and her husband's troubles.

When I announced to the states of the circle of Lower Saxony the nomination of Louis to the throne

of Holland, and other changes in the imperial house, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin alone failed to reply to my communication. I afterwards learned he had applied to the Emperor at St Petersburg, *if*, and in what terms, he should answer. At this very time the duke and the emperor were on terms for the marriage of the daughter of the former, Charlotte Frederica, with Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark. At this epoch, it would have been difficult to predict the manner in which this union would terminate. The prince, young, handsome, and of an excellent disposition, promised to make a good husband; while the princess, beautiful as love, adored her husband, but, with a temper singularly giddy, was, in fact, a spoiled child. For several years their union was very happy; I had the honour of their acquaintance, when the duke afterwards sought refuge in Altona, with his excellent princess, whom, to the general regret, death ravished from her family two years after. The family consisted, besides, of the hereditary prince, distinguished by talent and information, and widower of the grand duchess of Russia, Alexander's sister; Prince Gustavus, amiable and graceful; and, finally, the Princess Charlotte, and her husband, the Prince Royal of Denmark. The then happy pair foresaw not that, in two years, they should be separated for ever. The princess was in all the splendour of her beauty, but, notwithstanding the amiableness of her character, could not make herself liked at the court of Denmark. Intrigues were formed against her: I know not if any thing wrong could be laid to her charge; but, in the language of *ton*, she was accused of great levity of conduct, and, reason or none, her husband conceived himself obliged to separate from her; and, in 1809, sent her, attended by a chamberlain and a lady of honour, to Altona. On arriving, she was in despair; and, hers being no silent sorrow, she told her story to all the world. The poor princess, however, really did excite pity

while shedding tears over her infant son, doomed as she was never to behold her child again. But her natural levity returned; nor did she always maintain a conduct becoming her situation; and, after the lapse of some months, was sent away into Jutland, where, I believe, she still lives.

I return to our own affairs in 1806. Pamphlets and libels were becoming more numerous than ever; the press and types purchased in Paris and sent to Brunswick for the manufacture of diatribes against the Emperor, had, for greater security, been transported to St Petersburg, under the direction of M. Maison. However, we got rid of one annoyance, namely, "The Political Annals for the Nineteenth Century," edited by Count de Paoli-Chagny, who had received, as editor, a pension of £500 per annum from Mr Pitt, but which being withdrawn by Mr Fox, the count's satirical vein dried up with the ceasing of his salary. But the enemies of the French government did not confine themselves to invectives; more than one miscreant sharpened poniards against the life of the Emperor. Among these was Loizeau, who, coming from England, landed in Altona, for the purpose of enjoying the singular privilege, claimed by that city, of harbouring all the dregs of humanity, which had escaped from the justice of other governments. On the 17th July, Loizeau presented himself to Count de Gimel, agent there for the Count de Lille, proposing to go to Paris and assassinate the Emperor. The proposal was repelled with indignation: but, on learning the fact, from the atrocious conduct of the intending assassin, I decided on arresting him. One of my agents had orders to keep himself constantly on the alert upon the walk leading from Hamburg to Altona, and when he found Loizeau within the territory of the former city, to fasten a quarrel on him, and thus contrive to have both conveyed to the nearest guard-house. The snare took; but when the ruffian found himself in custody, he suddenly untied his

cravat, and tore with his teeth the papers it contained. He attempted also to destroy others concealed below his arms, but was withheld by the soldiers, who, after much resistance, succeeded in pinioning him. On first entering the prison, he exclaimed, "I am a lost man!" One letter affirmed, that his proposal had been well received elsewhere. I sent the wretch to Paris, and know not his fate, but believe Fouché would take good care to prevent his doing farther harm. At the same time, one Martelly was recommended to my especial care, as the author of a libel against the Emperor and his generals, and as having been concerned in the surrender of Toulon to the English. I sent for Martelly, found he had not written the pamphlet, which was the production of his brother, nor been at Toulon; saw he possessed rare intelligence, and had been long in London. I converted, sent him back to London, and he ever served me with faithfulness and uncommon ability. By means of this agent, I discovered the treachery of M. Lajusse, formerly the Abbé de Cherval, secretary of legation to the Lisbon embassy under Lannes. Lajusse was at this time employed in the foreign office, and kept up a correspondence with a quondam *chere ami*, calling herself Countess de St Quentin, and then actually mistress of Dumouriez. Through this channel, whatever passed in France became known in England. Meanwhile Martelly kept well with the emigrants, received their letters for London, which thus became known to me; and, while he was praised in the English papers as a devoted and useful loyalist, his communications put me in possession of the details of an expedition under Dumouriez, planned against Holland or Hanover!

We now approach the moment when war was to ravage Germany anew; for, in proportion as the hopes of peace diminished, Prussia redoubled her menaces. The remembrance of the Great Frederick agitated her; peace had become odious. Her mea-

sures, until then sufficiently moderate, all at once assumed a threatening tone, from the time when the English ministry had stated to Parliament that France had declared her willingness to restore Hanover. The French cabinet, on the other hand, assured Prussia that this restitution was the nearest step to peace, and held out large indemnities. But the Prussian monarch, well informed of all, and convinced that the house of Hanover attached great importance to the possession of an ancient domain, which gave a certain preponderance in Germany, regarded himself as deceived, and resolved on war. At this period the whole of Prussia was animated by the same warlike sentiments. The public mind, and her youth especially, were exasperated. The king aspired to the character of liberator of Germany. Prussia, therefore, rejected every offer of compensation for Hanover; she knew that Napoleon would sacrifice her twenty times over to ensure peace with England. In these circumstances, Lord Lauderdale having been recalled from Paris by his government—notwithstanding the personal esteem of Pitt's successor for the Emperor—we continued at war with Britain, and were on the eve of having Prussia also on our hands.

The cabinet of Berlin sent an ultimatum, replete with expressions, in which little measure was observed, and amounting almost to a defiance. Napoleon's character is known, and, as may well be believed, this ultimatum roused his choler. Berthier, who had remained at Munich, pressed him to anticipate the Prussian preparations. After an abode of eight months, passed in the chances of peace and uncertain negotiation, the Emperor departed on the 25th of September for the Rhine. We have works so excellent on the campaign which ensued, called the Campaign of Saxony, that I may dispense with entering upon its details. I shall merely mention some private events, omitting all public transactions. Who does not remember with what giant strides the first

captain of modern times traversed Prussia, and planted his eagles in the capital of the Great Frederick?

M. Jacobi, Prussian envoy to London, remained at Hamburg with visible impatience. The crisis between France and his country approached, and he felt the need of union with England, and support from her subsidies. England was then like an open bank to all our enemies. On the 1st of October, a courier from the head-quarters at Nauemburg arrived, with an order for M. Jacobi to embark for England immediately. On the morrow he went on board a cutter sent express. He assured me, before parting, that the subsidies for Prussia were to be sixteen millions sterling. He had no great hope of the approaching contest with France. I spoke to him of Hanover; he informed me, that one of the conditions of compact between England and Prussia was the *restitution* and guarantee of that province to Britain.*

On the 10th October hostilities commenced between France and Prussia. I demanded of the Senate that the recruiting in the city for the Prussian service should cease. The news of a great victory gained by the Emperor over the Prussian army reached Hamburg on the 14th; but, though the disaster of our enemies was evident, from the crowds of fugitives of all ranks and ages from the north

* What are we to think of such a conference between two men holding at this time the relative positions occupied by envoys of France and Austria? Also, the English reader cannot have failed to remark frequently, in these volumes, the absurdity of our subsidizing *separately* the German powers. In acting thus, the English cabinet actually furnished subsidies to Bonaparte, for he beat these (in more than one instance it is surmised feigned) allies in detail, and afterwards made them disgorge their English gold. If it was necessary to bribe the Germans to fight the battles of their own emancipation, at least it should have been upon the understanding that not a shilling was to be advanced till all, great and petty states, had united to strike one grand stroke. This policy alone, after eighteen years of blundering, finally succeeded.—*Translator.*

of Germany, the accounts were so contradictory, I knew not whether to rejoice or grieve, when, on the 28th, arrived official intelligence of the victory of Jena. On the day following, in his 72d year, loaded with infirmities, and grievously wounded in the battle of Auerstadt, the Duke of Brunswick entered Altona. His arrival in that city presented a new and striking proof of the instability of fortune. A sovereign prince, enjoying, right or wrong, a great military reputation, but very lately powerful and tranquil in his own capital, was now beheld beaten and mortally wounded, borne into a foreign town, in a miserable litter, carried by ten men, without officers, without domestics, escorted by a crowd of boys and rabble, who pressed about him from curiosity, deposited in a bad inn, and so worn out with fatigue and pain in his eyes, that the morrow after his arrival the report of his death was generally credited. During the few days the duke continued in life, he was attended by his consort, who joined him on the 1st November; he refused all visits, and died on the 10th. The death of this prince created little sensation in Germany, where the war occupied all minds. The small number of emigrants whom he supported, displayed, indeed, sincere sorrow. After the battle of Jena, the prince's faculties appear to have been much impaired. He possessed remarkable qualities. He had served Prussia since 1792, and from that period had never once abandoned the interest of that court. The violent proclamations which he published against France had caused him to be regarded as one of the bitterest of our enemies.

At this time Bernadotte returned to Hamburg. I asked him how we were to construe his conduct with regard to Davoust, in refusing to assist him in his attack on the Prussian army at Nauemburg? "I am informed, by letter, that you took no part in the battle of Auerstadt. This I did not believe; but you have read the account which I myself received, some-

what later, in which it is stated, that Bonaparte said at Nauemburg, before a great many officers, 'Were I to deliver him to a council of war, he would be shot. I shall not speak to him on the subject, but neither will I conceal what I think of him. He has too much honour not to perceive that he has committed a disgraceful action.'"—"I believe him very capable," replied Bernadotte, "of holding such language. He hates me, because he knows I love him not; but let him talk to me, and I will answer him. I am a Gascon, but he is still a greater one. I might have been piqued on receiving almost orders from Davoust; but I did my duty."

It is said that the Emperor, on arriving on the field of battle of Rosbach, going from Menneburg to Halle, pointed out the spot where the column erected by Frederick the Great should be found, and the direction to be taken in order to reach it. This I can readily believe; so perfect was his knowledge of ground, and of the relative position of armies on a day of battle. He caused the column to be removed; a contrast, it must be confessed, with the sentiments which I had always heard him express. He hoped, at least, that the monuments of his own victories would be respected.

Towards the commencement of November, the Swedes entered Lubeck; but on the 8th, the town was taken by assault, and these Swedes, the remnant of the corps which had been at Jena, were made prisoners. In like manner a detachment of Prussians appeared before Hamburg, and already the citizens had stood to their defence, when Major Ameil attacked, routed, and took many of the Prussians at Zollenspieker. The danger, however, was far from removed. The major announced his intention to enter with his prisoners. Ameil could not be depended upon; he was a leader of a band of partizans, in the whole force of the phrase, and made war rather upon his own account, than as contributing to the

success of the operations of the army. His troop did not exceed forty men; but these were sufficient to pillage and carry dismay into the neighbouring villages. Besides, his boldness was unquestionable, and when he threw himself upon Hamburg, with this handful of marauders, he made the good people believe in a rear-guard of twenty thousand men. He had plundered along his whole route, made nearly three hundred prisoners, and carried off a great number of horses. It was nightfall when he presented himself at the gate, leaving his followers and booty at the nearest village. Entering alone, he made for the residence of the French legation. I was very quickly sent for where I had gone on a visit, about seven o'clock in the evening, and, on entering, saw the major—the perfect *beau-idéal* of a brigand. It gave me, therefore, no surprise to learn, that his tone, air, and gigantic moustaches, had struck terror into the inmates of my saloon. He then began to entertain me with the recital of his late exploits, talked of making a dash to-morrow with his troop upon Hamburg, and rioted in the idea of pillage, and of ransacking the bank. I endeavoured long, in vain, to dissuade him, for the thought of such plunder had intoxicated his imagination; but, assuming on this a higher tone, I said, "Know you, sir, that such is not the fashion in which the Emperor desires to be served. During the space of seven years which I passed with him in his campaigns, I constantly observed the expressions of his indignation against those who aggravate to the peaceful inhabitants the miseries of war. The will of the Emperor is, that no damage be done to Hamburg, or its territory." This brief address produced instantaneously an effect above all my entreaties; for the sole name of the Emperor made the stoutest tremble. The major then had recourse to a plan of selling his booty; this affair concerned the Senate, who had the good nature to consider, and the weakness to grant, his petition for a sale of the produce of his robberies,

on the morrow, in one of the villages. They even bought his horses, and gave him guards for his prisoners. The service I had rendered, in ridding them of this freebooter, was appreciated by the authorities, who next day presented to me a vote of thanks, expressed in a letter full of courtesy.

But the military occupation of the Hanse Towns could not be long averted. In his march upon Berlin, after the grand army had passed the Rhine, Napoleon detached a corps, under Marshal Mortier, for the purpose of securing the Electorate of Hesse, and occupying Hamburg. On the 19th of November, the city was taken possession of in the Emperor's name. The greatest order and tranquillity reigned on this occasion, though I make no secret of having feared the reverse. On the approach of the army, the utmost consternation prevailed; and, on the pressing entreaties of the magistrates, I did not hesitate to assume other powers than those of diplomatist, and, going out to meet Marshal Mortier, endeavoured to prevail upon him to respect the neutrality of the port. All my remonstrances were vain: he had a formal command from the Emperor. It was a fearful night on which I left Hamburg for this purpose, and a negro boy, named Selim, about thirteen years old, a most affectionate creature, supposing me to be exposed to danger, resolved to accompany the carriage, though then suffering from the effects of a defluxion in his breast. Overhearing the dispute among my people, I gave orders to the boy to remain behind; but he got secretly upon the carriage, and returned almost frozen to death. His lungs were attacked, and notwithstanding every care, and even sending him to Paris, I had the misfortune to know that his attachment to me cost him his life.

No preparations having been made for his reception, Marshal Mortier, with the staff, established head-quarters in my house, and the few troops he had brought formed an encampment in the court. Thus

the residence of the minister of peace assumed the appearance of a warlike leaguer, until such time as other arrangements could be effected. The demands which the marshal was necessitated to make, in consequence of this occupation, were hard. But my representations suspended for a season the order given by Napoleon to seize the bank. I cannot do otherwise than render a tribute to the uprightness of the marshal's conduct, who forwarded my representations to Napoleon at Berlin, announcing that he had delayed acting till the arrival of fresh orders. The Emperor read and approved my views,—a circumstance fortunate for France—perhaps not unprofitable to Europe—and most beneficial to Hamburg. Those who recommended to the Emperor the pillage of this noble establishment, must have been profoundly ignorant of its utility; they thought only of one thing, the ninety millions of marks, stored up in the vaults of the bank.*

The successive commandants at Hamburg were Mortier, not more rigorous than could be avoided; General Michaud, who, at least, inflicted no evil he could prevent; and Marshal Brune, who has been misrepresented: his moderation displeased, and he was recalled. These were succeeded by Bernadotte, when, by the battle of Jena, Napoleon, now master of Prussia and the north of Germany, no longer kept measures with the states composing this portion of Europe, but gave way to the most incredible exactions without opposition—for weakness could offer none. Subsidies, stores of every description, quarterings unceasingly renewed, contributions for table allowances,—such were a few of these demands. During

* At par, the mark is equal to 1s. 6d. sterling, consequently the sum in the coffers was L. 6,750,000 sterling. What, in this case, made the difference between Bonaparte and Amiel? The Emperor was persuaded from a robbery by his own servant; the freebooter yielded only to a superior. — *Translator.*

a long period the general-commandant had 1200 francs (£50) per day. The Dutch, under General Gratien, as also the inhabitants of Lubeck and of Bremen, respectively enjoyed their share of similar *advantages*. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo softened and moderated, as far as possible, these vexatious burdens. This noble character preserved Hamburg from the extortions to which he might have subjected that unfortunate city. Never did he refuse to aid me in any measures which might tend to combat the system of ruin and persecution. Under his government the Hanseatic states reposed for a space; and, happily, his governorship continued longer than that of his predecessors. Every where he exerted himself to modify the excessive rigour of the custom-house regulations; his name was cherished by the inhabitants; it is, I am sure, never repeated without benedictions; and the opinion thus conciliated proved far from injurious, when, four years after, public favour hailed him Crown Prince of Sweden.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ADDITIONAL ACCOUNTS OF THE PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN — BLUCHER'S RETREAT — HIS CAPTURE AT LUBECK — LETTERS OF MURAT — OF BERNADOTTE — NAPOLEON AND THE PRINCESS HATZFELD — NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO JOSEPHINE — BLUCHER A PRISONER AT HAMBURG — ANECDOTES OF HIS HABITS AND CHARACTER — HIS CONFIDENCE IN THE EMANCIPATION OF GERMANY — SENATORIAL DEPUTATION TO THE EMPEROR AT BERLIN — ATTEMPTS AT PEACE — EXTORTIONS — BERLIN DECREES, AND EVILS OF THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM — TRUE NATURE OF THAT SYSTEM.

Every one has heard of the celebrated General Perron, who played so important a part among the Mahrattas, and at the court of Prince Scindia. I had been rather more than a year in my ministry when he arrived. As he had matters about passports to arrange, I had some amusing conversations with him on his really extraordinary adventures. He told me he had at one time been possessed of more than fifty millions (£2,085,000;) but for the privilege of embarking at an Indian port, he had been obliged to disburse to the English sums so considerable, that three-fourths of his riches had been thus consumed. Many of his trunks were filled with splendid Cachemires, of some of which he had the kindness to make me a present. General Perron had lost a hand. With him were his two children, a boy and girl, born of an Indian mother, and whose copper colour recalled their maternal origin. The costume of these

children was so singular as to attract public attention wherever they appeared. Their necks and arms were encircled with massive rings of pure gold; but these collars and bracelets could not be undone like those worn in Europe; they were soldered, and so neatly, that the joining could scarcely be distinguished. These children knew not one word of French; their father appeared very fond of, and was constantly caressing them. Some days after the general's arrival, M. Bourguien landed also from Bengal, and applied likewise for a passport to France. He was at open war with Perron, who, on his part, spoke to me in similar terms of his compatriot. They mutually professed a profound contempt, each bitterly reproaching the other with the ruin of the Mahrattas. Both, however, had contrived to realize immense fortunes. I know not what became of M. Bourguien; as to General Perron, he is still living on his magnificent estate near Vendôme; and one of his daughters, by a second marriage, I have since known as the wife of M. de la Rochefoucauld, sub-prefect of Sens.

I have already stated my intention of giving only a few particulars of the great Prussian campaign. From the month of September, 1806, there appeared an absolute certainty, that, if we went to war with Prussia, Russia would join against us. Peace, however, had been signed between the courts of St Petersburg and St Cloud, in virtue of a treaty concluded at Paris, by M. d'Oubril. Russia was to evacuate the mouths of the Catara, which she was in no haste to do; and Alexander had published an ukase, calling out a levy of four men from every five hundred inhabitants, in order to guard against the evils which again threatened Europe, and to provide for the security of his own dominions. All this meant that he had determined not only to complete, but to augment his army.

Before the commencement of hostilities, Duroc had been sent to Berlin, on a mission to the King of

Prussia, in order to feel the way, and attempt some means of renewing negotiations. All these attempts were fruitless; and perhaps it no longer depended upon the King of Prussia to make or not make war upon France. The enthusiasm of his subjects for the preservation of their independence bore some resemblance to the wild impetuosity, which, at the commencement of the revolution in France, absolutely brought forth armies. The war having begun, victory every where declared for the Emperor. The Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded a Prussian corps, was forced to lay down his arms at Prentzlau. After this capitulation, General Blucher assumed the command of the wrecks of the army, and collected those detachments, whose distance had saved them from the surrender at Prentzlau. These corps, and Blucher's own troops at Auerstadt, amounting to some twenty or twenty-five thousand men, formed the sole remaining defence of the Prussian monarchy. Soult and Bernadotte received orders from Murat to pursue, without pause, the partizan Blucher, who used all his efforts to draw from the capital the troops of these two generals. Blucher marched upon Lubeck, of which he gained possession, as we shall see. Murat went in pursuit of the remains of the Prussian army, which had escaped from Saxony by Magdeburg. It was of vast importance to the army at Berlin, that a corps so numerous, and commanded by a general so able and brave, should be annihilated. Blucher, thus removing from the centre of operations with so considerable a force, might throw himself into Hanover or Hesse, or even into Holland, and, uniting with the English troops, produce serious uneasiness in the rear of the grand army. During this pursuit, the Grand Duke of Berg announced to me his designs, and his hopes, and speedily his success, by the following letters:—

"My dear Minister,—I hasten to intimate to you

my arrival here with the divisions of Marshals Soult and Bernadotte, and a detachment of cavalry of the reserve. To-morrow I shall be at Lubeck, where I count on giving the mortal blow to General Blucher, if he tempt the fate of a battle. I am informed he has a design to take shipping. I think he will not have time; and, should it be so, I hope that God, the protector of his majesty's arms, will render the wind adverse. If any Prussians appear before Hamburg, give the magistrates strong injunctions to shut their gates against them. It belongs to us to *call upon* you in that city. The Ex-general Moreau passed the 12th at Paris and the 28th at Hamburg, whence he departed for Russia. Fauche-Borel is now in Hamburg; endeavour to discover and arrest him. I beg you will send to me at Lubeck all information possible about the designs of General Blucher. I announce to you the defeat of Prince Hohenlohe. On the 28th, I made his whole division prisoners at Prentzlau. The hussars took Stettin at eleven o'clock at night; while General Michaud, whom I had directed upon Passewalek, there forced a corps of four thousand men to lay down their arms; and at Audane, General Becker obliged a detachment of equal strength to capitulate. Custrin opened its gates two days ago. In short, there remain of the Prussian army only from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, which certainly shall not escape us. Receive assurance, &c. JOACHIM."

" *Ratzbourg, 5th November,*
half past eight evening."

" Circumstances will, I hope, my dear Bourrienne, give me the pleasure of seeing you.—J."

" MY DEAR MINISTER,—I have this moment, and while getting into the saddle, received your letter addressed to the Emperor, and thank you for the information to myself. The division under the command of the Prince of Brunswick and General

Blucher, twenty-five thousand strong, had waited the attack of his majesty's troops at Lubeck. We carried that city by assault; six thousand prisoners, three generals, fifty pieces of cannon, standards and colours, are the brilliant results of the affair. The remainder of the corps has fled in disorder; and if, as is said, and as appears, the Danes be determined on causing their neutrality to be respected, it is to be presumed that General Blucher will be forced, to-day or to-morrow, to lay down his arms. Thus finishes the reputation of that army, which, under the Great Frederick, had wrought such prodigies. I received your letter of the 8th, at one in the morning. I have not your reply to mine of the 5th. You say it was sent by express. I hope you have unquestionably received both the letters which I despatched to you yesterday. The first announced the assault and taking of Lubeck, and the second, the capture of the whole of Blucher's corps. Thus has disappeared the last remnant of the Prussian army. I am now to reply to your queries; but what do I say?—Blucher's defeat has sufficiently answered all your questions, and ought entirely to dissipate the apprehensions of the senate of Hamburg. True it is, a detachment from my division was sent your way in order to observe Blucher's motions on that point, but the commander had express orders not to enter the territory of Hamburg, nor was he ever authorized to levy contributions. I have given orders to repay the sums received, and for the detachment to rejoin the army. We are upon the traces of the Westphalian plate, which ought still to be in Lubeck. I thank you for your information on that subject. The city of Lubeck has suffered severely, but I venture to hope that the senate and the unfortunate inhabitants will render justice to the efforts I have made, to protect them against the evils inevitable in the case of a city taken by assault. I can but lament over the disorders which took place, and did

all that was humanly possible, in order to put a stop to them. I repeat the assurance of my consideration.

" *9th November.* JOACHIM."

" P.S. At length, my dear Bourrienne, the combat ceases for want of combatants. I could have wished to see you, but know engagements retain you at your post. Accept the assurance of my friendship.—J." *

In one of his letters, as will be observed, Murat, probably deceived by his agents, or by some intriguer, gives me notice of Moreau having arrived in Hamburg, after passing through Paris on the 28th October. The only foundation for such an idea was an intercepted letter of Fauche-Borel. I recollect a curious circumstance explanatory of this intelligence, which proves how much informers are to be mistrusted. About fifteen days before my receiving Murat's letter, one called upon me to say, that Moreau was in town; I gave no credit to the assertion, but at the same time made all inquiries. Two days after, I was assured that an individual who had served under, and who knew him well, had both seen and spoken to the general. I sent for this person immediately. " Well, you have seen General Moreau?"— " Yes; he asked me the way to Jungfersteige, [a splendid terrace at Hamburg;] I gave the necessary directions, and added, ' Have I not the honour to address General Moreau?'—' Yes, but say nothing about it—I am here incognito.' " All this appeared to me absurd; and, feigning not to know the general, I asked my informant to describe him. He gave me a description which bore no resemblance to the original, saying, " He wore a braided coat, of French cut, with the national cockade." I instantly detected and dismissed the impostor. But a quarter of an hour afterwards entered one of my friends, to present

* It may amuse to know, that these letters, in the originals, are chiefly in the form of no less than seven P.S.'s.

the French Consul at Stettin—the wearer of the identical braided coat, and who had mounted the national cockade. A slight resemblance in figure to Moreau had completed the deception; and so the whole story had originated.

During the Prussian campaign, nothing was more talked of throughout the whole of Germany than the generous conduct of Napoleon in regard to Prince Hatzfeld. I received very curious details of this incident, and have been fortunate in preserving a letter from the Emperor to Josephine, which the reader shall see presently. Meanwhile, it is necessary to premise, that, agreeably to the inquisitorial system too generally characterizing Napoleon's government, the first thing, on entering any town, was to seize the post-office; and, God knows, little delicacy could be expected for the secrets of correspondence. Upon entering Berlin, our functionaries did not fail to act upon the established plan. Among the letters remitted to Napoleon, (for insignificant communications were forwarded, or destroyed, as happened,) was found one from Prince Hatzfeld, who had imprudently remained in the capital. This letter was addressed to the King of Prussia. The Prince gave to his sovereign an account of all the events which had occurred in his capital since he himself had been obliged to leave it; at the same time, describing the force and condition of the various corps which composed the French army. After having read this letter, the Emperor issued an order to arrest the Prince, and to convoke a military commission, before which he was to be tried as a spy. The commission had already assembled, and there could be no doubt of the nature of the sentence that would be pronounced, when Madame Hatzfeld flew to seek Duroc, who, in such circumstances, was always happy to facilitate an approach to the Emperor. On the day in question, Napoleon held a review without the city. Duroc knew the Hatzfeld family, having frequently met the princess during his previous visits

to Berlin. He remained behind at the palace, watching the Emperor's return. Napoleon, on entering, astonished to find Duroc within at that hour, asked if any thing new had occurred. The answer was affirmative; and Napoleon led the way into his private cabinet. Here Duroc, without saying much himself, quickly introduced Madame Hatzfeld. The sequel is related by Napoleon himself in the letter just mentioned. It is easy to perceive that the note is a reply to one from Josephine, complaining of the way in which he spoke of women, and most probably of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, respecting whom he had expressed himself with unguarded disrespect in one of his bulletins.

The following is Napoleon's manner of expressing himself to Josephine:—

"I received thy letter; you seem angry with me for speaking ill of women. It is true, I utterly abominate intriguing females. I am accustomed to those who are amiable, gentle, and conciliating; and such I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but thine. But at least thou wilt see I have been very good to one, who shewed herself a feeling and amiable woman,—Madame Hatzfeld. When I shewed her the letter which her husband had written, she replied to me, weeping bitterly, with heartfelt sensibility and ingenuousness, 'It is but too surely his writing!' Her accent went to my soul—her situation grieved me. I said, 'Well, then, madam, throw that letter into the fire; I shall then no longer possess the means of condemning your husband.' She burned my letter, and was happy. Her husband is restored to tranquillity. Two hours later, and he would have been a lost man. Thou seest, then, how I esteem women that are gentle, ingenuous, and amiable; but this is because they alone resemble thee."

"*6th November*, 1806,
nine o'clock evening."

While the Emperor was at Berlin, and employed in the famous decree on the Continental System, the effects of which we shall consider by and by, I had hoped to see Bernadotte at Hamburg; but, receiving orders to join the grand army, he sent me the following note:—"I regret much, my dear minister, that circumstances, and a slight indisposition, deprive me of the pleasure of embracing you. I set out to-morrow to join the grand army, which is in march against the Russians. My own troops are already some days in advance. Adieu, my dear B.; reserve me your friendship, and be assured that no circumstance of my life shall weaken the regard I entertain for you. I embrace, and assure you, that on my arrival at Berlin, I shall endeavour to accomplish what you desire.

"J. Bernadotte."

"20*th November*, 1806."

When Marshal Bernadotte had forced Blucher from Lubeck, and taken prisoner a general who has since become so celebrated, though then known only as a partizan chief, he had the goodness to inform me in the following terms:—"I send you some details of the brilliant affair which took place on the 6th, between our *corps d'armée* and General Blucher's division. May I request you will get them inserted in the Hamburg journal? Your friend intends coming to Hamburg with the sole intention of seeing and embracing you." Some days after, I received another billet, as follows:—"I have written two letters within the last month; I know not if you have received them. I send two words of friendship,—expecting to see you, to say that I am as much as ever yours. —J. B." But, when the marshal announced to me the capture of Lubeck, and that of Blucher, I was far from supposing that his prisoner, since become so differently celebrated, would be confided to my charge; but so it was. After his surrender, Blucher obtained permission to take up his abode in Hamburg, with

the whole city for his prison. My injunctions, as may be supposed, were to keep a very strict watch over him, and, on the slightest attempt to escape, on his part, to employ force,—a measure ever most repugnant to my feelings. During a considerable space, in which Blucher remained my prisoner, far from adding to the rigour of captivity, I spared him all the annoyances of police which my general instructions might have warranted. Blucher appeared to me a fit subject for curious study, and I saw him very frequently. I found him an enthusiastic Prussian patriot, a brave bold man, and enterprizing, even to rashness; but with only very limited information, and incredibly devoted to pleasure, of which, to my certain knowledge, he was not sparing, while in Hamburg. It was his delight to sit for hours at table, and, notwithstanding his exclusive patriotism, he rendered ample and very frequent justice to the wines of France. His amorous propensities were, so to speak, inordinate. He knew of no more agreeable relaxation than to remain for hours round a green rag, giving or taking gold, according to the good or bad run of play.

Blucher's disposition was exceedingly gay; and, considered as a boon companion, his society had something in it very agreeable: the originality of his conversation pleased me much. He entertained so firm a belief in the emancipation of Germany, that the disasters, even of the Prussian army, in no degree shook this confidence. He frequently spoke to me, in such terms as the following:—"I have much reliance to place in the public spirit of Germany, and on the enthusiasm which reigns in our universities. The successes of war are but for a day; while even the defeats of an army arouse in nations the principles of honour and of national glory. Be assured, that, when an entire people has a decided wish to emancipate itself from a depressing yoke, it will always shake off its fetters. Do not doubt it—we shall have in time a home-bred army, such as the subdued spirit

of France could never yet produce. England will always afford us the assistance of her subsidies, and of her marine; we will renew our alliances with Russia and Austria."*

"Sir," Blucher would often add, "I dare pledge myself as guarantee for a circumstance of which I am certain, and you may believe me,—not one of the allied powers entertains, in the present war, any design of aggrandizement. All that they want, with common consent, is to put a stop to the system of conquest, which your Emperor has adopted, and which he pursues with a fearful rapidity. In our first wars against France, at the commencement of your Revolution, we contended for questions concerning the rights of sovereigns;—for such, on my part, I assure you, I care extremely little; but now, the case is no longer the same; the population of Prussia, to a man, makes common cause with its government; we now wage war in defence of our homes, and reverses may destroy armies, without changing the spirit of the nation. I look undismayed to the future, because I foresee that fortune will not always favour your Emperor. It is impossible to think otherwise: there must arrive a season, when the whole of Europe, humiliated by his demands, wearied out by his depredations, will rise up against him. The more he enchains the nations, the more terrible will be the explosion of the people bursting their fetters. Who dare deny the insatiable desire of devouring provinces, with which he is tormented? To the war of 1805, against Austria and Russia, succeeded, incontinently, the present dispute. We have fallen; Prussia is subdued: but there still remains Russia in the conflict. It is not granted me to foresee to what term the war may extend; still,

* In reporting the substance of very frequent conversations with Blucher, I cannot forbear remarking the singularity of his patriotism, which numbered among its means of triumph the subsidies of one, and the alliance of two other foreign nations.—*Author.*

admitting even that the issue be favourable to you, it will have an end, but only to behold new wars recommence: if we are true to ourselves, France will fall exhausted by her very conquests: doubt not the fact. You desire peace? advise it; you will thus give a genuine proof of love for your country."

I, of course, replied to these incessant remarks of Blucher with that reserve which became my station; but, as I ever made a point to drop the diplomatist in the drawing-room, I entered, with frankness, into his views on the desirableness of peace,—a peace in reality, not a compact dictated by the stronger, and imposed upon the weaker. If, indeed, my advice had been of any weight—and I did not conceal my sentiments from the Prussian general—the Emperor had, ere that, ceased from wars of invasion—wars of horror, in which, spite of all discipline, the people are trodden to the dust, and which hoard up hate, the effects of which become terrible, on the first change of fortune. Before Blucher's arrival, there had come among us Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, second son of one of the two kings, whose crowns, dating from the treaty of Presburg, were not a year old. This royal youth, imbued with the ideas of liberty, which then fermented in Germany, had committed a harebrained action in leaving Stuttgard, to serve in the Prussian campaign. He had taken this step without the authority of his father, whom he thus incurred the risk of seriously compromising with Napoleon. The King of Prussia made him a general, but he was taken prisoner in the very commencement of hostilities, and conducted by a captain of gensdarmes, not to Stuttgard, but to Hamburg, where he visited me frequently. His ideas were not very stable, nor his mind made up as to what he wanted; for, after having been made a prisoner in the service of Prussia, he became eagerly desirous of serving in the armies of France, and several times requested me to solicit for him an audience of the Emperor. It was granted, and he lived long

in Paris, where I have seen him also since the Restoration.

My prisoners, and others, whom I had to watch in Hamburg, gave me, however, far less trouble, than our neighbours in Altona. Recent events had added greatly to the number; for the emigrants, chased by our victories, fled from country to country at the first alarm. All sought refuge in Altona; and not only emigrants, but, after the battle of Jena, every chateau in the duchies of Weimar, Gotha, Brunswick, and Hanover, was deserted, or filled with French soldiers, and its rightful inmates become refugees in Altona. To all I rendered service, or forbore the vexatious interference I might have exercised.

Napoleon protracted his residence so long in Berlin, as to give his senate time to present, by a deputation of their body, their felicitations in the capital of Prussia. I was informed, by one worthy of all credence, that, upon this occasion, the senatorial representatives, having taken unto themselves some will of their own, wished to abdicate for a moment their ordinary passiveness of disposition, and even dared not to limit themselves to compliments and congratulations; nay, they even emancipated themselves to such an extent, (according to assurance given me,) as to wish to have a finger in the plans of the Emperor's campaign, spoke of the danger of passing the Oder, and even expressed a desire of peace! Their master received very ungraciously so unwonted a communication; found the senate very bold, indeed, to meddle with his affairs; treated the conscript fathers of France as foolhardy men, devoid of reflection, protesting, as usual, his sincere love of peace; and told the deputation, that it was Prussia, supported by Russia, not he, who desired war. How could the Emperor — let me be pardoned the expression — have the effrontery to tell the deputation, that Prussia desired war? She *had* wished it, indeed; but to the enthusiasm of hope had now succeeded a general

stupor, or signs of activity displayed only in flight. The stricken deer speeds not with greater rapidity from the hunters, than fled all the German princes, who had taken part against Napoleon.

Clarke — the inevitable Clarke — was appointed governor of Berlin; and, under his administration, the wretched inhabitants who could not flee, were overwhelmed under every species of oppression and impost. As in the execution of every measure there operated the basest and most servile compliance with the orders of Napoleon, so the name of Clarke is held in detestation throughout Prussia.

In the midst of so many infamies, which are not the indispensable consequences of war, the generals stationed in Holland, a country at peace, the kingdom of the Emperor's brother, rendered themselves conspicuous by an ardour in rapacity, which recalled the delightful times of Italian dilapidation. It certainly was not their new king who set them this example: king, in spite of himself, Louis, in the known moderation of his character, and his principles of integrity, was destined to exhibit an instance of whatever an honest man can suffer upon a borrowed throne. Moreover, he took little part in the operations of the Prussian campaign. Napoleon, indeed, had expressed his desire that he should assume the command of the division of the grand army, formed of the Dutch, and invest Hameln. He did so; but, falling sick a few days after, could only summon the place to surrender, and then retired. This bounded his military exploits. Subsequently, the town opened its gates to Savary; and it may give some idea of the conditions imposed upon the vanquished, that the Prussian commandant, among other clauses, stipulated for the officers being permitted to retain their stockings and shoes! I believe a month and a half's pay was granted, to enable them to return home.

When the King of Prussia beheld the defeat of his troops on every point, and his kingdom delivered

into Napoleon's power, in even less time than Austria had been overrun during the preceding year, he wrote to the Emperor, requesting a suspension of hostilities. Rapp was present on the reception of this letter. "It is too late," said Napoleon; "but it matters not: I wish to stay the effusion of blood: I am ready to lend myself to every thing which will not touch the honour, or the interests of the nation." He then sent for Duroc, gave him orders instantly to visit the wounded, and to see that they wanted for nothing. "See, in my name, each in particular," added he: "Give to all the relief of which they stand in need. You will then join the King of Prussia, wherever you may fall in with him; if he make reasonable propositions, send me word."

It was, in truth, high time, after so much success on the one hand, and such sad reverse on the other: the conquerors had need of repose to enjoy their triumphs, and the vanquished to cicatrize their wounds. Mutual necessities induced Napoleon to seem desirous of peace. Negotiations began, but with such conditions on the part of France, that they were deemed inadmissible, while Prussia could yet hang her hopes upon assistance from the arms of Russia: besides, the Emperor's demands extended to England, who certainly had no motive, at this season, for acceding to the pretensions of her enemies. The Emperor desired that England should resign to France all the colonies taken from her since the commencement of the war, and that Russia should restore to the Porte Wallachia and Moldavia, which she occupied: in short, he acted upon the principle as expressed in some tragedy, where a king directs his ambassador to "Insist—demand all—that you may obtain nothing." The stipulations were, in fact, so extravagant, it could never have entered into the mind of any reasonable man that Napoleon conceived even a hope of their being listened to. These negotiations, resumed and broken off alternately, had been conducted with cold-

ness by both parties, up to the moment when Britain had induced Russia to side with Prussia against France. They then ceased altogether; and, to assume the air of renewing them upon a basis still more favourable to France, Napoleon sent Duroc to wait upon the King of Prussia. The envoy found that prince at Osterode, on the other side of the Vistula. The Prussian monarch gave for reply, "It is no longer time." In like manner Napoleon had before said, "It is too late." But the former could not do otherwise. Prussia could not be in a worse condition—she had nothing more to lose; and the Russians, full of enthusiasm and hope, as had been William's own subjects before Jena, burned to wash out, in the blood of a victorious field, the disgrace of Austerlitz.

While Duroc fulfilled his mission to the King of Prussia, I also received orders to attempt a negotiation at Hamburg. Bonaparte had a mind to detach Sweden from the coalition, and finish the war with her by a separate treaty. She could be very useful to him when Prussia, Russia, and England, formed in the north a considerable mass of forces. We had already Denmark for us, and if to her Sweden could be united, the junction of these two powers might effect a diversion, sufficiently respectable, to give serious uneasiness to the coalition, obliged, as it would be, to concentrate its principal strength to oppose the shock of the grand army in Poland. The sentiments of M. Peyron, Swedish minister at Hamburg, were strongly adverse to the war carried on by his master against France, which he justly regarded as the only power capable of protecting Finland against the dangerous vicinage of Russia. I therefore regretted his removal at this very time, before I could even make overtures. His successor, M. Netzel, entertained, however, the same opinion as to the useless and expensive war in which their master had engaged. A few days after his arrival,

this minister applied to me about the exchange of the Swedish prisoners captured on the Trave. I anxiously laboured to accomplish the required arrangements, and succeeded. During our conferences on this subject, I had gradually learned the state of his feelings on the subject of my own instructions, and at last frankly proposed the question of peace. I was assured that M. de Wetterstedt, Swedish secretary of state, also favoured pacific views, and M. de Netzel undertook to write on the subject of our conversation. Thus, never was negotiation more happily commenced; but who could foresee what wind would turn the wits of Gustavus? That headstrong prince took very much amiss the whole transaction. M. de Wetterstedt himself received orders to expostulate, in very harsh terms, with the envoy at Hamburg, for having entered the house of a French minister, and for having dared to take upon him to converse with such a functionary on political matters, though ours was but a *conversation*. But the king did not rest satisfied with reproaches: poor M. de Netzel came to inform me, with tears in his eyes, that he had been recalled, by an order to quit Hamburg directly, without waiting for a successor. He considered his disgrace as complete.

The famous Continental System now demands my attention; and more than to any other, perhaps, were its knaveries and its fatal consequences exposed to me, from my situation in the principal commercial city of the Continent. This system arose during the war of 1806, and was promulgated by a decree, dated at Berlin, on the 21st of November. This edict was the result of bad counsels. Seeing the just indignation of the Emperor against the duplicity of England, against her repugnance to come to serious negotiations with him, and, in short, against the hostilities which she unceasingly stirred up on the Continent, these short-sighted advisers urged him to lanch forth that decree, which I can regard in no other light than as

an act of madness, and of European tyranny. It was not decrees, but fleets, that he wanted: without fleets, without naval resources, it was ridiculous to declare the British isles in a state of blockade, while English squadrons did actually and effectually blockade every port in France. This, however, was what Napoleon declared by the Berlin decrees; and such was what is termed the Continental System! — System of peculation, of injustice, and of plunder!*

It is difficult, at this day, to conceive how Europe could, for a single hour, endure that fiscal tyranny, which exacted the most exorbitant prices for articles, become indispensable necessaries of life, both to rich and poor, through the habits of three centuries. It is so far from being the truth, that this system had, for its only and exclusive aim, to prevent England from disposing of her merchandise, that licences were sold, at a high rate, to those who had influence sufficient to procure them; and gold alone gave that influence. The quantity and the quality of articles exported from France, were exaggerated with incredible impudence. It became imperative, indeed, to purchase such articles, in submission to the will of Napoleon; but they were bought only to be thrown into the sea. And yet none was found who had the conscience to tell the Emperor that England sold to the Continent, but that she bought almost nothing from thence!

The traffic in licences was carried to a scandalous extent, and that only to enrich certain flatterers, and to gratify the wrongheadedness of the contrivers. This system proves, what is engraven in the annals of the heart and understanding of man, that the cupidity of flattery is insatiable, and the errors of obstinate folly incorrigible. Let me cite one example out of thousands. At Hamburg, while under the government of Davoust, a poor father of a family narrowly escaped

* See Appendix, B.

death for having introduced, into the department of the Elbe, a small loaf of sugar, for the necessities of his family; while, at the very moment, perhaps, Napoleon was placing his signature to a licence for the introduction of a million of loaves. Smuggling, on a small scale, was punished with death, because government had undertaken the trade in the gross. The same cause filled the coffers of the French treasury with gold, and the prisons of the continent with victims.

The legislation of the customhouse — that legislation of death, which was in open war against rhubarb, which armed the coasts of the continent against the importation of senna — could not prevent the Continental System from falling to pieces. Ridicule had attended the installation of the odious coast-guard courts. At Hamburg, the president of their court, a Frenchman, delivered an harangue, setting forth, that, from the time of the Ptolemies, there existed extraordinary customhouse tribunals, and that Egypt had owed its prosperity to these institutions! Thus the agents of government introduced its terror with their own folly. Compared with these courts, the common revenue officers, held in sufficient detestation, were regretted.

The counsellors of Bonaparte in this system advised him to an act of folly and stupidity, requiring that each ship, for which a licence had been obtained, should carry out home manufactures equal in value to the colonial productions authorized by licence to be imported. What was the consequence? The refuse of silk warehouses — whatever time and fashion had rendered completely unsaleable, was purchased at almost nothing; and as these articles were prohibited in England, they were thrown overboard, without any loss to the speculation by this slight sacrifice. The profit of the licence infinitely surpassed the value of a nominal cargo, the tossing of which into the sea only furnished matter of laughter. It was published,

I believe, by order of Napoleon, that the forest of Fontainbleau, planted with *red beet*, would supply all Europe with sugar! I cannot comprehend how he came to allow such an absurdity to appear in the Moniteur. I do not, however, pretend to say, that such culture should not be encouraged.

This odious and brutal system, worthy of the times of ignorance and barbarity, which, when it had been admissible in theory, had proved impracticable in application, has not been sufficiently stigmatized. Men have had the folly to maintain, that the continental blockade must, in the end, have overwhelmed England under the weight of her own products! What absurdity! Those who invented, and those who set the system to work, incurred alike the derision and hatred of their contemporaries; posterity will not for a moment entertain their dreams. The mutual wants of society, without exception, struggled with advantage against measures so fatal. The prohibition of commerce, the severity so unceasingly and unsparingly cruel in the execution of this hateful conception, were, in truth, but an impost on the continent. Let the reader take only one proof of many which I might produce from my own experience. The line of customhouses along the frontier, from Hamburg, between Germany and Holland, was very strong. Enormous quantities of English merchandise and colonial productions had accumulated in Holstein, where they had arrived almost all by way of Kiel and Hudsum, and all passed the line at an advance of from thirty-three to forty per cent. Convinced of this by a thousand facts, and wearied out with the vexations of the customhouse system, I took upon myself to explain my views to the Emperor directly, as, the reader will recollect, I had authority from himself to do. I despatched accordingly an extraordinary courier to Fontainbleau, where he was then residing. In this document I declared to him that all passed in spite of his customhouses; the profit on

the sale in Germany, Poland, Italy, and even France, being too great not to induce men to run all hazards. I proposed, that when he was about to unite the Hanseatic Towns to the empire, he should allow a free passage to colonial products, at a duty of thirty-three per cent, equivalent nearly to the premium of insurance. The Emperor adopted, without hesitation, my proposal; and, in 1811, in Hamburg alone, the revenue from this speculation amounted to above sixty millions, (£2,500,000.) Yet the toad-eaters of the court kept crying out with enthusiasm, "We are ruining England by shutting against her the outlets of colonial produce." The same system was afterwards in part adopted in Prussia, with regard to articles seized, and that also produced considerable sums. Still the Continental System was not the less extolled and pursued.

That accursed system embroiled us with Sweden and with Russia, who would not submit to a strict blockade, while Napoleon himself lavished his licences, and grumbled when they took the same advantage. Bernadotte, on his way to Sweden, passed through Hamburg in October, 1810. He remained with me three days, which we passed together in the greatest intimacy. He would see no one. Among other things, he consulted me how he should act with regard to the Continental System. I never hesitated to declare, not as minister of France, but as a man, and as a friend, that, in his place, at the head of a poor nation, which cannot live without exchanging its commodities with England, I would open my ports, and give freely and generally to the Swedes that licence which Bonaparte sold in detail to intrigue and cupidity.

The irrational decree of Berlin acted most powerfully against the Emperor, by exciting the population of entire countries against him. Twenty kings hurled from their thrones would have drawn upon him far less of deadly enmity than this disregard of the people's

wants. This profound ignorance of the maxims of political economy occasioned general misery and privation: these, in their turn, stirred up an inevitable and wide-spreading insurrection.

The system, too, could succeed only in the impossible case that all the powers of Europe entered fully into its combinations. A single free port was sufficient to annihilate the whole. To its complete success, the conquest and constant occupation of all countries were requisite. As a means of ruining England, it was foolishness, and impossible in execution: as an impost, it was practicable, but too execrable and oppressive to be tolerated. Some one has termed it, "the materialism of supremacy." This expression designates the system completely. To lodge the destructive array of retainers, it became necessary to convert several prisons into customhouses. The gaols that remained were so encumbered with offenders against the revenue laws, that one half of the prisoners were forced to stand while the other half lay down to rest!

A captain reporter had coincided in a judgment favourable to a poor peasant, taken with a loaf of sugar which had been purchased beyond the barrier of the customhouse. This officer was at dinner with Davoust: in the middle of the repast, the marshal addressed him,—"So, sir captain, you suffer from a tender conscience."—"Nay, but, my lord"—"Begone to head-quarters; there is an order for you." This order sent the captain eighty leagues from Hamburg. But it would require the reader to have been a spectator, as I was, of the vexations and miseries caused by the deplorable Continental System, to conceive what mischief its authors inflicted upon Europe, or what hate and vengeance it amassed against Napoleon's day of retribution.

## CHAPTER IX.

FIRST RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN — SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH TROOPS — ENTRANCE INTO WARSAW — VIEWS ON POLAND — NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS — HIS MANNER OF DICTATING, AND EFFECTS OF HIS PROCLAMATIONS ON THE ARMY — KINGDOM OF SAXONY — BATTLE OF EYLAU — AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH — INTERVIEW AT TILSIT — KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA — GALLANTRY OF NAPOLEON — PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN — MR CANNING — TREATY OF TILSIT — BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN — AFFAIRS OF PORTUGAL — ABOLITION OF THE TRIBUNATE — CODE NAPOLEON.

Not only was Bonaparte the greatest captain of modern times, but he may be said to have changed the art of war itself. He converted it into a fearful game, no longer subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons. The greatest masters of the science had regulated their operations by the ordinary divisions of the calendar; and formerly, throughout Europe, the practice had been to brave the cannon and musket only from the first fine days of spring to the last fine weather of autumn; then on both sides to put off their armour amid the frost, snow, and rain, of the intervening months, and to house their wearied soldiers in what they called winter quarters. Pichegru, in Holland, had set the first example of disregarding temperature; Bonaparte, also, at Austerlitz, had set at nought the ice of winter. The plan had succeeded: he resolved on trying it again. His military genius, and incredible activity, seemed to double

his power; and, proud of his soldiers, he determined on conducting a winter campaign under a sky more inclement than had yet canopied his fields. He only required men such as he had chained to his destiny, who would brave the storms of the north as they had dared the meridian sun of Egypt. Skilful above all generals in choosing his battle ground, he would not tamely await the Russian army till it should come to measure strength with him on the plains of conquered Prussia; he resolved to march forth to the encounter, and rush upon his enemies ere they could cross the Vistula. But, before quitting Berlin, to explore, as conqueror, the regions of Poland and the confines of Russia, he told his soldiers:—

"You have justified my hopes, and fully replied to the confidence of the French people. You have endured privations and fatigue with fortitude equal to your intrepidity and steadiness in the conflict. You are worthy to be the defenders of my crown, and of the glory of the great nation. While animated by this spirit, nothing shall be able to resist you. Behold the results of your toils,—one of the first powers in Europe, which, in its delirium, had lately dared to propose to us a shameful capitulation, is annihilated! The forests and defiles of Franconia—the Saale—the Elbe, which our sires would not have traversed in seven years, we have crossed in seven days, and fought in the while four engagements and one great battle. We have been preceded in Potzdam and Berlin by the fame of our victories; we have taken sixty thousand prisoners, captured sixty-five colours,—among which are those of the guards of the King of Prussia,—six hundred pieces of artillery, three fortresses, and above twenty generals; yet more than one half of you regret not having fired a single shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the Oder, are in our power. Soldiers! the Russians vaunt they are on the road to meet us; we will march to encounter them—we will spare them

half the journey. They shall find another Austerlitz in the midst of Prussia. A nation which has so speedily forgotten our generosity towards her, after that battle wherein her Emperor—her court—the wreck of her army, owed safety wholly to the capitulation we had accorded, is a nation that cannot successfully contend with us.

" In the mean time, while we are marching against the Russians, new armies, organized in the interior of the empire, approach to occupy our place, and guard our conquests. My people have arisen as one man, indignant at the shameful compact which the Prussian cabinet, in its delirium, had proposed to us. Our highways, and our frontier cities are filled with conscripts, who ardently long to follow our steps. We will no longer be the sport of a treacherous peace; we will not again lay aside our arms, till we have forced the English, those eternal enemies of our nation, to renounce their design of troubling the Continent, and their tyranny of the seas. Soldiers! I cannot better express the sentiments I entertain for you, than by saying, that I wear nearest my heart the attachment which you daily manifest towards me."

The word delirium, applied in this proclamation to the ultimatum of Frederick William, was really not too strong. When Napoleon, on the point of commencing the campaign, sent to treat about peace, Prussia returned for answer, that the Emperor was *ordered* to renounce all his conquests. The Prussian monarch, blinded by the enthusiasm of his troops, and led away by the ardour of Blucher and the Duke of Brunswick, *threatened us with his resentment*, if the French forces should cross the Rhine. I know that Napoleon, with this singular manifesto in his hand, could not finish the perusal, but, tearing it in rage, and throwing the fragments to the earth, exclaimed, " Does he deem himself already in Champagne? How! would he come to Paris,—and in seven-league boots? Truly, I am sorry for Prussia. I pity William,

He knows not what absurdities they have made him write. It is much too ridiculous. They send us a challenge; a fair queen wishes to be spectator of the combat—Bravo! Let us be courteous!—March!—the place of meeting is in Saxony—Forward! In the devil's name, let us not keep them waiting!"

If activity had been requisite in the commencement of the campaign, every thing now urged him to meet the Russians; for, if he waited till they had passed the Vistula, there probably would be no winter campaign, and circumstances would have constrained him to take up miserable quarters between that river and the Oder, or even to have repassed the latter to receive his enemies in Prussia. His military genius, and indomitable activity, served him well here; and the preceding proclamation, dated from Berlin, before his departure from Charlottenburg, proves that he acted not fortuitously, as often happened, but that his calculations had been previously fixed. But, splendid as such combinations of military talent may appear on the immediate scene of glory, how different is the effect upon the sufferers at a distance! Thus, for instance, at the commencement of the Russian campaign, the Emperor demanded from the city of Hamburg fifty thousand greatcoats; these I caused to be furnished immediately, knowing the importance of such defence to our soldiers, in a climate, to them, of untried rigour. On his side, Marshal Mortier was ordered to seize all the timber fit for ship-building, amounting in value to £60,000. Again, at Lubeck, my directions were, to take possession of four hundred thousand lasts of grain, and forward them to Magdeburg. The grain and the timber, indeed, nominally belonged to Russia. In short, the Hanse Towns were drained like so many milk cows, at the moment when the Continental System was beginning to dry up the sources of their prosperity. Such were the evils of conquest, wrought for the greater glory of the empire, or rather of the Emperor,—evils aggravated by agents

who cloaked their imbecility or cupidity by overacted zeal. Of these, the secondary chiefs of the army gave me the greatest trouble, and against their exactions I never failed strenuously, and often successfully, to oppose my civil authority. These were the evils, however, which, some few years later, caused the people, at this time disarmed, as one man, to put a term to their present sufferings, and to avenge their past misfortunes.

Meanwhile, our troops always pushing on, marched with such rapidity, that Murat, leader of the vanguard, and whose passion for war surpassed the ardour of all his comrades, arrived in Warsaw before the end of November. The head-quarters of the Emperor were then established at Posen, and from all parts arrived deputations, praying the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, and the restoration of her independence. After having received the deputation from Warsaw, as I subsequently learned from himself, he said to Rapp, "I love the Poles—their ardour pleases me. I would willingly constitute them a free people; but to do so is very difficult. Too many have got a finger in the pie—Austria, Russia, Prussia, have each had a slice. The train once fired, who knows where the conflagration might stop. My first duty is to France, and I must not sacrifice her to Poland: that would carry us too far. And then, we must defer to the arbiter of all things,—time; time will shew ere long what we should do." Had Sulkowski lived, Napoleon would have remembered his own words in Egypt, and most probably would have restored a power, whose dismemberment, towards the close of last century, began to break down the species of political equilibrium which the Peace of Westphalia had established in Europe.

At the head-quarters in Posen, Duroc rejoined the Emperor, after the last mission to Prussia. I learned with pain, that, on the journey, he had been thrown from his horse, and broken his collar bone. Every

letter which I received was but a series of complaints of the miserable roads, wherein the army fought, as it were, with the mud; nor, without extreme difficulty, could the artillery and tumbrils be brought forward. I have since been told, that the carriage of Talleyrand, whom Napoleon had summoned to head-quarters, in hopes of concluding a treaty of peace, became so imbedded, that the minister stuck fast for nearly twelve hours. The soldiers were in bad humour at being in water and mud, almost to the knees, and asked who it was that stopped the way? They were told, "The minister for foreign affairs." —"Ah, bah!" replied gruffly the Sancho of the company, "what the devil have they to do with diplomacy in this dog-hole of a country!"

The Emperor made his entrance into Warsaw on the 1st of January, 1807. The majority of reports previously received, spoke in unison of the discontent of the troops, then suffering from severe weather, bad roads, and privations of all kinds. Bonaparte, upon this, inquired of the generals, who informed him of the discouragement which had succeeded to enthusiasm in the spirit of his army,—"Have you spoken to the troops of the enemy? Does their courage quail on beholding their foes?"—"No, sire."—"I thought so; my soldiers are ever the same." Afterwards, he said to Rapp, "*I will now stir them!*" and dictated the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers! On this day twelvemonth, at this very hour, you were upon the battle-field of Austerlitz. The terror-struck battalions of Russia were flying in disorder, or, surrounded, yielded up their arms to their conquerors. On the morrow, they proffered terms of peace; but their words were fallacious. Hardly escaped, through a generosity perhaps blameable, from the disasters of the third, they contrived a fourth coalition. But the ally, upon whose co-operation they founded their principal hope, is already

no more: his fortresses, capitals, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field-pieces, five fortified cities, are in our possession. Neither the Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, nor the tempestuous season, — nothing has been able to arrest you for a moment; you have braved all, surmounted all; every foe has fled on your approach. In vain have the Russians endeavoured to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland; the eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, deems he beholds the legions of Sobieski returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not lay aside our arms until a general peace hath established and secured the power of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. Upon the Elbe and the Oder, we have regained Pondicherry, our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. What shall give to the Russians a right to hold the balance of destiny? What should give to them the right of interposing in these our just designs? They and we are still the soldiers of Austerlitz."

When Bonaparte dictated his proclamations, (how many have I written under the circumstances described!) he exhibited, for the moment, the air of one inspired. His imagination kindled like the fancy of the improvisatori of Italy; he was, so to speak, upon the tripod, and it became necessary to write with incredible rapidity in order to keep pace with him, for his dictation was then an outpouring. He was at this time serious, and caused to be read over to him what he had dictated. On such revisals, I have seen him, more than once, with a laugh, applaud the effect to be produced by such or such a phrase. Generally speaking, his proclamations turned upon three points, — boasting to the soldiers of what they had performed; shewing in perspective what remained to be

accomplished; and blackening his enemies. The last proclamation, just mentioned, was dispersed in profusion all over Germany; and it is impossible, without having witnessed it, to conceive the wonderful impression thus produced upon the whole army. The divisions stationed in the rear burned to traverse, by forced marches, the space which still separated them from head-quarters; while those near the Emperor forgot their fatigues, their sorrows, their privations, and desired to be led on to the combat. At the same time, they comprehended very little of what Napoleon had said to them: I do not believe, for instance, they understood how they had reconquered Pondicherry or the Cape of Good Hope, on the Elbe or the Oder; but they repeated to each other, as usual, "The Emperor has said so." They recalled the battles in which they had been present—marched on gaily, though without shoes—passed the long hours without victuals, and without complaint. Such was the prodigious enthusiasm, or rather fanaticism, with which Napoleon could inspire his soldiers when he felt the necessity of "*stirring*" them.

My own occupations meanwhile in Hamburg were, as usual, of a mixed description,—some agreeable enough, others the reverse. Among my most pleasing avocations, was the intercourse of good offices which my situation enabled me to maintain with several of the German princes, whom the fate of war had deprived of their states, and forced to seek refuge in the precarious independence still enjoyed by this part of the Continent. Of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his family, especially the Princess Charlotte and her royal spouse, the prince royal of Denmark, I have already spoken. The former, through his minister at Hamburg, requested my permission to visit occasionally that city from his retreat in Altona. He came so frequently—for there existed a secret source of attraction—that I was constrained to make some friendly remonstrances,

lest both should be compromised. But, as we were on the best footing with Denmark, I continued to see generally his son-in-law and beautiful daughter. The latter, indeed, after being separated from her husband, came to visit Madame de Bourrienne. Almost every day I had the pleasure of receiving the Duke of Weimar, a man of cultivated understanding and excellent heart. I had the happiness of living with the Duke in such intimacy, that my house might be called his home; and, finally, had the satisfaction of contributing, in my degree, to the restoration of his states. It is, of a truth, no impulse of vanity which thus induces me to recall my relations with these illustrious personages: I have beheld too closely how human greatness is elevated and cast down, to be now seduced by its illusions. There is, however, pleasure in proving by what means of moderation, even while the instrument of executing the stern behests of an iron rule, I retained the confidence of many princes of the Outer Rhine. For this purpose I may just cite, out of many in my possession, the following letter from Prince Charles, Grand Elector of Baden, dated December, 1806:—"I have the honour of addressing you in this letter, and to inform you, that I have recommended to my sister to repair to Hamburg, in order to be nearer her husband, the Prince of Brunswick-Oels. I entreat, M. le Minister, that you will be pleased to interest yourself in her behalf during her residence in Hamburg,—a favour for which I shall ever feel most grateful, and which will tranquillize my apprehensions for my sister in her present unprotected situation. I embrace this opportunity to assure you of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to be, &c."

Such were some of my agreeable relaxations—Now for a contrast. Truly the difference was great between those who were pleased to look in upon my drawing-room, and the people whom duty constrained

me to admit into my closet. Custom, it is said, reconciles us to all things: not so; the saying, at least with me, has its exceptions. Notwithstanding my habitual necessity of employing spies, I never yet could see one of these miscreants, without a feeling of disgust, amounting even to horror, especially when the individual had been born in a rank from which his own inherent love of baseness or of lucre had degraded him. It is impossible to conjecture by what combinations such men are capable of masking their design of betraying those whose confidence they have gained. An apposite example just recurs to my mind. One day a self-degraded man of this stamp came to offer me his services. He was named Butler, and had been commissioned from England as a spy upon the French government. Speedily disclosing his business, he palliated his conduct, by complaining of pretended enemies, of injuries sustained, and, finally, expressed an ardent desire to attach himself to the cause of the Emperor, for whose service he professed his readiness to make every sacrifice. The true reason of changing here, as in every other like case, was the hope of being better paid. I believed, however, no agent of this description ever carried to a greater extent his precautions to conceal double play from his original employers. To me he kept constantly repeating a desire of avenging himself upon his enemies in London; requested to be sent to Paris, in order to be examined by the minister of police himself; and, for greater security, had himself shut up in the Temple on arriving, and got the following paragraph inserted into the English journals:— "John Butler, commonly called Count Butler, has just been arrested, and sent to Paris under a strong guard, by the French Minister at Hamburg." After the lapse of some weeks, Butler, upon receiving his instructions from *our* minister, set out for London; but, as a part of his own system of precautions, and because, according to his own advice, he could not

be sufficiently vilified to be useful, he requested to have the following article published in the French journals:—"The individual, named Butler, arrested at Hamburg, and conducted to Paris as an English agent, is ordered to quit France, and the territories occupied by the French or their allied army, and prohibited from appearing in any of the dominions of France, or of her allies, before a general peace." In England, Butler thus assumed all the honours of French persecution. In him was beheld a victim who merited the entire confidence of the enemies of France. Fouché, meanwhile, obtained, through his means, much useful information; and yet Butler was not hanged! Who, in fact, would not have been deceived by such bold-faced villainy? Verily, these are crimes of which one would almost require to be capable, before it were possible to suspect their existence!

Notwithstanding the supposed necessity for entertaining secret agents, Bonaparte discouraged, even under this pretext, too numerous communications between France and England. Fouché, however, went on as usual, ordering the dark evolutions of his subterranean forces. This latter had given great cause of offence to the Emperor, in reference to an affair of which I have already spoken,—the deputation of the Senate. "Fouché," said Napoleon, "ought, as a Senator, to have dissuaded his colleagues from such a step; and, if persuasion had been unavailing, he ought to have employed the means at his disposal as minister of police, to hinder the deputation from passing the frontier." In truth, Fouché's means were most ample; for, during the absence of the Emperor, the police might almost have been termed the regency of France. Always ready to favour whatever might lend additional importance to his branch, and flatter the dark suspicions of the Emperor, Fouché wrote to me of government having certain intelligence, that many French subjects found their way to Manchester,

as commercial agents, for the purchase of English manufactures. This was quite true: but how apply a remedy? These agents of French, and even Parisian houses, embarked in the ports of Holland, whence a run to England could be accomplished in not many hours. But this was a cause of double alarm: not only were the commercial, or rather non-commercial laws thus violated, but it was argued, If French agents can so easily reach England, will not English agents, with equal facility, enter the continent? This mysterious syllogism furnished fresh work to our luckless ministers, *chargés des affaires*, and consuls. Not only were we required to keep an eye upon all those who evidently *did*, but upon all those also who *might* come from England. Admirable this in the conception; but the execution?—In vain were vexatious informations, inquisitorial perquisitions, spies, menaces, employed. English manufactures continued to inundate the continent. The reason of this is obvious: the necessities of mankind will always have more weight than the will of any sovereign, however powerful.

Return we now to Napoleon and his victorious army, who, as I have already stated, entered Warsaw on the first day of the year 1807. During his sojourn at Posen, the imperial head-quarters, the Emperor, ever careful to realize the fruit of his victories, founded, under the title of a treaty concluded with the elector, the new kingdom of Saxony; and, consequently, by the annexation of this kingdom to the confederation of the Rhine, extended his power in Germany. In terms of this treaty, Saxony, justly celebrated for her cavalry, furnished to the grand army a contingent of twenty thousand men. This aid was valuable, not only on account of the men, but especially for the horses which Saxony could furnish, and furnish abundantly, to the French troops. It was a spectacle quite novel for princes of Germany, accustomed as they were to the practices

of feudal etiquette, to see an upstart sovereign treat them as subjects, and, by his boldness, oblige them to look upon themselves as such. Those famous Saxons who had made Charlemagne tremble, threw themselves into the arms of the Emperor; and certainly it was to him no indifferent matter to see the chief of the house of Saxony attach himself to his fortune; for the new king, by his age, his tastes, and his character, was the most venerated prince of all Germany. From the moment of arriving at Warsaw, the Emperor continued to receive new solicitations in favour of re-establishing the throne of Poland, and restoring to its chivalric independence the ancient empire of the Jagellons. On this subject he remained in great perplexity, but finally adhered to his first determination, which, indeed, was his usual practice,—to submit to events, in order to seem more fully to command them. At Warsaw, he passed the greater part of his time in pleasure, in festivities, reviews, and audiences. all which did not prevent him from watching that no part of the public service, exterior or interior, should be deficient. He himself remained in the capital of Poland; but his vast intelligence was present throughout. I learned from General Duroc, when we had occasion to talk of the campaign of Tilsit, that never had Napoleon shewn himself more fully or completely. He delighted to offer himself to the view and enthusiasm of his soldiers, to receive princes who came timidly to beg the restitution of their estates; afterwards, to shew himself in brilliant audiences; and, anon, to plan gigantic designs upon the East. The war between the Turks and the Russians allured him on by hopes, or rather chimeras, favourable to his ambition. Meanwhile, his universal capacity, descending to grave details, provided for all: thus, from the enormous quantity of despatches I received, as well by extraordinary couriers, as in the common way, I must regard as a masterpiece of administration the manner in which the Emperor,

at Warsaw, established the mode of provisioning his army, which wanted for nothing.

Another very remarkable circumstance in the imperial wars is, that, with the exception of the interior police, of which Fouché was the damned spirit, the whole government of France existed at head-quarters. At Warsaw, Napoleon not only turned his cares to the wants of his army, but there governed France, as if he had been in its capital. Daily expresses, and, from time to time, the useless auditors from this council of state, brought, with more or less exactness, despatches from the shadow of government left at Paris, and the most curious revelations, frequently invented by the police. The portfolios of the ministers arrived weekly, with the exception of those of the minister for foreign affairs, who, after remaining some time at Mayence with the Empress, had been called to Warsaw, and of the minister of war, Clarke, who, for the misfortune of that city, governed at Berlin. This order of things continued for the ten months of the Emperor's absence from Paris. Louis XIV. remarked, "I am the state." Napoleon did not say the same thing in words, but, in fact, the government of France was always at his head-quarters; an inconvenient arrangement, and which had nearly proved fatal to him, as we shall see by and by, when I speak of an affair, which I alone, perhaps, know thoroughly, —the conspiracy of Mallet.

The month of January the Emperor employed in military dispositions for the approaching attack on the Russians, but, at the same time, did not neglect the affairs of the cabinet: all marched in the front with himself. Whatever information reached me from Warsaw concerning his incredible foresight, intelligence, and activity, could not surprise me: I had beheld the same—and, however hazardous his position then was, in circumstances still more difficult. At Warsaw, indeed, the Emperor had not merely to think of battle: affairs were much more complicated.

than in the campaign of Vienna. It became necessary, on the one hand, to watch Prussia, which we occupied; and, on the other, to anticipate the Russians, whose movements and dispositions announced a determination to assume the initiative in hostilities. In the preceding campaign, Austria, before the fall of her capital, had found herself alone engaged: it was no longer the same case. Austria had had only soldiers; and Prussia, as Blucher observed, began to have citizens. No difficulty had existed in returning from Vienna; but, in the event of failure, much was to be apprehended in a retreat from Warsaw, notwithstanding the creation of the kingdom of Saxony, and the provisional government of Prussia, and of the other German states we had conquered. None of all these considerations escaped the eagle eye of Napoleon; and so complete was the understanding throughout the whole of his administration, that it frequently happened to myself to receive the same information from head-quarters which I had previously transmitted in such a way that the couriers had passed each other. Thus, for example, I sent intelligence to the Emperor of the arming of Austria, and received a despatch, to the same effect, from the seat of government, only a few days later. Austria, in fact, since the Prussian campaign, had been playing the same part as Prussia acted during the Austrian warfare,—indecision, on the one hand, and indecision repeated on the other. As Prussia, prior to Austerlitz, had waited the success or defeat of the French armies, before resolving on remaining neuter or declaring against France, so Austria, supposing, doubtless, that Russia would be more fortunate when united to Prussia, than when her own ally, assembled in Bohemia a corps of forty thousand men. This body she termed an army of observation; but every one knows what such observation implies. The truth is, these forty thousand armed Austrians were intended to act with Russia, in case of success; and who could blame Austria for

cherishing hopes of legitimate vengeance, by which she might wash away the disgrace of the treaty of Presburg?

In this state of things, the Emperor had not a moment to lose: it was necessary to anticipate Russia, and maintain Austria undecided, in like manner as he had hastened the success of Austerlitz, and kept Prussia in doubt.

Napoleon, therefore, set out from Warsaw towards the end of January, having issued the necessary orders for attacking the Russian army early in February. But, despite his eagerness to engage, the Emperor was anticipated. The Russian army attacked him on the 8th of February, at seven o'clock in the morning, in the midst of dreadful weather. Notwithstanding the snow, which fell in great quantity, the Russians continued always to advance. They approached Eylau, in Prussia, where the Emperor then was, and the imperial guard first arrested the farther progress of the Russian column. Nearly the whole of the French army was engaged in this battle, one of the most sanguinary which, until then, had been fought in Europe. The corps under the command of Bernadotte was not present, because he had been stationed on the left, at Mohrungen, whence he menaced Dantzic. The issue of the contest would have been very different had the four divisions of infantry, and two of cavalry, composing Bernadotte's section of the army arrived in time; but, unfortunately, the officer despatched with the order for him to move in all speed upon Preussich-Eylau, was intercepted by a cloud of Cossacks, so that Bernadotte necessarily remained stationary. Bonaparte, who always desired to throw the blame upon some one, when things did not fall out as he wished, attributed the doubtful success of the day to the non-arrival of Bernadotte's division. This was true; but, at the same time, to make it a subject of reproach to the marshal, shewed the greatest injustice. He was

accused of having refused to march upon Preussich-Eylau, although, as asserted, General Haupolt had advertised him of the necessity of his presence. But how dispute this fact, since, on the same day on which the order is said to have been delivered, General Haupolt was slain? Who could give the assurance that this general directly and personally had communicated with Bernadotte? Whoever has closely studied Bonaparte, his craft, and the construction frequently given by him to words placed in the mouth of the dead, will find no enigma here. Let the reader recall Brueys and Aboukir.

But, be this as it may, the day of Eylau was terrible; the French gained night as they best could, always, but in vain, looking for the advancing columns of Bernadotte; and, after considerable loss, the army enjoyed the mournful honour of encamping on the field of battle. Bernadotte came up, but too late, having fallen in with, and engaged the enemy, in full and unmolested retreat towards Konigsburg, the only capital yet remaining to Prussia. The king himself was at Memel, thirty leagues distant.

When, subsequently, at Hamburg, I mentioned to Bernadotte the accusations concerning his conduct at Eylau, he said, "You see him—always calumnious assertions on the part of that man; but it is quite the same to me,—I care not a fig for him." He afterwards explained the whole in a manner favourable to himself, and indulged in some reflections against certain generals, which, in my opinion, were improper. As the individuals are living, I say nothing more, for fear of inducing a quarrel with their former comrade, now the king of Sweden.

After the conquest of the field of battle, covered with the dead of both armies, the French remained in position, as did also their adversary; and several days passed in unimportant events. The Emperor's offers of peace, made, indeed, with small anxiety, were rejected with proud disdain. It seemed as if a victory,

disputed with Napoleon, was to be regarded as a triumph; and one would have said, that the battle of Elyau had turned the heads of the Russians, for they caused a *Te Deum* to be celebrated on the occasion. But while the Emperor made preparations to advance, his distant policy had operated a successful diversion, by rousing against Russia her ancient enemies the Turks. Napoleon had advanced to Finkenstein, where he awaited the proper time for placing himself at the head of his troops, when he learned that a revolution in Constantinople had cost the sultan Selim his life, and raised Mahmoud to the Moslem throne. The able negotiations of General Sebastiani had rescued the Porte from the influence of England, and brought the former so ardently into hostility with Russia, that the standard of the Prophet was unfurled.

At the time of receiving this intelligence, the Emperor had ordered forth the contingent of Spanish troops, conformably to a treaty of alliance with that monarchy. These were destined for the line of the Elbe, and we shall see the result hereafter. Somewhat later, occurred General Gardanne's embassy to Persia; an opening for which had already been prepared by the successful mission of my friend Jaubert, in which the reader will remember I had proposed taking part.

Since the interview in which I made that proposal, only two years had elapsed, and in the interval how many events had ensued! Austria conquered — Prussia occupied — Russia threatened — Naples wrested from the house of Bourbon — the Batavian republic transformed into the kingdom of Holland — three new kingdoms added to the old Germanic body, and a fourth, the kingdom of Westphalia, in progress, in defiance of the treaty of the same name; all this, too, accomplished as if by enchantment! Verily, in the preceding age, to convert one Marquis of Brandenburg into a King of Prussia, had created

far more stir among the older diplomacy of Europe. Thus the geographer had enjoyed a sinecure, but now, no sooner had he delineated, "according to the latest authorities," his political map of Europe, than, *presto*, boundaries disappeared, and Napoleon sent him to work afresh!

Gardanne's affair was none of those pompous embassies, despatched by our former kings to the East; it pertained to those ideas which had germinated in the head of Bonaparte, in the very dawn of his power: a light from the East had, in fact, first cast the shadow of his coming greatness before him, and had never ceased to rivet his attention. I knew, from an unquestionable source, that the legation had been conceived by the Emperor on a much grander scale; in fact, that he had resolved to send to the Shah of Persia four thousand infantry, commanded by chosen and experienced officers, ten thousand muskets, and fifty pieces of cannon. I am certain the orders were issued for these arrangements. The object proposed by the Emperor, and which he avowed, on maturing this design, was to enable the Shah, in person, with eighty thousand men, to make a formidable diversion upon the provinces of eastern Russia. But there existed another long cherished, real, and abiding motive, which reigned paramount in the recesses of his thoughts,—the desire of striking at England in the heart of her Asiatic possessions. Such was the chief cause of Gardanne's mission, but circumstances permitted not the Emperor to give it all the importance he would have wished: he was constrained to rest satisfied with merely sending some engineer and artillery officers, who, on their arrival, were greatly astonished at the numbers of English whom they found in Persia.

To revert for a moment to more private and personal occurrences: Josephine had accompanied the Emperor as far as Mayence, and remained there for some time after his departure, when she returned to Paris, at

the period, I believe, when M. de Talleyrand, who had also remained at Mayence, received orders to rejoin at Warsaw. Well assured of the pleasure I should experience from being able to gratify her in any thing, the Empress had the goodness to recommend various persons to my notice, and I need not say, that such recommendations always called forth my utmost zeal. The following billet, of many similar ones, falls in with the present date, and shews, that, since my removal from Paris, she at least had not changed:—"Monsieur Bourrienne,—M. Fuzy, a native of Geneva, goes to Hamburg, to follow out a lawsuit relative to a property, his claims to which are contested. He requests me to recommend him to your good offices, and I address you in his favour, so much the more willingly, that I can profit by the opportunity to send you renewed assurance of my friendship. JOSEPHINE.

"*Paris*, 11*th February*, 1807."

During the early months of this year, my occupations in Hamburg, as respected the domestic affairs of my diplomatic circle, gave me more trouble than ever. The genius which can wield the whole energies of warfare, may have charms upon the field of battle; a rapid movement, impressed by a single will upon vast masses of living men, may dazzle the multitude, as a flash of lightning blinds, by its excess of brightness, the eye that gazes; but when, at a distance from the theatre of glory, we behold its sad results, weighing the people down to earth, we curse the genius of conquest as the genius of destruction. What a cruel spectacle was opposed to my view! I was doomed continually to hear the complaints of universal distress; and, far from relieving, to execute orders which augmented the evil, by increasing sacrifices already immense. In the midst of so much unavoidable suffering, too, there were those agents of the Emperor, who, to shew off their own importance,

or to forward their own interest, rendered calamities still more grievous. I had to contend not with the excusable prejudices of the sufferers, but against their oppression by the French authorities, and, above all, the military functionaries. The greatest misfortune of the empire, in my opinion, was the abuse of that power arrogated by the wearers of great epaulettes. My situation then enabled me to judge of all that is odious in military government—the worst, in my judgment, that can exist. Bernadotte, indeed, was a solitary example of disinterestedness; but then he loved to be talked about. The more the Emperor laboured to depreciate, the more he strove to draw public attention to his actions. He sent me an account of the brilliant affair of Braunsburg, where his division had been particularly distinguished. The following are the terms in which he desired his relation to be published, and one of many examples will serve:—"My dear Minister,—I send you a note upon the affair of Braunsburg; probably you will find it essential to communicate it: in that case, I shall be obliged by your getting the account inserted in the Hamburg journals." I did as he wished, for really the Emperor's injustice rendered it necessary that Bernadotte, for his own honour, should establish the truth of facts.

The surveillance of the emigrants was at this time, as always, my most disagreeable function. Fouché continued to pretend that they were formidable, in order to enhance the importance of his own ministrations. Count Gimel, who had so long resided in Altona, as agent for the emigrants, being dead, after various changes M. Hué was definitively settled in that capacity by Louis XVIII, whose faithful servant he had been, as formerly of Louis XVI, whose captivity he had shared, and who has consigned his name to honourable memory in his testament. That name must have recalled strange remembrances to Fouché, and he charged me, accordingly, to redouble my watchfulness. This distrust, whether real or well feigned, was

carried to such extreme, that I frequently received advices to watch those who were far from suspecting themselves objects of such care. Often, too, upon informations purchased at a dear rate in Paris, the minister of police would set the accredited envoys of France in foreign countries to arm themselves with rigour, and lose their time in searching out personages denounced, who had never been within the circle of their influence. I for one never allowed an opportunity to pass of tempering the severity of Fouché's instructions.

Another of my duties, incessant during the last campaign, was to provide necessaries for the army. So many articles of clothing were demanded by the Emperor, that the whole commerce of Hamburg, with Lubeck and Bremen to boot, could not have supplied the orders. I entered into an engagement, therefore, with a house in Hamburg, authorizing the partners, notwithstanding the Berlin decree, to import the requisite articles from England. I thus obtained cloth and leather by a sure way, and at half the price. Our soldiers might have perished of cold a hundred times over, had we ridiculously stood upon punctilio with the Continental System, and the confused mass of inexplicable decrees relative to English merchandise. Neither Hamburg, for instance, nor its territory, possessed any manufacture of coarse cloth; according to M. Eudel, director of the customhouse, every article of woollen stuff was prohibited; and yet I had to supply fifty thousand great-coats to one order. Another arrived for sixteen thousand coats, thirty-seven thousand vests, to be made up and sent off with all despatch. The Emperor demanded of me two hundred thousand pairs of shoes, in addition to forty thousand just transmitted; yet M. Eudel said, *tanned and curried hides* cannot enter Hamburg. The director took my proceedings in high dudgeon: I was quite easy. My woollens and my leather arrived; great-coats, coats, vests, and shoes, were all

quickly made; and our soldiers thus found themselves fortified against the rigours of a winter campaign. My representations at length induced government to hear reason with me; I carried on my trade with England, to the great comfort of our troops, who found themselves well clothed and well shod. But could any thing in the world be more absurd than commercial laws enforced to our own detriment?

After the battle of Eylau, I received a despatch from Talleyrand, accompanied by a French account of that murderous conflict, more fatal to the conquerors than to the opposite party — for I dare not say, vanquished, applied to the Russians. Had any thing been wanting to confirm the unsuccessful result of that day, it would have been supplied by the anxiety evinced on the part of Napoleon that his version should, by all possible means, be first dispersed throughout Germany. The Russian account, coming previously, might have produced troublesome results. But perhaps the reader may complain that I maintain an almost total silence on the manœuvres which followed this engagement, and brought on the memorable battle of Friedland, the success of which was incontestably in our favour. But there needs not to repeat what is known to all Europe, in the immense results of that victory. The interview at Tilsit is one of the culminating points in modern history, and the waters of the Niemen reflected the star of Napoleon in its meridian splendour. Until then it had been rising — for some years longer it retained the ascendant, — but the sequel! What passed externally at Tilsit, the friendship of the two emperors, and the sad situation of Prussia's monarch, all the world knows; and I wanted my ordinary means of closer intelligence; for Rapp was then marching upon Dantzic.

I give, however, some interesting private particulars; and, first, of what passed in the apartment of the Emperor at Tilsit when he received the visit of

the King of Prussia. That unfortunate prince, whom his Queen Wilhelmina had accompanied, was banished to a windmill beyond the city, his only habitation, while the two emperors occupied each his quarter, separated by the Niemen. The fact I am now to relate was reported to me by the colonel, who on that day commanded the imperial guard, and was on duty in the interior of the saloon; I give it therefore with confidence, though not entirely pledging myself. After Alexander had entered, the two emperors remained conversing together in a balcony, while an immense multitude below hailed their reconciliation with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon began the conference, as in the preceding year with the Emperor of Austria, by addressing to Alexander some polite expressions on the mutability of warlike success. While they were thus conversing, the King of Prussia was announced. His emotion, which was visible, may easily be conceived, since, hostilities being suspended, and his dominions overrun, he had no longer any hope save in the generosity of the conqueror. Napoleon himself, it is said, appeared touched with his situation, and invited him, together with his queen, to dinner. While seating themselves at table, Napoleon, with much politeness, announced to his fair guest, that " he restored to her Silesia." This province the queen had very much wished should be retained in the new arrangements which were necessarily to take place.

The Prince de Wittgenstein, of whom I have not yet spoken, holds an important place in these my recollections; we lived, I may say, familiarly together, during his residence in Hamburg, as will afterwards appear. Here, without occupying any ostensible situation, he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, the King of Prussia, to whom his political talents and sage counsels proved of great utility on various occasions. After the treaty of Tilsit, in the summer of 1807, the Prince made a voyage into England.

On returning, he came to see me: our conversation naturally turned upon the grand political interests which were agitating around us, and, as he had reason to repose perfect confidence in me, I learned many things, on the aspect of English politics, then useful, now curious; and which constitute the grand occupation of those who put faith in diplomacy. Prince de Wittgenstein told me, that a courier, expedited from Tauroggen, did, on the 30th July, remit to M. Alopœus, Russian plenipotentiary in London, very important despatches. One of these, which the Prince assured me he had read, stated, that time did not permit *to send a copy of the treaties which had just been signed at Tilsit.* The same day, M. Alopœus expedited a courier to Russia, with the commercial treaty just concluded; and it may give some insight into the policy of England, though the treaty itself be now of no importance, to state, that, in every respect, it was identically the same as the one offered in March by the Russian envoy on his arrival. Then, the English ministry would not even hear it mentioned; but, as one French victory followed another, so concession followed concession, till, finally, the treaty was concluded, such as first proposed. Yet I know not why England should give herself the trouble to affect squeamishness about conditions, which, when interest serves, are found to bind her to nothing.

On the morrow, continued the Prince in substance, after M. Alopœus had received the laconic despatch from Tilsit, he offered, officially, to the court of London, the mediation of Russia, to bring about a new treaty of peace between France and England, preparatory to a general peace. On the 1st of August, a privy council assembled at Windsor, at which George III. was present. Two days after, Mr Canning replied, but verbally, to M. Alopœus—and every one knows the difference in diplomacy between things said and things written—"that the British cabinet

accepted the mediation of Russia, but on condition of being furnished with copies of the public and of the secret treaty, the King being desirous of assurance, that nothing contrary to the interests of his crown, and of his people, had been stipulated." Mr Canning added, that " Austria, before the opening of the campaign, having offered her mediation between the belligerents, it would be just that she acted in concert with Russia, in the mediation actually proposed; a proceeding the more proper, that the court of Vienna had formerly offered such mediation voluntarily." On the 9th, M. Alopœus despatched a courier, with the verbal reply of Mr Canning. The latter had, at the same time, declared to M. Jacobi, Prussian minister at London, " That the King deplored the misfortunes which had befallen his master, and condoled with him thereon; but that, the ports of Prussia being shut against British ships, the interests of his people, and the honour of his flag, forced him to adopt hostile measures against Prussia." The Prince added, to all these interesting pieces of information, that the Prince of Wales* and Mr Canning strongly inclined to peace, and that the majority of the English nation earnestly coincided in the same desire.

By the treaty of Tilsit, concluded on the 7th, and ratified two days after, the map of Europe was not less altered than by that of Presburg, the preceding year. Russia, indeed, suffered no shameful impositions, since her territory remained inviolate; but Prussia! Yet are there historians who extol the moderation of Napoleon, in having respected some shreds of the monarchy of the Great Frederick.—Vaunt his glory, his genius, the rapidity of his decisions, the omniscience of his judgment—and all the world comprehends you: but to commend his moderation at Tilsit! Of a truth, gentlemen, you thus run the risk of getting discredited and laughed at.

* His late Majesty, George IV.

This is no moot point: to accuse Napoleon of moderation, "fixes upon him a most wrongful sentence," more especially in reference to the transactions of 1807. But there is one accusation pertaining to this date, from which his name and policy must be redeemed. He has been blamed for not restoring the kingdom of Poland. Such a requisition at this period, can arise — I shall be excused the expression — only from French impatience. I, too, ardently wished the re-establishment of the Polish monarchy, and do still regret, both for the interests of France and of Europe, that Poland was not restored; but because a desire, even when founded on reason, has not been gratified, are we therefore to conclude, that it ought to have been fulfilled despite of all obstacles? Now, at the close of the campaign of Tilsit, obstacles to the re-edification of Polish independence were insurmountable. Had the whole of that unhappy country been seized by Prussia, nothing more easy for Napoleon than to have given freedom to its inhabitants, by declaring himself their protector. But several of the Polish provinces had fallen to Austria's share, and a still greater number had been pounced upon by Russia in the successive divisions of the monarchy. Any attempt at restitution roused these two powers to make common cause; our right flank would have been enclosed by the Austrian army of *observation*, Russia remained almost unbroken in our front; Napoleon must either have revoked his declarations of independence, or have maintained them by the sword. In either case, the treaty of Tilsit, so advantageous and so necessary to him, would not have taken place. These reflections, it is most important to remark, apply exclusively to the period of which we now speak, and have no reference to the final establishment of Poland. At a later date, as we shall see—*when the pear was ripe*—the intrigues of inferior chiefs, the ambition of a secondary class, interposed to prevent Napoleon from accomplishing the views

which he had ever cherished of elevating the heroic Poniatowski from the ranks of his guard, to the sceptre of his own heroic nation.

One throne, however, was at this time added to the monarchies of Europe,—that of Westphalia, in favour of the "little blackguard," who, from petty officer of a corvette, was now transformed into a king, that his brother might have under orders one royal prefect more. The kingdom of Westphalia was constituted of the states of Hesse-Cassel, which formed the nucleus, a portion of the provinces torn, through the Emperor's *moderation*, from Prussia, of Paderborn, Fulda, Brunswick, and part of Hanover. At the same time, though no favourer of half measures, Napoleon planted upon the banks of the Vistula the grand duchy of Warsaw, bestowed on the King of Saxony, so that he might, as occasion served, either increase or root it out. Meanwhile, the Polish provinces of Austria and Russia were left untouched; partizans conciliated in the north; and still a hope for the future given to the Poles. Alexander, yet more the dupe than his father had been of the political coquetry of Bonaparte, consented to these arrangements; recognized in the slump all the kings manufactured by Napoleon; accepted several provinces which had belonged to his despoiled ally, by way of consolation, doubtless, for having failed in the attempt of getting more restored to him; and the two emperors separated, the best friends in the world.

Napoleon returned to Paris towards the end of July, after an absence of ten months. Recent events had given to opinion in his favour a moral force greater than had yet obtained since his coronation. Still the game was doubtful, on more than one point. The war raged in all its intensity with England; the Swedish King had resumed his Quixotism,—this, indeed, was a trifle, but it served to disturb the political susceptibilities; and war still continued between Russia and the Ottoman Porte. The influence of the Emperor had

here kindled a flame which all the exertions of Sebastiani, seconded by those of Guilleminot, and aided by his own intervention, could not extinguish. England even (a strange proceeding on her part) attempted to allay the ferment; but Mustapha Baractar continued inflexible in his enmity to Russia. Nor, indeed, was it easy to answer the Turk's logic; Russia, though beaten, demanded from him the two pachalics north of the Danube: What could she have done more, asked he, had she been victorious?

On the 3d of August, an English squadron, of twelve sail of the line, and as many frigates, passed the Sound, under Admiral Gambier. At the same time, the British troops in the isle of Rugen were re-embarked. We in the north could not divine what was to be undertaken with forces so considerable: alas! our uncertainty soon ceased. M. Didelot, French minister at Copenhagen, arrived at Hamburg on the 9th, at nine in the evening: he had the good fortune to escape through the Great Belt, in sight of the English, without being pursued. I instantly despatched his report, by an extraordinary courier, to Paris. Twenty thousand British troops, under the command of Lord Cathcart, had likewise been sent into the Baltic, and the coasts of Zealand were blockaded by ninety sail. Mr Jackson, British envoy to the court of Copenhagen, backed by these troops the demands which he had been directed to propose to the Danish government. England pretended to apprehend an invasion of Denmark by French troops. Her demands, therefore, were nothing less than the surrender of the whole Danish fleet and stores. These, it is true, were to be held only in trust, but there existed a condition, an *until*, which presented but small security for the future; the deposit was to be retained until there should be no farther need of such precaution. The threat, and its execution, followed close upon this insolent demand. After a noble but vain resistance, and a terrific bombardment, Copen-

hagen surrendered, and the Danish fleet was destroyed. It would be difficult to find in history an abuse more cowardly and revolting, of force against weakness.

Some of the principal consequences of the treaty of Tilsit, I have already enumerated; but it is more than probable, that, had the bombardment of Copenhagen preceded those arrangements, the Emperor would have treated Prussia with still greater severity. He could have erased her from the number of states, but withheld to gratify Alexander. The destruction of Prussia, however, was no new idea, and I had noted on this subject a remark of Bonaparte to the poet Lemercier, during our early residence at Malmaison. The man of letters had been reading to the First Consul a poem, in which occurred some allusion to the Great Frederick: "You are a zealous admirer of his," said Bonaparte; "what, then, do you find in him so astonishing? he is not equal to Turenne."—"General," replied Lemercier, "it is not merely the warrior that I esteem in Frederick; you would not forbid our admiration of a man, who, even on the throne, cultivated philosophy." The First Consul replied in a tone half conciliating half sarcastic, "Certainly, my good Lemercier, such is not my intention; but that shall not the less prevent my blotting his kingdom from the chart."

Peace being concluded with Russia, it became requisite to choose our ambassador, not only to maintain the new situations of amity, but to prompt Russia in her promised mediation between the courts of Paris and St James's. This mission the Emperor confided to Caulincourt, against whom there existed ill founded prejudices, on some circumstances connected with the death of the Duke d'Enghien. This sentiment, at once vexatious and unjust, had preceded Caulincourt's arrival, and, as was feared, would occasion his reception at St Petersburg to be less honourable, than was due to the minister of France, and his own personal merits. I know, however, for

certain, that, after a short explanation with Alexander, that monarch not only retained no doubts unfavourable to the ambassador, but treated him, individually, with much esteem and friendship.* Caulincourt's was a difficult mission; England, having resolved never to permit the conquest of the Continent, which Napoleon so evidently meditated, shewed invincible repugnance to admit the mediation of Russia. She counted on the indignation of kings, and on the spirit of the people, and was not discouraged at the gigantic strides towards universal dominion with which Napoleon had successfully advanced for the last two years. He, on his part, armed in his imagination new combinations, and dreamed of arousing new enemies against his rival.

It will not be forgotten, that, in 1801, France had constrained Portugal to make common cause with her against England. In 1807, the Emperor repeated what the First Consul had done. Through inexplicable fatality, Junot received the command of the troops destined to march against Portugal. I say against, because such is the truth, though we presented ourselves as protectors, to deliver Portugal from the influence of England. The Emperor's choice astonished all. Was it really to Junot, a worthless compound of vanity and mediocrity, that he confided an army in a distant country, where prudence and great military talents were alike indispensable in the commander? For my own part, knowing Junot's incapacity, the appointment filled me with amazement. I afterwards learned, however, by a letter which Bernadotte had received from Paris, that the Emperor had sent Junot to Lisbon, as a pretext for depriving him of the governorship of Paris. In that capacity, he had disgusted Napoleon by his bad conduct, folly, and incredible extravagance. Junot had neither firmness, dignity, nor any one elevated feeling. The invasion

* See his life in the Appendix, C.

of the unfortunate country, thus placed at the mercy of such a man, through imperial caprice, offered no difficulty: it was an armed promenade, not a war; but how many events were germed in that invasion! Unwilling to betray England, to whom he was bound by treaties, and unable to oppose the whole power of Napoleon, the Prince Regent of Portugal embarked for Brazil, declaring defence impossible; recommending to his subjects, at the same time, to receive, in a friendly manner, the French troops, and announcing, that he confided to Providence the issue of an invasion, for which no motive could be alleged. It was replied, in the Emperor's name, that Portugal being the ally of England, war was carried on against England, by seizing the dominions of the House of Braganza.

But while our eagles were advancing upon Lisbon, England captured the island of Heliogoland. To this feat of arms, much more importance has been attributed, than it really merited. The garrison, when brought into Gluckstadt, consisted of only thirty invalids. The sole consideration which gave some importance to the conquest, is its situation at the mouth of the Elbe and Eyder; the island supplies the pilots required by vessels entering either river.

On returning to Paris, the first act of Napoleon had been the abolition of the Tribunate. Thus was cast out from the fundamental institutions of his government the only shadow of a deliberative assembly, and the last remnant of a popular administration: thus had he seized power by force, and turned, as occasion served, the prestiges of military success to the destruction of what remained constitutional in his authority. There was ingratitude too in this act, for to the Tribunate he owed the consulate for life,—to the Tribunate, again, Napoleon was indebted for the empire. But he willed that there should no longer be any deliberative body, save a Senate—not

to deliberate, but to vote soldiers; and a Legislative Assembly — not to legislate, but to vote money.

In the following November, another great change took place in the executive, by the introduction of the code of French law, under the designation of the Code Napoleon, throughout all the states of the empire. Without doubt, this monument of legislation, upon which the most learned men had laboured with indefatigable diligence, since the commencement of the consulate, will recommend Napoleon in history. But was it practicable, in application, to an empire of such vast extent, as that of France had now become? I think not. At least, under my own eye, I had proofs both of its inefficiency and inconvenience. The same coat will not fit all statures. I made my representations on this subject, but received no answer. The jury trial took pretty well; but the inhabitants of that part of Germany, accustomed to the infliction of penalties less rigorous than the punishments decerned in the Code against certain offences, felt a repugnance to be accessary to this aggravation. Hence resulted the very frequent and very serious abuse of absolving delinquents whose guilt had been demonstrated to a jury, who chose rather to acquit, than condemn in terms of a sentence which was judged too severe. I recollect the instance of a man convicted of having stolen a cloak, but who pleaded in extenuation, that he was intoxicated at the moment of committing the theft. When the jury came to vote, the foreman pronounced the accused not guilty, assigning as a reason, that the syndic Doorman, when dining with him one day, having drunk a little more freely than usual, carried away his (the foreman's) cloak. This bacchanalian defence had complete success; for how punish the criminal for a delinquency committed also in his cups by their own chief magistrate? But, to be serious, the best institutions, and those involving the gravest affairs, become, it may be, ridiculous, when rudely forced upon a country

unprepared to receive them. I know also, at a period anterior to the present date, that extreme rigour was used to introduce the French code into unhappy Italy. Throughout the greater part of the Italian kingdom, the paternal laws of Beccaria were in force. These authorized no capital punishment, and wherever they prevailed, murders were less frequent than in any country whatsoever. The first time a sentence of death was executed at Placenza, the city became at once deserted, and it seemed as if the fire of Heaven had fallen upon a devoted place. Matters in Italy assumed, in fact, the aspect of revolt; but, though the peaceful Hamburgers were not inclined to proceed to such extremity, it certainly shewed great folly to think of attaching even the most patient by thwarting all their habits and ideas. The Romans always reserved a niche in the Capitol "for the gods of the vanquished nations;" they desired only to annex provinces and kingdoms to the empire: Napoleon, on the contrary, desired to diffuse the empire—to realize the Utopia of ten different nations united into one people. How, for example, could justice, that safeguard of human rights, be rendered to the Hanseatic cities after they became departments of France? In these new departments were placed many judges who knew not a word of German, and were completely ignorant of law. The presidents of the tribunals of Lubeck, Stade, Bremerle, and Munden, were obliged to have the pleadings translated to them in the very council chamber. To all this, add the impertinence and levity of many of those young masters who were sent from Paris, to serve their apprenticeship in jurisprudence and administration in the conquered provinces, of whose language and usages they were ignorant, and we may conceive the love of the inhabitants for Napoleon the Great.

## CHAPTER X.

AFFAIRS OF SPAIN — DISPUTES IN THE ROYAL FAMILY — MURAT IN MADRID — SCENES AT BAYONNE — JOSEPH, KING — GERMANY — PRINCE DE WITTGENSTEIN — AFFRAY AT HAMBURG — BERNADOTTE'S LETTER — NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER AT ERFURTH — CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF ROMANA — ESCAPES TO SPAIN WITH HIS TROOPS — AFFAIRS OF HOLLAND — ELECTION OF LOUIS TO THE THRONE — CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND LOUIS — OFFER OF THE THRONE OF SPAIN — REMONSTRANCES AND ABDICATION OF LOUIS.

THE transactions with Spain, which soon after became so prodigiously complicated, date from the close of 1807. Though distant from the theatre of events, I possessed sure means of information; but, as this is one of the portions of our history most generally, if not best known, I shall expunge from my notes all that might appear repetition to those of some little reading on this subject. One fact, sufficiently surprising, and which strikes us at first, I verify, namely, that Bonaparte, while yet his greatness existed only in idea, and while bending an eye, by turns, upon every kingdom of Europe, never once entertained views upon Spain. When descanting to me of the future, and the coming destinies of his star, Italy always, or Germany, the East, or the destruction of the power of England, engaged his meditations—Spain never. Consequently, when first informed of the disorders in that country, he allowed considerable space to elapse before taking any active part in those

events which were to exert so great an influence on his fortune.

Let us consider the state of things: Godoy reigned in Spain, through the imbecility of the feeble Charles IV. That favourite had become the object of execration to all not attached to his fortune; and even his creatures, while consulting their own advantage, entertained for their patron the most profound contempt. The people's hatred is almost ever the just reward of favourites, because such a character implies something in the soul abject, menial, and base. If this be the inference applicable to favourites in general, how much more so in the case of Godoy, who, to the knowledge of all Spain, owed his interest with the king, a royal marriage, and, as Prince of Peace, precedence over all the nobles of Castile, to the guilty favour of the queen. Godoy was a fatal man; his influence over the royal family was boundless; from a private guardsman, he had become chief of the state: nor can there be a doubt that he was one of the principal causes of those misfortunes which, under so many varied forms, have overwhelmed Spain.

The hatred of the Spaniards against the Prince of Peace was universal. Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, heir to the Spanish monarchy, partook in the national resentment, and declared himself openly the enemy of Godoy. The latter united himself to France, through whose powerful assistance he hoped for protection against his numerous enemies. This alliance rendered him still more detested in Spain, and caused France to be looked upon with an unfavourable eye. The Prince of Asturias found sympathy and support in the grievances of the Spaniards, who, to a man, desired the fall of Godoy. On his part, Charles IV. regarded as directed against himself, every attempt in opposition to the Prince of Peace. From the month of November, 1807, the king accused his son of a design to dethrone him.

At this period, our ambassador in Spain was M. de

Beauharnais, a relative of Josephine's first husband, and a person of great circumspection; but perhaps not quite competent to such a situation at such a conjuncture. Nevertheless, though not gifted with the highest talents, he possessed a certain tact, which enabled him clearly to see the state of things; and he it was who first informed the government at home of the misunderstanding between the king and the prince. He could, in fact, no longer preserve silence, consistently with duty, since he had repeatedly interfered, as I have been informed, but without effect, though employing the weight of his situation as minister of France. Could he allow the Emperor to remain ignorant, that, in the excess of resentment against his son, Charles IV. had strongly expressed his intention of revoking the law which gave to the Prince of Asturias the succession to one of the thrones of Charles the Fifth? Nor did the king limit his proceedings to verbal manifestations; he had recourse to action, or rather the Prince of Peace acted in his name, and the warmest adherents of Prince Ferdinand were arrested. The Prince of Asturias, aware of the king's sentiments, wrote to Napoleon, requesting his support. Open war was thus declared between the father and son, each appealing against the other, and claiming assistance from the man whose nearest wish was to get rid of both, and thus place one brother more as cadet in the European college of kings; but, as I have already stated, this was a new ambition; nor, which will hereafter appear, was the throne of Spain offered to Joseph till after its refusal by Louis.

The Emperor, however, had promised his support to Charles, against his son; and, averse from intermeddling in these troublesome family affairs, he certainly did not reply to the prince's first letters. But, seeing that intrigues at Madrid assumed a serious aspect, he began, as a precautionary measure, to send troops into Spain. The Spaniards were offended at this. The nation, in fact, had nothing to do with

France; nor was it an accomplice, either in the infamies of Godoy, or the bickerings of the royal family. In the provinces through which the French troops passed, the inhabitants demanded why this invasion had been undertaken: according to the party which they espoused, some attributed it to the Prince of Peace, others to Ferdinand; but all were indignant at the result; and disturbances broke out at Madrid with a violence which is inseparable from the Spanish character.

In these circumstances, fearful in themselves, and still more threatening for the future, Godoy proposed to Charles IV. to conduct him to Seville, where he would be in better condition to employ severe measures against the factious. A proposition from Godoy to his master was less an advice than a command. Charles, therefore, resolved to depart; but thenceforth the people regarded Godoy as a traitor. The populace rose, surrounded the palace, and the Prince of Peace was on the point of being massacred in a garret, whither he had fled for refuge. One among his pursuers had the presence of mind to invoke in his favour the name of the Prince of Asturias. This saved Godoy from certain death.

But Charles IV. could not preserve his throne. Easily intimidated, advantage was taken of a moment of terror, to demand from him an abdication, which he possessed neither the courage nor the power to refuse. He yielded his rights to his son, and thenceforth disappeared the insolent influence of the Prince of Peace, who remained a prisoner; and the Spanish people, like every unenlightened population, easily excited, expressed their joy in barbarous enthusiasm. In the course of these transactions, the unhappy monarch, removed by his very weakness from the violence and danger — more apparent, however, than real — which he had incurred, changed his mind on perceiving himself in security, and seemed no longer satisfied with the privilege of living, in exchange for

his crown. He resumed the desires of royalty, and wrote to Paris, protesting against his own abdication, and placing in the Emperor's hands the decision of of his future fate.

During the progress of these internal dissensions, the French army pursued its march towards the Pyrenees. These mountains were quickly passed, and Murat made good his entrance into Madrid, about the beginning of April, 1808. His presence in that capital, far from producing a beneficial effect, still more increased the disorder. The truth is, Murat regarded the Peninsula as a prey which he had been despatched to seize for himself, and for none other; nor is it surprising that the inhabitants of Madrid discovered this, for, such was his imprudence, that he made no secret of his desire to become King of Spain. Of this I received unquestionable assurance at the time, by my private correspondence from the Peninsula. The Emperor, informed of these doings, gave him to understand, in very significant terms, that the throne of Spain and the Indies was not intended for him, but that he should not be forgotten. Murat, then Grand Duke of Berg, of Cleves, and of Juliers, was not satisfied! Verily, now-a-days, when calmly reflecting upon the epidemic ambition, which, like contagion, spread from Bonaparte to his lieutenants, I become as one bewildered in my recollections.

Still even the remonstrances of Napoleon were not sufficiently efficacious to restrain the inconsiderate conduct of Murat; and if, in the game of effrontery, he missed gaining the crown of Spain for himself, at least he contributed powerfully towards losing it for Charles IV. That monarch, whom inveterate habit had attached to the Prince of Peace, petitioned the Emperor to restore his favourite to liberty; and a descendant of Louis XIV, a successor of Charles of Anjou, solicited, as a favour, to be allowed to live in any asylum with his family, provided the paramour

of his wife accompanied him. Both the king and queen, addressing Murat in like manner, besought him to liberate Godoy. The grand duke, whose vain-glory was agreeably tickled by royal solicitations, took the Prince of Peace under his especial protection; but, at the same time, declared, that, notwithstanding the abdication of Charles, he could not acknowledge any other as king of Spain, till he should receive contrary orders from the Emperor. This declaration, and his amity with Godoy, placed Murat in formal opposition to the whole Spanish nation, who naturally hated the Prince of Peace, and, consequently, from the influence of that sentiment, embraced the party of the heir to the crown, in whose favour Charles had abdicated.

It has been stated, that Napoleon found himself in a perplexing situation with regard to this disputed right between the king and his son. This is not correct. Charles, though subsequently denying his own deed, as one of constraint and violence, had nevertheless abdicated voluntarily. Napoleon could hold him to his act. By that act, Ferdinand was really king; but the father asserted that the renunciation had been contrary to his inclination, and retracted. The Emperor's recognition was required; he could have given or withheld it; and so, in either case, the perplexity vanished, for the revolution of Aranjuez had the general consent. But then, adieu Spain for Joseph! There consequently remained only the mode which he adopted,—to get possession of both princes, and say to them, Gentlemen, neither of you must be king, but I shall send to Madrid a third person to occupy your throne.

Such was the situation of affairs when Napoleon arrived at Bayonne. Ferdinand allowed himself, after some hesitation, to be persuaded, by deceived friends, to repair thither, in order to arrange with the Emperor the differences existing between himself and his father. On reaching Vittoria, reflection again

returned; he distrusted the intentions of the Emperor, and suspected some snare. Don Urquijo, besides, assured the youthful monarch, that the pretended arbiter wished only to secure his person, and place the crown of Spain upon the head of one of his own family. Ferdinand then perceived, but too late, the error he had committed. Already was he almost in the midst of the French troops; no longer were his inclinations free; he hesitated, and would remain at Vittoria, tortured by the thought, that, once at Bayonne, he should not be suffered to return. All his friends, and crowds who had hastened to Vittoria to see their prince, conjured him to remain. It was necessary to return to Bayonne for new instructions and new advices from the Emperor. He who was charged with this commission,* came back with a letter to Ferdinand from Napoleon, full of the most perfidious assurances and crafty promises, and containing the declaration that he would assign the throne to one or other, according to his conviction of the truth of what Ferdinand alleged, or of the violence of which Charles complained. It is incomprehensible how any reasonable being could allow himself to be entrapped by such a device. To the letter of Napoleon, the envoy added a *viva voce* asseveration, that the crown of Spain would be devolved on Ferdinand, and that all necessary dispositions were then effecting at Bayonne with this intention. Victims of such matchless perfidy, it is well known what happened both to the son, and to the father, who arrived soon after at Bayonne, with his inseparable Prince of Peace. He had just retracted his abdication; and at Bayonne were seen Charles, denuded of his throne by a voluntary act, which he now disclaimed; his son, king in right of succession;

* Why not name him? was our author ashamed to find his old friend Savary engaged in so heartless, so dishonourable an office? — *Translator*.

and Napoleon, arbitrator between the two, settling the difference, by taking the crown from both, and giving it to Joseph. It was the fable of the lawyers and the oyster; but the unfortunate princes had not even the consolation of a shell. The revolt of the 2d May at Madrid hastened the fate of Ferdinand, to whose charge it was laid—the suspicion, at least, fell upon his friends and adherents.

Charles IV. refused, it is said, to return to Spain, and requested an asylum in France. He signed a renunciation of his rights to the Spanish crown, which instrument bore also the signatures of the Infantas.

At the close of these transactions, I saw the prince royal of Sweden, who, with the representatives of all the powers at Hamburg, strongly reprobated the conduct of Napoleon. I cannot attest that Talleyrand dissuaded from this attempt to overthrow a branch of the house of Bourbon; his enlightened mind and elevated views might have suggested such advice; but all agreed, that, had he retained the administration of foreign affairs, this revolution would have terminated in a way more generous and noble than by the tragi-comedy played off at Madrid and Bayonne.

I shall have occasion to revert to this subject: meanwhile, it behoves to return to other affairs, the dates of which have been anticipated. After the treaty of Tilsit, the hopes of the Bourbons must have seemed lost indeed. If they still cherished expectations, doubtless these were chiefly founded on the imprudence and mad ambition of him who had usurped their throne. On this subject, it was a remark of Lemercier to Bonaparte himself, a few days before the foundation of the empire,—"General, if you make up the bed of the Bourbons, you will not lie in it ten years."

The treaty with France and Russia being concluded, Louis XVIII, whom we then designated in his own kingdom under the name of the Count de

Lille, conceived the Continent to be shut against him. But, if he feared that Alexander, in imitating the first act of his father in making an alliance with Bonaparte, might likewise imitate his second, and dismiss the French princes from his dominions, I have proof that Louis greatly deceived himself. This is a fact upon which I consider it a duty to insist. It was quite unexpectedly, and of his perfect free will, that Louis XVIII. left Mittau. It is as true that Alexander knew not even the King's intention to withdraw from the asylum which he enjoyed under his protection at Mittau, and learned the circumstance only through his own officer, the brave Baron de Driensen, governor of that city. There exists also on this circumstance another grave misapprehension, if indeed it be not a wilful mistake, into which some writers have fallen, who assert, that Louis left Mittau for the purpose of exciting troubles in France. The time had never been less favourable for such an attempt. At Hamburg a letter was communicated to me, written by the Abbé de Boulogne to the Duke d'Aumont, dated 22d October, consequently a short time only before the royal departure, stating that the object of the King's journey to England was the hope of forming a new coalition against the French government. Vain hope also; but one characteristic of the emigrants was the entertaining constantly renewed chimerical expectations. Another letter was subsequently communicated to me, of the 3d November, giving an account of the King's arrival at Yarmouth, on the 31st October. I found that Louis had been constrained to await, in this port, the removal of the difficulties which were presented to his disembarkation, and also to the continuance and future direction of his voyage. It was said, among other things, in this letter, that the King of England had judged it proper to refuse permission to the Count de Lille to approach London, or its environs. Finally, the palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh, was appointed

for his residence. Mr Ross, secretary to Mr Canning, carried to Yarmouth the determination of the English monarch. These precautions were singular, considering the relative position of the two governments of France and England, and seemed to corroborate the preceding remarks of Prince de Wittgenstein, as to the pacific dispositions of Mr Canning. But the affairs of Spain quickly intervened to render pacification between Bonaparte and any honest government impossible. It was not, however, till 1814, that Lemercier's happily expressed prophecy had its accomplishment, after Napoleon had occupied the bed of the Bourbons for precisely nine years and nine months. *

Fouché, grand investigator of the secrets of Europe, had been set freshly to work by the affairs of Spain; and I had my share of annoyance, in the shape of inquiry upon inquiry, about M. de Rechteren, formerly Spanish minister to the Hanse Towns. My information was not of a nature to please. I had nothing ill to say of Count Rechteren, who left that situation four months after my installation, in 1804. This was diving pretty deeply into the past, in order to explain the present.

About this time I received one of Josephine's frequent billets in favour of merit or misfortune, thus expressed:—"M. Melon, now in Hamburg, requests me, my dear Bourrienne, to intercede in his favour for your protection and interest. I have the more pleasure in writing to you on his behalf, that it gives me an opportunity of renewing the assurance of my regard." This note was dated from Fontainbleau, whither, in imitation of the old court, Napoleon made frequent excursions. To keep up the etiquette, he sometimes hunted, but with as little relish for the sports of the field as Montaigne had for chess. The greenwood afforded him no pleasure, for his mind was ever on the rack in schemes of distant ambition.

* See Appendix, D.

Instructed as I was, perhaps better than any other, in the hopes and designs of Bonaparte on the north of Germany, it gave me great pain to see him adopt so many measures tending directly to alienate the spirits of men from their author. Thus, an order for the inhabitants to pay the French troops quartered in their territory, was not only a grievous burden, but had something humiliating—and humiliation is never forgiven. Of these orders some bore the stamp of most profound ignorance; thus, I was directed to impress three thousand seamen in the Hanse Towns. Three thousand sailors on a population of two hundred thousand! I procured five hundred, and these were too many, for numbers were unfit for service—but they were men.

In the spring of 1808, I experienced a great loss in the removal of the Prince de Ponte Corvo, with whom it was always so easy and so agreeable to transact affairs. He received an order to take the command of the French troops sent to Denmark, after the cowardly bombardment of Copenhagen.* It was during his government of Hamburg, and residence in Jutland, that he quietly and unconsciously prepared the votes which ultimately conducted him to the throne of Sweden. Bernadotte, I remember, placed reliance on certain presages—in short, he believed in astrology; nor can I forget, that, upon one occasion, he said to me, quite seriously, "Would you believe it, my good friend, it was predicted to me, at Paris, that I should one day be a king, but that I must pass the sea?"† We laughed together at this

* Bourrienne here says *cowardly*, but forgets to state—that France *invaded* Denmark in her crippled condition; and that he himself was one of a committee, who, in 1823, rejected her claims for damages, inflicted on an *ally*, to the amount of twenty-three and a half millions of francs, or one million sterling, by this invasion.—*Translator.*

† I have heard of this before, but from what was told me of the circumstances, have no doubt that the whole was a contri-

weakness of mind, from which even Napoleon was not altogether exempt. No supernatural influence, however, elevated Bernadotte to the rank of a European sovereign—it was his character for benevolence and justice. He had no other talisman than the wisdom of his administration, and his promptitude in opposing all measures of oppression. He left Hamburg on the 10th, and I heard from him on the 18th March, giving an account of his friendly reception in Denmark. On the 6th April, I had a second letter, requesting me to give orders to all postmasters to retain every letter addressed to the Spanish troops in his army, of which the corps of Romana (of whom anon) formed a part. These letters the postmaster general had directions to detain until an order arrived for their delivery. Bernadotte deemed this measure indispensable, in order to prevent intrigues among the Spaniards under his command.

The reader will not have forgotten my intercourse with Prince de Wittgenstein, who at this time lived in Hamburg, as a private individual. The Countess de Woss, principal lady to the Queen of Prussia, had written to the prince a letter, without designation of date or place, which it was said reached Hamburg on the 16th November. At the same time, Marshal Bernadotte, as governor, received a letter, dated Berlin, 14th November, from M. Daru, enclosing a *copy* of the pretended letter of Madame de Woss. This copy was in French, and professedly a translation from the original in German, which had been opened in the office at Berlin. Bernadotte was farther directed to secure the person of Prince de Wittgenstein, because it was pretended, from some expressions in the *French translation*, that the prince was in a plot to revolu-

vance of Bonaparte, who knew Bernadotte's weakness, in order to turn the latter's attention to a distant quarter, and thus render him less jealous of his own more palpable and nearer schemes of ambition. — *Translator.*

tionize Westphalia, and assassinate the Emperor! The marshal came to me immediately on receipt of this incomprehensible communication. We both regarded the parties as incapable of harbouring, for a moment, such intentions; but the orders were express. We resolved to call upon the prince, who, not expecting our visit, would, if guilty, shew, we thought, marks of confusion. It was, by this time, ten at night; we found the prince in dishabille, quietly sipping his coffee. He received our visit, as usual, in the most friendly manner, though with some good humoured remarks on the hour we had chosen. The marshal used all possible delicacy in bringing on the subject, but the prince could not understand; his first idea was that we were quizzing,—a liberty which our familiar intimacy might have excused. We were obliged to explain, in direct terms, the nature of our visit, and place in the prince's hand the copy of Countess de Woss's letter. The surprise and indignation of De Wittgenstein are not to be described. He had received no letter! We had previously agreed not to arrest the prince, and to be satisfied with his word of honour not to leave Hamburg without our knowledge. This pledge was most cheerfully given. Next morning, very early, the prince came to me in a state of distraction. I knew his noble and generous nature, endeavoured to calm his thoughts, and urged him to demand the original letter. But neither friendship nor conviction were admitted under a government so severe as Napoleon's; we were therefore obliged to examine the prince's papers. Nothing, of course, appeared calculated to excite the least suspicion. On my entreaty, the marshal persisted in his resolution not to arrest, but wrote directly to the Emperor, then in Spain, giving an account of the whole proceedings, in a letter well deserving of notice, as shewing the precautions observed in such cases:—

"SIRE,—I have the honour of transmitting to your majesty a letter which has been addressed to me by Intendant-General Daru, enclosing the document hereto annexed. I instantly caused the papers of Prince de Wittgenstein to be examined by the minister, M. de Bourrienne, and General Gerard, staff-major to my corps of the army. They found only the accompanying letters, 1, 2, 3, which merited the slightest notice. On the morrow, the mails from Berlin arrived, as also from Konigsberg; these were taken to M. de Bourrienne's house, and there opened in his presence by the director of the post-office. There was found only a single letter for Prince de Wittgenstein, under cover to a banker of this city. This I also enclose, No. 4. All other letters which may arrive shall in like manner be seized.* All these occurrences have been conducted gently, and with the requisite prudence. I have likewise considered it my duty to lay before your majesty the letter which Prince de Wittgenstein wrote to me in his own justification, and which enclosed a copy of another which he had addressed to the prime minister of the King of Westphalia. From these letters, and the examination of his papers, I have not considered myself authorized definitively to arrest Prince de Wittgenstein, fearing lest, in so doing, I might act contrary to your majesty's intentions. All the necessary measures are taken, however, to secure his person, if need be. In this, as in every circumstance which concerns your majesty, I shall exert my utmost ability to prove my zeal and devotedness to your majesty. BERNADOTTE."

The Prince de Wittgenstein, as I had suggested, continued urgently to demand the production of the original letter; Count Daru replied, that it had been transmitted to the king at Konigsberg. Davoust, on

* All the letters, 1, 2, 3, 4, were unimportant.—*Author.*

the other hand, maintained it had been regularly forwarded, received, and destroyed by the prince. This contradiction proved that the letter was yet in existence, and that some interest prevented the confronting of the original with the translated copy. At length the former was produced on the 27th November, 1808. I immediately gave one translation, and General St Alphonse, aide-de-camp to Bernadotte, made another. These, together with the translation remitted from Berlin, were laid before the Emperor. He readily perceived the difference, and that neither the translation nor original supported any charge against Prince de Wittgenstein. Such is the truth on a subject of great importance, which has since been much misrepresented, even to my prejudice, especially in the *Souvenirs* of Baron Stein.* In addition to the autographs and copies of all the documents, I have in my possession a letter from Prince de Wittgenstein, to whom I had communicated my intention to publish these *Memoirs*, which alone would be sufficient to destroy all disadvantageous interpretations—even those of malevolence. I quote this letter here, though of a date posterior to the time embraced by my *Memoirs*:—

"Marshal Davoust was governor of Berlin when I was denounced; and it is probable that my arrest took place in consequence of his requisition. Your sentiments, and the manner in which you conducted

* The reader will probably recollect, that Baron Stein, by his writings, especially his *Political Testament*, was a main instrument in cherishing the enthusiasm and love of liberty of the Prussian youth. This was the real and quite sufficient cause of Bonaparte's enmity. But Stein, in his *Souvenirs*, attributes this to the affair of Wittgenstein, and implicates, most improperly, Bourrienne, as having constrained the prince to write letters to him (Stein.) This the prince, in the letter quoted, shews to have been a barefaced falsehood, invented by the assertor.—*Translator.*

yourself during those times, cannot be better known to any one than to myself, and therefore no one renders you more justice than I do. When I was denounced at Hamburg, and threatened with being arrested, the French authorities, and yourself especially, manifested a particular interest in my situation. If you intend to give to the public, in your *Memoirs*, an account of the transactions which took place between us during your residence at Hamburg, you are entitled to assert, with every justice, that you never engaged me to write to the Prussian minister, Baron Stein, a letter, of the contents and of the import of the one quoted by the author of a work entitled, *My Souvenirs, or, The Sins of Napoleon.* On the contrary, I cherish, in dearest remembrance, all your excellent proceedings towards me, during a season of no ordinary difficulty. I am ready to make a similar declaration to all who would call in question these my sentiments. This, I am convinced, will suffice to place in its true light your conduct at that period; and I believe, my dear friend, you will repel every accusation by this my attestation. It is a barefaced calumny to impute to you the slightest blame, so far as concerns me, at that period. The declaration which I now transmit to you, and the assurance of my lively and unalterable gratitude for all that you did in my behalf, afford abundant proof of your honourable conduct. I repeat to you, my dear friend, with pleasure, that all you did for me at the crisis in question, will never be effaced from my heart. I shall preserve the faithful remembrance of it to the last moment of my life; and it will ever be a duty, on my part, to undeceive those who may incline to doubt your generous exertions in my behalf. Let such address themselves to me; I shall know how to answer them. This, my dear friend, is the reply I have to give. Permit me to unite therewith the expression of my sincere attachment and high consideration.

" *Berlin, 29th June,* 1828. WITTGENSTEIN."

On the subject of my conduct, while at Hamburg, the reader will excuse the confession of a feeling of honourable pride, with which I quote the following autograph letter from the King of Prussia, which also brings back our narrative to the proper date:—

"Mr Ambassador de Bourrienne,—I am informed of the dispositions of equity and obliging interest manifested by you towards my states and servants on all occasions, wherein it has been necessary to have recourse to you, and when your relations and the circumstances of the case permitted you to manifest such sentiments. I do myself a real pleasure by directly returning you my thanks; and I beg that you may continue to extend to my subjects the same consideration, as opportunities, which, doubtless, will be frequent, occur in future. Be assured I shall retain a grateful remembrance thereof—and will feel much satisfaction in proving, by all means in my power, that I render ample justice to your conduct.

"I pray God, &c. FREDERICK WILLIAM.

"*Konigsberg, March* 18, 1808."

Such is one—but I cannot trace the picture of all—the turpitudes to which secondary spirits, in their ambition, gave themselves up, in order to prove their zeal, and to procure a slice of Europe, which the lieutenants of the Emperor regarded as the pie of kings, though none disputed with him the kissing crust. But neither was baseness confined to these; it would astonish to know the eagerness with which the princes of Germany bent themselves to the yoke. I might produce autographs, with princely signatures, addressed to myself, in which the writers announce, with great self-complacency, their accession to the Confederation of the Rhine. Such missives, in fact, I was continually receiving; they prove, more than any thing else, the amazing influence exercised by

Napoleon in Germany, and the anxiety of its ancient feudatories to range themselves under the protection of his new power.

As successor, though still subordinate to Bernadotte, arrived at Hamburg, as governor, General Dupas, in April, 1808. In this appointment the Emperor cruelly disappointed the wishes and the hopes of the unfortunate inhabitants of Lower Saxony. The exactions of the new functionary were fearful. "So long," was his usual expression, "as I see these —— rolling in their carriages, I must have money from them." Yet, to do him justice, his extortions were not all for himself; he became the bloodsucker of others, not to nourish his own life, but him to whom he had devoted his existence. The senate of Hamburg granted to marshals thirty fredericks per day, for the expenses of their table, and to generals, twenty. Dupas, though entitled only to the latter, demanded the former allowance, which was refused. To avenge himself *nobly*, he required to be served every day with a breakfast and dinner of thirty covers. At his table only the most exquisite wines were used; even his menials, down to the scullion, were treated to champaign, and the finest fruits, brought at great expense from the best hot-houses in Berlin. Dupas had thus the satisfaction of knowing that he cost the city more than any of his predecessors. His account for the twenty-one weeks he remained amounted to 183,000 francs, (£7625.) His passionate brutality was ludicrous in itself, but, from the power which he held, might become terrible in its consequences. An officer of artillery informed me, that, having executed an order to plant two light guns before the gate leading to Altona, he went to inform the general. He found him in a furious rage at something, smashing every article within reach: in presence of this officer, he broke more than two dozen plates, which certainly had not cost him very dear. Hamburg being a

fortified city, it had long been customary to shut the gates at nightfall; but on Sundays they remained open about three quarters of an hour longer, to accommodate those who had been abroad. Dupas took it into his head to shut the gates at seven, and, of course, being spring, in broad daylight. On Sunday the same order was observed; consequently, on the first Sabbath evening, peaceable inhabitants, who, as usual, had been taking their recreation in the country, were much astonished to find themselves shut out. The number waiting for admittance increased every instant, and, after in vain requesting the officer on guard to admit them, some of their friends inside resolved to go to the commandant. The latter, accompanied by the general, soon arrived, and, no one doubting that they came for the purpose of ordering the gate to be unlocked, their approach was greeted by a cheer. Dupas, either considering this as an insult, or mistaking it for a signal to sedition, instead of opening the gate, ordered the guard to fire upon several hundred peaceable citizens, who only asked to be admitted to their own hearths. The consequence was, that some were killed, and many seriously wounded; among the former, a poor man, who, to support a wife and five children, sold cakes and gingerbread, fell by one of the first bullets, while quietly seated on his barrow. Fortunately, after the first discharge, the blind fury of Dupas calmed so far, that he did not repeat the order to fire; but the gates still remained closed; and next morning a proclamation was issued, forbidding the inhabitants, under the severest penalties, to cry *hurra!* or more than three persons to assemble together in the streets! Next day, still under the excitement caused by the fatal consequences of the brutality of some soldiers, commanded by a no less brutal chief, I wrote to Bernadotte. His answer will best shew the goodness of heart of the future Prince Royal of Sweden, and

is in other respects too remarkable not to interest my readers.

"I perfectly coincide, my dear minister, in your view of the subject, and am, at all times, afflicted when I see injustice committed. On carefully considering the events which occurred on the 19th, it is impossible not to acknowledge that the error lay, in the first place, with the officer, who shut the gates perhaps a little too soon. I ask, also, why were not the gates opened, instead of the military being ordered to fire? But, did not the people manifest decided obstinacy and insubordination? did they not render themselves criminal, by throwing stones at the guard, forcing the palisadoes, and refusing to listen, even to the voice of the magistrates? It is to be regretted, no doubt, that they should have proceeded to such excesses, occasioned by their not listening to the voice of their civil chiefs, who ought to be their first sentinels. In short, my dear minister, the senator who distributed money to appease the multitude, would have more effectually calmed their effervescence by advising them to await patiently the opening of the gate: he might have taken the trouble, too, in my opinion, of going to the commandant, or to the general, and procured permission of ingress. Whenever an excited mass of people resort to violence, there is no longer security for any one: from that moment the protecting power must display itself in full activity, and its intervention arrests the violence. The senate of ancient Rome, so guarded and so jealous of its prerogatives, remitted to a dictator, in times of trouble, the terrible right of life and death; and that magistrate recognized no other code than his own will, and the axe of his lictors. The ordinary laws did not resume their course and their guarantee, until after the people had returned to their duty. The feeling excited at Hamburg could only be repressed,

or prevented, by a severe tribunal, which, being happily not necessary, General Dupas has orders to dissolve it, and justice will resume her usual rights.*

" J. BERNADOTTE.

" *Densel, 4th May*, 1808."

Upon returning to Hamburg, Bernadotte transferred Dupas to Lubeck, which city, much poorer than his former quarters, suffered most severely from such a guest. The expense, indeed, became intolerable; for, besides his table being served with the same profusion as at Hamburg, he required every article of housekeeping, down to coal and candle, to be furnished. This opened a door to all manner of abuse, and the senate deputed M. Nolting, a venerable member, to wait upon the general, to request his acceptance of twenty louis daily, (£5900 per annum,) in lieu of the expenses of his table alone. At this proposal General Dupas got into a fury — Offer him money! what profanation! Insult his *honour!* and, with a volley of oaths, he turned out the astonished senator, who, dull man, could not perceive where lay the *dishonour* in an *honest* reckoning. But, not satisfied with dismissing, the general gave orders to his aide-de-camp for immediately arresting the aged functionary. The aide-de-camp, Barral, dared not openly disobey; but, with the reverence for gray hairs characteristic of virtuously educated youth, instead of arresting, he merely requested M. Nolting to remain in his own house until he could pacify the

* The reader will probably be at a sad loss to discover much goodness of heart in this letter. In principle, it expresses the most cool and heartless tyranny; and, in reasoning, is both judicially and historically erroneous. The military authorities are admitted to have been the aggressors; they rendered themselves responsible, therefore, for all acts caused by that aggression. The allusion to a Roman dictator is a most disgusting specimen of affectation and revolutionary learning. — *Translator.*

general, which, with great difficulty, was effected next day. But how did all this end? Why, the incorruptible Dupas pocketed the twenty louis daily! Still he did not consent to the *generous* concession, without affecting to grumble between his teeth, and, oftener than once, vociferating, "It cuts me to the soul, but these cits force me to take pelf!"

The year 1808 was fruitful in remarkable events: the commencement, for I received copies on the first of January, introduced the commercial code; an extraordinary institution—for we had no longer any commerce. About the same period, many territorial accessions were made to the empire along the German frontier, by force of decrees and senatorial decisions, which possessed at least one recommendation,—that of making conquests without effusion of blood. The marshals, generals, and superior officers attached to the imperial guard, received large gratifications after the treaty of Tilsit, at the expense of the vanquished. On the 1st of February, I could not help remarking a singular coincidence of events in Paris, Lisbon, and Rome, which, more than any thing else, would prove the incredible activity impressed by Bonaparte on his reign. At Paris, a niece of Josephine, Madamoiselle de Tascher, raised by Napoleon to the rank of a princess, espoused the reigning prince of Ahremberg;* at Lisbon, almost at the same hour, Junot announced that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign in Portugal; and at Rome, the French troops under Miollis took possession of the Eternal City,—the first of a series of torments by which the Pope was condemned to expiate his consecration of Napoleon. The following day, Prince Borghese, imperial brother-in-law, was

* This marriage was never consummated, and the Princess remained one of the most faithful companions of the Empress, after her divorce from Napoleon. — *Translator.*

constituted governor-general of all the departments beyond the Alps; by which nomination Menou, of whom the reader has heard little since the Egyptian expedition, was forced to quit Turin, where he had always remained as governor of Piedmont, and take up his residence in Florence, as president of the junta of Tuscany; for Bonaparte would never allow him to return to Paris. But Tuscany was soon after transformed into a separate government, and conferred on his sister Eliza; the territories of Parma and Placenza becoming departments of the kingdom of Italy. To the same kingdom were also added, from the territories of the Holy See, the legations of Ancona, Urbino, Macerata, and Camerino, formed into three new departments. Even apostolic long-suffering could not endure this new aggression, and Cardinal legate Caprara quitted Paris. These events were coincident with the transactions at Bayonne. The translation of Joseph to the Spanish throne belongs, in truth, to this epoch: Murat, as all the world knows, succeeded to Naples: thus, in placing a brother-in-law over another of the kingdoms of Europe, Napoleon, "through God's assistance," was making rapid strides towards becoming the senior of her monarchs. The appointment of Murat was attended with one of the instances of craft, or rather rascality, of which Napoleon never divested himself, amid all his grandeur. He gave to the infant son of his brother Louis, the investiture of the grand duchy of Berg and Cleves, conferred on him the Palace d'Elysée at Paris, and constituted himself tutor; thus enjoying a seizure, but under a different name.

With regard to this fabrication of kings, I remember, during the consulate, and believe have already mentioned, about "creating kings and not being one," in the Œdipus—a work, by the way, which Bonaparte preferred to all the other tragedies of Voltaire—that, on the visit of the King of Etruria, the audience in

the theatre made a very pointed application of the line. "Do you hear them, Bourrienne?" said the First Consul to me.—"Yes, General."—"The imbecils, they shall see—they shall see!" And surely we did see. Bonaparte not only surrounded his own brows with a double diadem, and manufactured crowns by the dozen, but also instituted an upstart nobility, with hereditary rights. Of this project he was delivered, in the beginning of March, 1808, when the *Moniteur* teemed with a farrago of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights of the empire;—there wanted only viscounts and marquises to complete the series. For this new nobility, it seemed fitting to have a new system of education. It was resolved, therefore, to re-construct the old edifice of the university. The public instruction of youth, as we have seen, formed one of Napoleon's favourite schemes; but it was curious to compare the former plans of the General and Consul, with those adopted by the Emperor. Bonaparte, in former days, contemplated an extensive system of education, which should especially embrace historical and exact learning; namely, the natural and physical sciences, and mathematics, whose positive knowledge gives to human intelligence the fullest development of which it is susceptible. But the sovereign recoiled before the early thoughts of the man of genius; and his university, moulded after the usual fashion, became, in fact, but one of those schools, calculated, perhaps, to produce great scholars, but which have never reared enlightened men.

After playing the scurvy tricks at Bayonne, the Emperor returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 14th August, 1808, the eve of his birth-day, which was now celebrated with great magnificence throughout the empire. But he was no sooner in his capital than new disquietudes arose. Russia had declared open war against Sweden, an event of which I had

sent intelligence to Paris so early, that my courier arrived on the very day that the declaration was made. Finland had been invaded, and Abo, its capital, occupied by the Russian troops. Bonaparte, however, wished to maintain peace on the Continent while he prosecuted the reduction of Spain, and, consequently, was forced to withdraw his troops from Germany. Joseph had been proclaimed on the 8th of June; the 21st of the same month had witnessed his entrance into Madrid; but, in ten days after, the news of the disaster at Baylen had forced him to leave the capital.

England had just despatched troops into Portugal, under the command of Arthur Wellesley, since Duke of Wellington. There could thus be no longer hope of an accommodation with Great Britain. The Emperor Alexander, in terms of the treaty of Tilsit, had indeed sent Count Romanzow to London, charged with mediatorial proposals, on the part of Russia. These propositions were not even heard. How could they? The mediation had been rejected after the treaty of Tilsit, while, subsequently, Napoleon had dethroned the King of Spain, and got up in the heart of Germany a mushroom kingdom for brother Jerome.

Towards the end of September, Napoleon again quitted Paris, on a transaction memorable in his own life, and which at the time agitated the whole of Germany,—the interview with Alexander at Erfurth. The roads leading to this point were literally covered with the equipages of princes hastening thither. The Emperor took the way by Mentz, where he arrived, without stopping, except to pass in review the numerous regiments echelonned along his route, on their march from the grand army towards Spain. Once more he slept at Frankfort, in the palace of the Prince Primate — an excellent man: but made no other halt before reaching Erfurth, having merely

seen Jerome, who, in imitation of other royal prefects, had escorted him to the limits of his territories. The Emperor arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and, getting on horseback, went forward three leagues to meet Alexander. The two Emperors embraced on the road, as I learned, with all the semblance of the most cordial friendship. Their meeting, as every body knows, was a succession of fêtes, of which Napoleon did the honours, being therein greatly assisted by all his servants of the Comic Opera — transferred from Paris, to give greater *solemnity* to the occasion. Most of the sovereign princes of Germany attended; but neither the Emperor of Austria nor the King of Prussia was present. The former, however, addressed a letter to Napoleon, of which I got knowledge at the time, and have preserved a copy: —

"Sir, my brother, — My ambassador at Paris informs me, that your imperial majesty is about to proceed to Erfurth, to meet the Emperor Alexander. I joyfully embrace the opportunity of your approach to my frontier, to renew the expression of that amity and high esteem, which I have pledged to you; and send my lieutenant-general, Baron de Vincent, to convey to you, sir, my brother, the assurance of these unalterable sentiments. I flatter myself, your majesty has not ceased to be convinced of them; and if false interpretations, circulated regarding the interior organic institutions established in my monarchy, have induced, for a moment, doubts respecting the sincerity of my intentions, the explanations which Count Metternich has addressed on this subject to your majesty's minister, will have entirely removed them. Baron de Vincent is empowered, also, to submit to your majesty these details, and to add all the explanations you may desire.

"I beg that the same gracious reception may now be vouchsafed to him as at Paris and Warsaw. The

renewed marks of favour which your majesty may confer upon him, I shall regard as an unequivocal pledge of the entire reciprocity of our sentiments, and place the seal to that perfect confidence which will leave nothing to add to mutual satisfaction. Deign to accept the assurance of the unalterable attachment and consideration with which I am, sir, my brother, your imperial and royal majesty's brother and friend,

" FRANCIS.

" *Presburg*, 18*th September*, 1808."

This document seemed then, and now appears to me, a specimen of equivocation, by which it is impossible Napoleon could have been deceived for an instant. But his grand affair was Spain; and, as already noticed, he never allowed two things to occupy his mind at one and the same time. Matters in the north, too, required caution. Denmark had resented our invasion of her territories by thirty thousand men under Bernadotte, and had claimed the mediation of Russia. At Erfurth, all those matters were to be accommodated; and Napoleon made good his point. The Emperor Alexander recognized Joseph as king of Spain and the Indies. Napoleon, in return, it is said, (though this I do not attest,) agreed to Alexander's occupation of Finland; and to Denmark was left—resignation. After the interview, Bonaparte returned to Paris, where he presided, with great splendour, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly; and in November, set out for Spain.

Anterior to the interview at Erfurth, occurred an event which soon produced a great sensation over all Europe,—the defection of the Marquis de la Romana; an enterprize conducted and executed with incredible secrecy. The Marquis had arrived in the Hanseatic territories, at the head of eighteen thousand men, being a part of the Spanish troops demanded after the murderous conflict of Eylau, in virtue of a treaty

with Charles IV. The Spaniards were well received by the inhabitants, but the difference of language caused misunderstandings, which the foreigners had a fatal facility in deciding, by drawing their daggers. This, however, wore off; and, finally, they were much liked, and might be seen every where surrounded and playing with the children. Such disposition is rarely a deceitful indication of a good heart. As to the Marquis himself, he was a little swarthy man, with an exterior little attractive, and vulgar in appearance; but he naturally possessed great spirit, and had acquired much information in the course of his travels in almost every part of Europe: his conversation, accordingly, was most agreeable, and very instructive. During his stay at Hamburg, General Romana passed almost every evening with us, and regularly fell asleep while playing whist. Madame de Bourrienne was his constant partner, and to her, I remember, he perpetually addressed apologies for this involuntary breach of good manners, which, however, did not prevent his invariably recommencing the siesta next evening. We shall see what occasioned this periodical somnolency.

In obedience to the orders of Bernadotte, the Spanish troops took their departure for the island of Funen. Meanwhile their commander had been playing his part with admirable address. On the occasion of a fête in honour of the new King of Spain, he gave a magnificent ball, where all the decorations were military attributes. He did the honours with infinite propriety: and, in general, was so frank with the French officers, spoke of the Emperor in such high terms, but without the least affectation, that it was impossible to suspect a thought in reserve. Already, too, were we informed of the fatal results of the conflict on the Sierra Morena, and the capitulation of Dupont, which caused his disgrace, at the moment when no one in the army doubted his receiving the

baton, on the first creation of a marshal of France. In Denmark, as at Hamburg, the Spanish soldiers became favourites; for their leader caused the strictest discipline to be observed. On the approach of Napoleon's birth-day, which was observed with much solemnity in all the cities where French representatives resided, great preparations were making at Hamburg. The Prince of Ponte Corvo, then residing near Lubeck, for sea-bathing, had issued the necessary orders; and the Marquis, better to deceive the marshal, sent a courier to request permission to come to Hamburg, to unite his prayers with those of the French for the prosperity of the Emperor, and to receive from the Prince's hand the grand order of the Legion of Honour, just granted him by Napoleon. Three days after, on the 17th of August, the marshal received intelligence of what had passed. The Marquis had assembled a great number of English ships along the coast, and, by this means, had escaped with all his troops, except a depôt of six hundred men left behind at Altona! A little later, we were informed of his safe and unopposed arrival at Corunna. I was now able to account for the drowsiness which even whist could not banish. The Marquis sat up all night labouring in the prosecution of the design which he had long meditated; and, to lull suspicion, affected to shew himself every where during the day, as if he had taken his repose like other men. The evasion surprised every body, but, I must say, affected no one, save the French, for the secret wishes of the unhappy Germans could not possibly be otherwise than against us.

On the defection of the Spanish troops, I received letters from government, charging me to redouble my watchfulness, and to seek out those who might have been instrumental to the design. I found that agents of England, dispersed over Holstein and the Hanseatic territories, were equally endeavouring to

sow discontent among the troops of the King of Holland. These manœuvres had connection with the treason of the Spaniards, and with the presence of Danican, a famous intriguer.* Insubordination had already manifested itself; two Dutch soldiers were shot: still desertion became alarming. Agitators, chiefly from the little island of Heligoland, were active among the troops of Louis: some of these, through my directions, were denounced, and taken almost in the very act. They were condemned to death; and if this indispensable severity did not put an end to the plots of England, it at least threw a damp over the ardour of those employed.

In December 1808 we remarked at Hamburg, that the post from Berlin experienced a uniform delay of five or six hours. Trade is habitually suspicious; our merchants therefore began to feel alarmed, and demanded an inquiry into the cause. It was found that two agents from the general post-office, under the Grand Duke of Berg, (Murat,) had established a *black cabinet* in a village belonging to Lauenburg, and there stopped the courier, for the purpose of examining the letters from the Prussian capital. This being known diffused an alarm throughout the whole commercial interest, that is, throughout the whole of Hamburg. The measure was in truth extremely impolitic: for an affair of this nature, sometimes useful, often dangerous, always very delicate, requires the utmost caution and secrecy. In opposition to all this, the mails were here exposed to two agents, subjected to superintendence, who opened them in a common tavern, and in a place where there was not even a post-office. Had the Emperor found it necessary to watch certain individuals in Berlin, the proper situation for

* Danican had been a principal leader during the famous days of the Sections, and consequently was one of the earliest opponents of Bonaparte. — *Translator.*

a secret cabinet was at Hamburg. On my representation to the Prince of Ponte Corvo, he caused the clandestine office to be abolished,—the agents were brought to Hamburg and severely punished; for the great, when they do wrong, never scruple to sacrifice lesser rogues who have been merely instruments.

Had it not been for the dire necessity of witnessing, often without the power even of alleviating, so many oppressive transactions, I should have found my residence in Hamburg a most delightful sojourn. Those who know the situation of the place, the charming country around, and the simple, almost patriarchal, manners of the inhabitants, will be at no loss to account for this preference. The manners and customs of the people wear in fact a peculiar impress: Rarely are disputes heard of,—while daylight serves, their women and children are out of doors,—those of advanced age seated before tables, in front of their houses, sipping tea, while the children are playing around them, and the young people working. These various groups present a very interesting and picturesque aspect. Never have I seen that existence, which is careless of all save enjoyment, more completely given into than at Hamburg. This too, after all, is perhaps more conducive to real happiness than all the splendour and greatness which men frequently purchase so dearly. I never could see these good people seated thus before their houses without thinking of an observation of Montesquieu, which to me is full of charm. That able legislator had set out for Florence, and, on arriving, went to present a letter of introduction to the prime minister of Tuscany. Him he found seated on the steps of his door, enjoying with some friends the coolness of the evening. "I see well," said Montesquieu, "that I am in the midst of a happy people, since the first minister of the state has time thus to yield himself up to calm leisure." These meetings of the Ham-

burgers may be strictly termed family parties. Indeed they seldom visit in each other's houses, but, when entertainments are given, it is with much splendour, and all this external simplicity. In all things they shew incredible exactness, but at the same time very methodical, and punctual even to a fault. I remember just now an instance in point. We were on very intimate terms with Baron der Woght, a man highly accomplished and very amiable. One day he had come to bid us adieu, previous to setting out next day for Paris. Madame de Bourrienne pressed him on parting not to prolong his stay beyond the six months which he had himself fixed. "Be tranquil, madam," replied he, "nothing shall prevent my being here again on the day appointed, for I have just been despatching invitations to a dinner party for the day after my return." The Baron departed,—staid away his six months,—returned to an hour,—and his friends, without further intimation, repaired to his house, and ate their dinner, on an invitation of six months and one day's date!

Bonaparte, well knowing the influence produced by his presence, delighted frequently to shew himself to the people whom the fate of conquest had successively united to his empire. On these occasions, he loved to dazzle by the splendour which surrounded him, while his own privileged simplicity of costume, his affability to the lower, and seductory courtesy to the higher, ranks, attached to him all classes. These were what Napoleon termed his pleasure tours, yet had they always business for their primary, though perhaps concealed, object. His journey to Italy in November, 1807, especially involved many grave considerations. Already was he meditating alliances, and studied, by loading Eugene with favours, to sound and prepare him for those ideas of a divorce, upon which from that period he had determined. At the same time it entered into his views to have a conference with Lucien, because, desiring to give

away the hand of his brother's daughter, he had thought of conferring it on the Prince of Asturias, who, previous to the Spanish war, solicited this honour, in hopes that an alliance with the Emperor would prove a support to his pretensions in opposition to his father and the Prince of Peace. All this took place a short time after the death of the eldest son of Louis, who had died of croup in Holland. As I have already shewn, Napoleon has been most unjustly accused of entertaining for this child other than the affection of an uncle; but it is more than probable, had he lived, that Josephine would have remained Empress. Most certain it is that Bonaparte thenceforth began to think seriously of a divorce. Of this fact I, who was accustomed to read thoughts for the future in the present actions of Napoleon, beheld one striking proof in the Milan decree, which declared Eugene his successor to the crown of Italy, in default of male and legitimate heirs in his own direct descent.

Lucien, on the invitation of his brother, repaired to Mantua, and here took place their last interview previous to the Hundred Days. Lucien consented to give his daughter to the Prince of Asturias; but that union did not take place. I learned from Duroc, who accompanied the Emperor on this excursion, to what extent Lucien carried his hostility to the family of Beauharnais; for to disappoint their hopes was not the least motive in this consent to give his daughter to the Spanish prince, a match which our ambassador at Madrid was laborious to bring about in favour of Mademoiselle de Tascher, Josephine's niece. Lucien never forgave the Empress for the wickedness of *his own* counsels, and the abhorrence with which she had repelled them. But chiefly, notwithstanding all his republican stoicism, Lucien would have been well pleased to get over his scruples by the bribe of King Bourbon for his son-in-law.

During this journey, likewise, Napoleon united Tuscany to the empire,—a kingdom over which, as Consul, he had placed a Bourbon. On returning, at Chamberry occurred the interview which young de Stael had with the Emperor, and to which I may hereafter advert.

I had proposed to postpone the affairs of Holland to a later portion of my *Memoirs*, but the present seems a fitting opportunity for the introduction of the subject.

While Bonaparte remained chief of the French republic, it appeared not inconsistent to have on the south the Cisalpine, and on the north the Batavian, like two satellites, gravitating upon the grand republic. But, this latter transformed into an empire, it behoved that its secondaries likewise should undergo a change. The republican government of Holland had in fact been long but a shadow; still, even under the dominion of France, it preserved at least those forms of internal liberty, which reconcile men to dependence. In these circumstances, it was easy for Napoleon, who maintained his secret influence in the country, to get up a deputation, entreating, that he would condescend to name a king for Holland. The deputation, consisting of Verhuell, vice-admiral; Brantzen, resident ambassador at Paris; Van Styrum, member of the Supreme Council; Gogel, minister of finance; and William Six, councillor of state, arrived in Paris in May, 1806, and explained their object in a speech, the first sentence of which contained the substance of the whole:—"Sire,—We are deputed to express to your majesty the wish of the representatives of our people; we beseech you to yield to us, as supreme chief of our republic, and king of Holland, Prince Louis, your majesty's brother, to whom we wholly and respectfully confide the guardianship of our laws, the defence of our political rights, and all the interests of our beloved country, under the sacred

auspices of Providence, and *the glorious protection of your majesty*." To this humble request, the Emperor replied in kind; then, turning to Louis, his words marked well the import that he attached to the word *protection*, — "You, prince, are thus called to reign over a people whose sires owed their independence to the assistance of France. Since then, Holland became united to England; she was conquered: a second time she was indebted to France for her existence. Let her owe to you kings who may protect her liberties, her laws, her religion. *But never do you cease to be a Frenchman. The dignity of Constable of the Empire shall remain to you and your descendants; it will recall those duties you have to perform towards me.*" Louis afterwards replied, rather to his brother than to the deputation of his new subjects. His speech, however, was probably the only one which contained some sincerity, since it touched gently upon the regrets "which he experienced in removing from the presence of the Emperor." Louis, in truth, had objected to his own elevation to the full extent of safe opposition. To his ostensible argument, — the weakness of his health, and the unsuitableness of the climate, Bonaparte replied in these harsh and unbrotherly terms: — "Better die a king, than live a prince!" There thus remained no remedy but obedience. Louis set out for Holland, accompanied by Hortense, who, however, did not long continue with her royal husband. The new king desired to render himself beloved by his people; and, as this could only be effected by encouraging commerce among a trading people, he failed in strictly enforcing Napoleon's system. Hence the first and the last ground of quarrel between the brothers.

I know not if Napoleon held in mind the motives which Louis had alleged, on first refusing the crown of Holland, namely, the wintry climate of that country, or whether the Emperor counted upon more explicit devotion in one of his other brothers; but certain it

is, that Joseph was not called to the throne of Spain, till after it had been offered to, and declined, by the King of Holland. The following is the letter which Napoleon wrote to Louis on the occasion, a copy of which got into my possession: it is without date or place, but, from the contents, must be referred to April, 1808:—

"My Brother,—The King of Spain, Charles IV, has just abdicated. The Spanish nation have loudly appealed to me. Certain that I shall never have solid peace with England, unless by impressing one grand movement on the Continent, I have resolved to place a French prince upon the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not agree with you; besides, Holland will never emerge from her ruins. In the whirlwind of the world, whether there be peace or not, she possesses no means by which to maintain herself. In this situation of things, I think of you for the crown of Spain. Answer me categorically, what is your opinion of this plan? If I name you king of Spain, do you accept? Can I count upon you? Answer me, in the first instance, only these two questions thus: 'I have received your letter of such date; I reply, *yes;*' and then I shall conclude that you will do as I desire: or, on the contrary, '*no;*' which will imply that you do not agree to my proposition. Admit no one into your confidence, and speak, I request of you, to none whomsoever, on the subject of this letter; for the thing ought to be done before we avow having even thought of it.

NAPOLEON."

Before his final seizure of Holland, Napoleon had formed the design of dismembering Brabant and Zealand, in exchange for other provinces, possession of which was more dubious. Louis, however, successfully resisted this first aggression; for Napoleon, then deeply engaged with Spain, cared not to risk a

commotion in the north. He even affected indifference, as appears from the following letter to Louis on the subject:—

"My Brother,—I received your letter relative to the one written by the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld.* He was not authorized to do any thing, except indirectly. Since the exchange displeases you, it is no more to be thought of. It was useless to make me a display of principles, since I never said that you ought not to consult the nation. Many well informed men among your own subjects had expressed their opinion that it would be indifferent to Holland to give up Brabant, crowded as it is with fortresses, which are very chargeable, and having more affinity to France than Holland, in exchange for provinces in the north, rich and convenient for you. Once more, since that arrangement does not suit, there is an end of the matter. It was needless even to speak to me on the subject, since the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld had no directions to do more than feel the way."

Though displeasure evidently appears in the midst of this assumed condescension, the tone of the above letter is singularly moderate, and even conciliating, when compared with others which I shall place before the reader. True, the letter was written before the interview at Erfurth; but afterwards, when Joseph had been acknowledged, and he himself had struck a dazzling blow in the Peninsula, he greatly changed his tone to Louis, yet without coming to extremities. In a long letter, of the 20th December, 1808, written from the Trianon, he closes with these conditions, upon which he would allow Holland to exist on the *right* bank of the Rhine:—"1. The interdiction of all trade, and all communication with England. 2.

* French ambassador in Holland.

A fleet to be supplied to France of fourteen sail of the line, seven frigates, and seven brigs or corvettes, armed and equipped. 3. A land army, also, to be supplied, of twenty-five thousand men. 4. The suppression of the marshals. 5. The revocation of all the privileges of the nobility, inconsistent with the constitution, promulgated and guaranteed. Upon these, as a basis," continues Napoleon to his brother, " your majesty may treat with the Duke de Cadore, through your minister; but you may be assured, that, on the entrance of the first packet-boat into Holland, I will re-establish my customhouses; that, upon the first insult offered to my flag, I will cause to be seized, by force of arms, and hung at the yard-arm, the officer of Holland who shall have permitted the insult to my eagle. Your majesty will find in me a brother, if I find in you a Frenchman; but, if you forget the sentiments which bind you to our common country, you will not take it ill if I forget those which nature has placed between ourselves. In conclusion, the union of Holland to France is that which is most useful to France,—to Holland,—to the Continent; for it is that which is most injurious to England. This union may be effected either by fair means, or by force; for I have grounds of complaint against Holland sufficient for declaring war. But, at all times, I shall have no difficulty in agreeing to an arrangement which yields me the boundary of the Rhine, and by which Holland engages to fulfil the above conditions. Your affectionate brother.

" NAPOLEON."

The correspondence of the two brothers rested in this state for some time; but Louis was not less exposed to vexations on the part of Napoleon. The latter having called to Paris, in 1809, the kings who might justly be styled feudatories of the empire, Louis was also cited; but, caring little to leave his

states, he convoked and consulted his council, who deemed this sacrifice necessary to Holland, and their king acquiesced; for, upon the throne, the life of Louis was a daily sacrifice. At Paris he lived very retired, a mark for the police; for, as he had come unwillingly, it was believed he would not prolong his stay to such a period as Napoleon wished. In this opinion his persecutors were not deceived; but every attempt at compromise failed. The surveillance, circumventions, and indignity, to which he was thus exposed, roused a spirit and strength of character for which he had not received credit. Amid the silence of his royal fellows in slavery, the voice of Louis was heard to say to the Emperor, in presence of all, "I have been deceived by promises never intended to be fulfilled; Holland is weary of being the puppet of France." The imperial ears, little accustomed to such sounds, were fearfully shocked; and, thenceforth, there remained no choice between yielding implicitly to the demands of Napoleon, or seeing Holland united to France. Louis chose the latter, though not till he had essayed his feeble opposition to the utmost, in favour of the subjects confided to his care; but he refused to be an accomplice in sacrificing them to a blind hatred of England. Louis, however, received permission to return to his kingdom, but only to behold the misery of a commercial and industrious country without commerce or employment. Once more he wrote to his brother, on the 23d March, 1810, to the following effect:—

"If you would consolidate France in her actual situation, and obtain a maritime peace, it is not by means such as the blockade that you will attain these ends; it is not by the destruction of a kingdom created by yourself; it is not by enfeebling your allies, and by respecting neither their most sacred rights, nor the commercial principles of equality and justice

between nations; but, on the contrary, by causing France to be beloved, by strengthening and protecting allies so faithful as your own brothers. The destruction of Holland, far from being a means of distressing England, will prove a source of prosperity to her, by all the industry and all the wealth which will seek an asylum in that country. There are only three means of really attacking England,—detaching Ireland from her, capturing her Indian possessions, or by a descent. The two last, though the most effectual, are impossible means without a navy; but I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace, and on advantageous conditions, than a system which does injury to yourself and your allies, in an attempt to inflict greater hurt on your enemy. LOUIS."

But written, were become as disagreeable as spoken, remonstrances. This letter had, in fact, given sovereign displeasure; and the Emperor replied, two months afterwards, from Ostend, where he had stopped during one of his frequent progresses, in the following terms,—models of cruelty and the abuse of power!—

"My Brother,—In our present situation it were best always to speak out frankly. I know your most secret dispositions, and whatever you may tell me to the contrary goes for nothing. Holland is in a troublesome situation, that is true. I conceive you desire to extricate yourself. It is not I who can do any thing, but you—you alone. When you conduct yourself in such a manner as to persuade the Dutch that you act by my instigation—that all your sentiments are conformable to mine, then will you be beloved—then you will be esteemed, and acquire the consistency necessary to reconstitute Holland. When

to be the friend of France and mine shall be a title grateful to your heart, Holland, universally will find herself in a natural situation. Since your return from Paris you have done nothing towards this. What will be the result of your conduct? Your subjects, finding themselves vacillating between France and England, will throw themselves into the arms of France, and demand with loud cries a *union*, as the only refuge against so much uncertainty. If your knowledge of my character, which is, to go straight to my object, without being stopped by any consideration, has not enlightened you,—what would you have me to do? I can dispense with Holland; but Holland cannot dispense with my protection. If, committed to one of my own brothers, dependant upon me alone for her security, she finds not in that brother my image, you destroy all her confidence in your administration,—you break your sceptre with your own hands. Love France—love my glory! these are the exclusive means by which you can be of service to the kingdom of Holland. Holland, become a portion of my kingdom—had you been what you ought to have been—would become so much the more dear to me, that I had given to her a prince who was almost my son. In placing you upon the throne of Holland, I had thought to have seated thereon a citizen of France. You have pursued a course diametrically opposite. I have seen myself forced to interdict you from France, and to seize part of your territories. When you shew yourself a bad Frenchman to the Dutch, you become less than a Prince of Orange, to whom they owe the national rank, and a long succession of prosperity and glory. It is proved to Holland that your recession from France has lost to her what she would not have lost under Schimmelpenninck, nor under a Prince of Orange. Be at once a Frenchman and brother of the Emperor, and be assured that you

are then in the way of the interests of Holland. The die is cast—you are incorrigible; already you desire to chase from your presence the few Frenchmen who remain with you. Neither counsel, nor advice, nor affection—but menace and force—can move you. What mean those prayers and those mysterious fasts which you order? Louis! you seem to have no desire to reign long; all your actions—even more plainly than your confidential letters—manifest the sentiments of your mind. Return from your false course; be truly a Frenchman in heart, or your people will expel you; and you will leave Holland an object of derision—of the derision of Dutchmen. It is by reason and policy, not by a bitter and vitiated temper, that states are governed.

"NAPOLEON."

Scarcely had this letter been received by Louis, when Napoleon was informed of a menial brawl, to which the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld, doubtless aware that he should serve his master agreeably by affording a pretence for an outbreaking, wished to give an importance quite diplomatic. Verily, according to his statement, the honour of his coachman had been compromised by an insult from a citizen of Amsterdam. This provocation grating harshly upon the dignified susceptibilities of the wearers of livery, they demanded *satisfaction!* Upon this a scuffle ensued, which *might* have become serious, since it began to assume the character of a dispute between the Dutch and French, when the guard of the palace put an end to the fray. On the report of his ambassador, which reached the Emperor three days after the last missive had been despatched to his brother, Napoleon fulminated from Lille, where he then was, the following letter—and all about Count de la Rochefoucauld's coachee! The illustrious author of the *Maxims*, himself, could not have displayed more severe indignation when he declared war upon kings.

"My Brother,—At the moment when you make me the fairest protestations, I learn that my ambassador's people have been maltreated in Amsterdam. My intention is, that those who have rendered themselves so culpable towards me, be delivered up, in order that the vengeance which shall overtake them may serve as an example. The Sieur Serrurier has tendered me an account of the manner in which you conducted yourself at the diplomatic audience. I declare to you, therefore, I will no longer that an ambassador from Holland be in Paris; Admiral Verhuell has orders to depart in twenty-four hours. I want no more phrases and protestations; time it is I should know whether you intend being the misfortune of Holland, and, by your folly, to cause the ruin of that country. It is my pleasure, also, that you send no more any ambassador to Austria. I will, likewise, that you send back all Frenchmen who are in your service. I have recalled my ambassador; I shall no longer have any, save a chargé d'affaires in Holland. The Sieur Serrurier, who remains there in that capacity, will make known to you my intentions. I do not again wish to expose an ambassador to your insults. Write no more of your usual periods; for three years, now, you have conned them over, and every instant proves their hollowness.

"This is the last letter I shall ever write to you.

"NAPOLEON."

Reduced, thus, to the last extremity; placed between the cruel necessity of ruining Holland by his own act, or of leaving her to the care of the Emperor, Louis did not hesitate; he resolved to lay down a sceptre whose rule it was not permitted him to render paternal. This determination taken, he addressed a message to the Legislative Assembly, setting forth the too legitimate grounds of his abdication. What, in fact, could be a more lawful motive than the invasion

of a country united to France, by a compact termed a family alliance ? But there was nothing then to withhold Napoleon in the career of his despotism. Under the command of the Duke of Reggio, more king in Holland than the king himself, the French troops had invaded that country, and threatened to occupy Amsterdam, the capital. Louis descended from his throne. " Long have I foreseen," said the king, in his message to the legislature, " the extremity to which I am reduced; but I could not avoid the evil, without a betrayal of my most sacred obligations, and sacrificing those rights which ought indissolubly to unite my fate to that of Holland." Louis subsequently promulgated his act of abdication. This he also founded upon the unfortunate situation of the kingdom, which he attributed to the hostile intentions of his brother, whom no efforts of his, no sacrifices consistent with the welfare of the country, had been able to mitigate; in fine, that he had been led to regard himself as the cause of the misunderstandings continually renewed between France and Holland. But that, though he should deem it a consolation to think his individual renouncement of honours had been productive of good to his subjects, he renounced his rights only in favour of his sons, the Prince Royal, Louis Napoleon, and his brother, Prince Louis Charles Napoleon; her majesty the queen being regent by the constitution; meanwhile, that the regency was confided to the privy council.

This seems to me really worthy of remark. Louis, in renouncing the crown of Holland, believed he had the power of doing so in favour of his children. Four years after, Napoleon flattered himself he could abdicate the throne of France in favour of his son, the infant king of Rome. And if, in the history of Napoleon, we examine coincidences, how often do we find him, in the mightiness of his reverses, struck by precisely the same blows as he had leveled against others in the greatness of his power!

After having taken leave of his subjects, in a proclamation, Louis retired to Tœplitz, in Bohemia. He was here living in seclusion and tranquillity, when he learned that his brother, far from respecting the conditions of his abdication, had united Holland to the empire. Upon this he published a protest, a copy of which I procured, though its circulation was strictly prohibited by the police. After a preamble, setting forth his grievances, he declared, "before God and all independent sovereigns,—1. That the treaty, separating Zealand and Brabant from Holland, was accepted only provisionally, and by force, at Paris, where he was detained against his will; and the stipulations of which treaty had never been fulfilled on the Emperor's part. 2. That his abdication had taken place only at the last extremity, and in consequence of the violent measures resorted to against him. 3. He protested against the union of Holland, as a department, to the empire, as illegal, unjust, and arbitrary, both before God and man; that kingdom belonging, in right, to the nation, and the king, still a minor."

With this protest, dated August 1, 1810, and sealed with the seal of state, seemed to finish the correspondence of the two relatives. But Napoleon, enraged against his brother, summoned Louis to return as constable of France, and a French prince. Louis deemed it expedient to refuse the summons; when Napoleon, faithful to his word, never again to write to his brother, ordered M. Otto, his ambassador at Vienna, to address the ex-king as follows:—

"Sire,—The Emperor orders me to write to your Majesty in these terms:—The duty of every French prince, and of every member of the imperial family, is to reside in France, and such cannot absent himself without permission from the Emperor. After the union of Holland with the empire, the Emperor

tolerated the king's residence at Tœplitz, in Bohemia. His health appeared to render the waters necessary; but now the Emperor gives it to be understood, that Prince Louis, as a French prince, and as a dignitary of the empire, must return, at latest, by the 1st December next, under pain of being pronounced disobedient to the institutions of the empire, and to the head of his family, and treated accordingly. OTTO."

What a letter to be addressed, by a subject, to a prince who had been a king! When I had occasion afterwards to see M. Otto, knowing my affection for Louis, he assured me, that the above letter had given him much pain, and contained the exact words dictated by Napoleon in his resentment. I may speak hereafter of Louis, and especially of Hortense, but with the king and queen of Holland we have done.

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX TO VOLUME III.

## Note A. Page 11

The reader may find it convenient to have at hand a succinct account of the most celebrated of these Marshals, up to the time when each becomes identified with the fortunes and history of Napoleon, and, consequently, with the text of these *Memoirs*.

*Berthier*, (*Alexander*,) was born at Versailles, Nov. 20, 1753. His father, surveyor of coasts and harbours to the King of France, gave his son that practical education in mathematics, surveying, and drawing, which afterwards conduced so essentially to his fame and usefulness as Bonaparte's major-general. Refusing a situation in the hydrographic office, where, under his father, he had given great satisfaction to government, young Berthier obtained a commission in the dragoons, and, with his regiment, served first in America, it is said, with some distinction, in the war of the colonies. The years from 1783 to 1789, Berthier, now colonel, passed at home, in the study chiefly of his profession. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he held a command for his benefactor, Louis XVI, in the national guards of Versailles. So long as these troops continued faithful, so was he; but, finally embracing the cause of the republic, he made five campaigns, chiefly on the German frontier. In these, he had held subordinate

commands with credit, but was still comparatively obscure among the republican officers, when, on the opening of the brilliant campaign of 1796, Bonaparte made him his chief of staff. Bourrienne tells the rest; and Napoleon, at St Helena, thus sums up his character—"As major-general, he had not his equal; though unfit to command five hundred men."—Marshal, Duke of Neufchatel, Prince of Wagram.

*Murat, (Joachim,)* the preux chevalier of the revolutionary Marshals, was a native of Guienne; his birth-place being the village of Bastide-Frontonier, on the river Lot, in the departement of the same name. Here, in his father's village inn, he was born, March 25, 1767. In early life his friends destined him for the church, and sent him to study in the Jesuits' College at Cahors. This choice of a profession, so opposed to the daring spirit of the youth, appears to have been determined by the circumstance of the father having formerly been steward in the family of the Talleyrands, and consequently enjoying their patronage. These views, as might very naturally have been expected, came to nothing. The *intended* Abbé Murat left his college clandestinely, with a pretty maiden of the neighbourhood, having first silenced a rival in a duel, and made for Toulouse. Here, keeping merry while money lasted, he soon found himself without resources, and entered as private into a regiment of chasseurs, which happened to march through. It does not appear, however, that the report of his dismissal from this corps rests on good authority. The assertion, too, is opposed by the fact of our finding him, immediately after his alleged disgrace, in Paris, one of the royal constitutional guards. His removal to the capital took place, when men's minds, in a state of incipient convulsion, had already begun to be more than unsettled in every principle, moral and political, which sanctifies and secures the social compact. Murat became the eager apostle and supporter of liberty and equality doctrines; for, though both his profession and the chivalrous romance of his character ought to have led him to maintain the right and the respectable, he had probably foresight sufficient to perceive that he might find his account in confusion. So zealous, in fact, were his exertions in propagating the new politics, that, whom he

could not convince, he fought, and is reported thus to have settled matters in six different duels in one month. Such conduct was admirably calculated for the meridian of those understandings who speedily became the judges of merit. The monarchy was overturned; the soldiers claimed the right of electing their commanders; and Murat stood forth from the ranks. The splendid form and fine bearing of Major Murat first caught Bonaparte's eye on the eventful day of the Sections. He never failed to discern, to use his own words, *an instrument* from an *obstacle*. Such spirits as Murat's were the instruments of which he was already in search. He attached him to his fortunes; placed him on his personal staff; and took him to Italy; henceforth, his history and Napoleon's are inseparable. — Marshal, Grand Duke of Berg, (1806,) King of Naples, (1808.) With almost every quality of the hero, save the steady fortitude which exalts vaingloriousness into magnanimity, and bravery into courage, weak, but not depraved, Murat, by the romantic incidents of his life, and its melancholy close, claims softer remembrances than any other of these "children of the Republic."

*Jourdan,* (*Jean Baptiste,*) surnamed "The Anvil," from his capacity of enduring beatings, in the number of which he carries away the palm from all his brother Marshals, was born at Limoges, 1762. At sixteen he entered the army, and served first in America. After twelve years' soldiership, we find him colonel in 1791, and actively employed in the republican army of the north under Dumouriez. From this period to that of Bonaparte's ascendancy, he appeared constantly in the field, as general, general of division, and, finally, commander-in-chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse. In these different situations, he served, with considerable reputation, chiefly in Belgium and on the German frontier, where, however, he was twice defeated by the Archduke Charles, once at Ratisbon, at the commencement of the Italian campaign, and again, in 1799, while Napoleon was in Egypt. Jourdan, then at least, was, in principle, a stern republican, and, consequently, lent no assistance to Bonaparte on the famous counter-revolution of Brumaire. Indeed, it was Jourdan who proposed, in the Council of Five Hundred, the

resolution, " The country is in danger." Hence he remained in comparative neglect, till " time, the great mediator," smoothed his way to the governorship of Piedmont, the council of state, and, finally to the truncheon, which he lost at Vittoria, and with which our soldiers are reported to have been found playing at single-stick. His character is given, " a poor general," by his master; "but," others add, "an honest man:" the latter proposition, in one or two instances,—as in Naples and Spain,—is questionable.

*Massena*, (*Andrea*,) a native of Nice, born on the 6th of May, 1758, among the most illustrious of the Marshals, and, perhaps, the ablest of the revolutionary generals, next to Bonaparte and Moreau, rose from the ranks of the army, and from the most destitute situation of civil life. In infancy, he was left an orphan, and, from mere compassion, taken to sea in a coasting vessel, commanded by one of his mother's relatives. Disliking a seafaring life, he inlisted as a private soldier, and, for his good behaviour, received his first promotion to the grade of corporal before he had been long in the service. In the course of years, he had reached through the rank of sergeant to that of adjutant, which latter is not, as with us, an appointment, honourable in itself, and leading to honours; so that, unable to obtain a commission from the cause explained by Bourrienne,—that under the *old regime*, while those belonging to the privileged classes might be officers though no soldiers, the soldier could seldom, if ever, become an officer,—he retired from the army at the age of thirty-one. But the Revolution soon roused him again to arms, and, being elected to rank by his fellow-soldiers, he rapidly attained to command. In 1793, we find him general of division. In this capacity, he shared in the triumphs of the Italian campaigns, as described in the text. Massena remained in Europe during the Egyptian campaign, occupied chiefly on the German frontier. At this period of disaster, Massena participated in the common lot of defeat, when opposed to the combined army of Austria and Russia, under the Archduke Charles and Suwarroff. The victory of Zurich, however, which he gained over the same enemies, refreshed his laurels, and

is deservedly extolled by Bourrienne; for it probably saved France from an invasion. On the return of Bonaparte, Massena powerfully aided his operations in Italy; "Massena commands there," was his remark with regard to Genoa; but subsequently, as the reader will have perceived, this general appears but seldom in the transactions of the consulate. He was a republican. The baton of Marshal, on the foundation of the empire, banished discontent; and thenceforth Massena is active in most of the warlike enterprizes of Napoleon.—Duke of Rivoli, 1807; Prince of Essling, 1809.

*Augereau,* (*Pierre François Charles,*) the son of a cabbage-vender, was born in an outskirt of Paris, November, 1757. He entered the army very early; but at the age of thirty, we find him no higher than at first—a private soldier in the Neapolitan infantry. Tired of so unpromising a trade, he settled in Naples as "professor of the honourable science of self-defence:" and, as a fencing-master, the future Marshal-Duke might have lived and died, but for the edict of 1792, which obliged all Frenchmen to quit the Neapolitan territories. Augereau returned to France—home he had none. His sagacity told him the state of his country, and the chances of the fearless and the daring. At the age of thirty-five, he commenced life anew as a common soldier, and, in four years more, was general of division. This rise, unexampled even in the annals of revolutionary dignities, he owed to great energy, some talent, no principle, and a bravery which amounted to absolute ferocity. As general of division, Augereau attended Bonaparte in the Italian campaigns, and most highly distinguished himself on every occasion. The reader is admirably instructed by Bourrienne in the part he acted at Paris in 1797; but on that occasion, "the thick-headed soldier" had nearly outplayed both the Directory and his employer. His actions on this occasion procured him the *sobriquet,* or nickname, by which he was most generally known,—"the Fructidor general." During the Egyptian expedition, Augereau commanded in chief the army of the Rhine and Moselle, an honourable but inactive post, conferred by the Directory, in order to get rid of him. But, in 1799, he resigned

this command, and took his place in the Council of Five Hundred. On Bonaparte's desertion of his eastern army, and arrival in France, Augereau seconded Jourdan's motion in the Assembly, which, had it been seconded by the Directory without, would have ended in the arrest, and probably execution, of the future Emperor. But the genius of the latter prevailed; Augereau timely made his peace—while things were yet undetermined—and retained the favour thus repurchased.—Marshal, Duke of Castiglione, a soldier of indomitable valour; but one of the greatest ruffians of a period fertile in villains.

*Bernadotte*, (*Jean Baptiste Julius*,) the only permanent monarch created by the Revolution, and almost the sole great actor in its events who is unstained by its crimes, was born at Pau, the capital of Berne, 26th January, 1764. His family, though humble, was not in the very lowest class of society; and young Bernadotte received a good education. He is said to have been intended for the law, and even to have been engaged in the initiatory studies of the profession, when, at the age of sixteen, he inlisted as a private into the marines, or rather what with us are termed fencibles. After nine years' service, the future King of Sweden, at the age of twenty-five, had attained the rank of sergeant. This first step in his fortune he owed to the same qualities of prudence and steady resolution, which, in a wider sphere of action, conducted him to a throne. The Revolution opened a lottery in life, where wealth could purchase only the blanks, and where the prizes, though too generally shared by the worthless and the dissolute, were also to be won by honourable enterprize. Bernadotte aspired to the latter class of favours, and was successful: in two years he had attained the rank of colonel in the army of General Custines. In 1793, Kleber, under whom he then served, and than whom none could be a better judge of military merit, promoted him to the rank of general of brigade. In the various campaigns on the Rhine, and in Italy, he commanded with distinguished success as general of division. As Bourrienne has well remarked, "there seemed to exist from the beginning a natural distrust between Bernadotte and Napoleon." Bonaparte,

indeed, more than any other man of whom we read, possessed a species of instinct in discriminating those whom he was to fear, from those whom he could render his tools. On the peace of Campo-Formio, Bernadotte, as we learn from the text, was despatched to Paris, to aid in the events of the Fructidor Revolution: but "he was prudent;" that is, compromised himself in nothing. He subsequently refused a command in the army of invasion, and was not offered one in that of Egypt. During Bonaparte's eastern expedition, he was employed by the Directory, first in the command of the army of observation on the Rhine, and afterwards as minister of war. In both capacities, especially as minister, he rendered eminent services, and made himself at once popular and respected. The reader will find in these volumes an admirable and very graphic account of Bernadotte's conduct and relations with Bonaparte on his return, and of the coldness which prevailed between them. There can be little doubt, had the Directory acted with vigour, and intrusted Bernadotte with the command of the troops, that the day of Brumaire would have been prevented, and Bonaparte probably would have then finished his career on a scaffold. But would this have been fortunate for France? Bourrienne says no. His volumes give all other necessary information concerning Bernadotte, with whom, in the sequel, he had much correspondence, and by whom he was in turn much esteemed.—Marshal, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, 1806; Crown Prince, 1810; King of Sweden, 1822. Of all "the children of the Republic," not even excepting Napoleon himself, no one appears to have been more ambitious than Bernadotte. But he really loved his country; he had a "Roman pride;" he had principle, and has always exercised a cool deliberative judgment, which most of these children of impulse and of passion wanted.

*Soult*, (*Jean-de-Dieu*,—singular prenome,) was born of respectable, though humble parentage, at St Aurans, capital of the departement of Tarn, in Languedoc, 29th March, 1769. He first entered the service, at an early age, as private in the royal artillery; but, after a length of time, obtained a commission as sub-lieutenant. In the

first republican campaigns on the eastern frontier, Soult greatly distinguished himself, first under Hoche, and afterwards under Jourdan, considering he had then attained only the rank of colonel and aide-de-camp; and subsequently, as adjutant to General Lefebvre, he gained great praise for his conduct in the battle of Fleurus. In 1794 he was made general of brigade; and, four years later, general of division. Soult was still personally unknown to him of whose future fortunes he was to become one of the chief supports; he fought constantly on the Rhine or the Moselle, while Italy, Austria, and Egypt had been the scenes of Napoleon's early glory. But, on the formation of the Consular Government, Soult, at the recommendation, it is said, of Massena, received the command of the chasseurs of the guard, and ever afterwards enjoyed the highest confidence of his master. If military renown were to be awarded exclusively to military genius, not one of the Marshals would surpass Soult in fame; but, from having never mingled in politics, his name occurs less frequently than that of others, his inferiors. "As for you, Marshal Soult, act as you always do," was the only order given by Napoleon; and, to him who received it, one of the most honourable ever dictated on a trying occasion. — Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia.

*Lannes, (Jean)*, was the son of a poor mechanic in Lectrome, in Normandy, born April, 1769. He inlisted very early in life, having absconded when about to be bound an apprentice to some humble calling. On the breaking out of the Revolution, his corps was on the Pyrenean frontier; his resolute character and fine soldierlike bearing, having already gained an ascendancy among his comrades, he was elected an officer. In 1795, he had attained the rank of chief of brigade, in which capacity he served under General Lefebvre, but was broke by the Convention, and returned to Paris without employment. One of his fearless character was not likely to escape the notice of Bonaparte, from whose own account of the battle of the Sections we learn that Lannes was there employed. Bonaparte, in fact, looked most to those men who, undaunted in action, could successfully execute orders, while they allowed him to think for them. Lannes was a man to his own heart;

and, till the death of the Marshal, they were never separated, except during the short interval of the mission to Portugal, so graphically described by Bourrienne. "I found Lannes a dwarf," says Napoleon, at St Helena; "I made him a giant." Lannes, in fact, entered the army of Italy as a volunteer, having no rank; but his sword gained him his dukedom of Montebello.

*Ney, (Michael,) the Indefatigable, the Bravest of the Brave,* was the son of a poor labourer, or tradesman, in the little town of Sarre Louis, beyond the present frontier of Lorraine, where he first saw the light, in January, 1769. Young Michael was articled to a notary; but the *cabinet* of a country scrivener afforded no fitting occupation for one of his mettle; and, when little more than thirteen, he ran away to inlist as a private hussar. He was now "placed to his liking," and his conduct soon proved that he had well chosen his profession. A private, in ordinary circumstances, can have but small chance of distinction; but, in four great battles, and in many skirmishes, Ney had displayed such uncommon daring and presence of mind, that he easily broke through the conventional separations of rank, at a time when these had already begun to totter. In 1794, we find him a captain; but he had fought his way through the subordinate ranks, not sprung up an officer at once, by election. In the same year, he became colonel, and was placed by Kleber over a body of irregular troops, known in the early revolutionary wars by the appellation of partizans. They received no pay; but, like our own Highlandmen, *lifted* what pleased them, and, for this privilege, undertook every perilous and daring enterprize on which they might be commanded. In 1798, Ney was general of division; and, the following year, his capture of Manheim, with 150 followers, whom he had himself selected, and whom he led to a night attack, after having, in the disguise of a German peasant, traversed and surveyed the whole place, exhibits one of the boldest adventures of that adventurous period. From having been constantly on the opposite frontier, and taking no part in political intrigue at Paris, Ney had little correspondence with Napoleon till the consulate. Subsequently their destinies were but too inseparable.—

Marshal, Duke of Elchingen; Prince of Moskwa; Peer of France; and, to use his own words, greater than all, "Michael Ney, a French soldier." Born on the confines of France and Germany,—for his native district, between the Sarre and the present boundary, has belonged alternately to both,—Ney mingled the characters of the two countries in his own, and, in many respects, retained the best of each. The deep, romantic enthusiasm of the German, he united with the active and chivalrous daring of the soldier of France. Personally he was unstained by the rapacity and violence which too frequently marked the path of his warfare; but his character in civil life was singularly deficient in the dignified firmness that restrains unprincipled followers.

*Davoust*, (*Louis Nichole*,) was born of a noble family, at Annaux, in Burgundy, May, 1770. Such a parentage —which implies, on the Continent, that the person so descended may, like his ancestors, do any thing but gain a livelihood by honest industry—almost of necessity destined him for the army, and entitled him, however undeserving otherwise, to all the honours of the profession. As a proof of this, Davoust entered an officer as a matter of right; but was speedily forced to leave his regiment in disgrace, for insubordination. The Revolution opportunely came to aid one who had thus every thing to hope from change. He received, from the Convention, a command as chief of battalion, and joined the army of the north, under Dumouriez. On the defection of that leader, Davoust was promoted to be a general of brigade. For five years, he served in this capacity, on the Rhine and the Moselle, where his conduct must have been conspicuous, since he was selected to accompany the Egyptian expedition. Bourrienne tells the rest, who, as we shall find, had rather close relations with *the terrible Davoust*, —for this title his own acts had procured him; while his master had conferred those of Marshal, Duke of Auerstadt, and Prince of Eckmühl. An excellent soldier—a most unprincipled man.

*Bessières*, (*Jean Baptiste*,) born August, 1768, at Preissac, a town in the departement of Lot, and consequently the countryman of Murat, was of mean parentage. Bessières

and Murat travelled up to Paris in company, on both obtaining, at the same time, appointments in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. In this situation, the former did not imitate the republican zeal of his companion: he conducted himself with great propriety; and, being a private on guard, on the fearful 10th of August—as Bourrienne justly designates that day of blood—he had the courage, humanity, and good fortune, to save several individuals of the royal household. He joined the republican forces, however, when all had become so; and, while serving in a cavalry regiment, in the north of Spain, and on the Pyrenean frontier, rose from the ranks to a captaincy. As major of brigade, Bessières joined the army of Italy, where his cool and determined bravery caught the eye of the young commander-in-chief, who then placed him over the corps of Guides. To great energy Bessières united unsullied honour and humanity; and his success was at least equal to that of any of the imperial captains. None wore the ducal title with more honour than did Bessières that of Duke of Istria.

Such are the principal characters among the eighteen senior Marshals, or as they were termed, by way of pre-eminence, "Marshals of the Creation." The reader will find sketches of the lives of the other chiefs, in the Notes and Appendix to Volume IV.

## Note B. Page 202.

It has been generally, but erroneously, represented in this country, that there were two Berlin Decrees, or at least two decrees passing under that name; one of 1806, the other dated Hamburg, 1807. Napoleon was never in Hamburg. The real Berlin Decree, on which the Continental System was founded, and continued to be regulated, is dated,—"Imperial camp of Berlin, 21st November, 1806," and consists of two distinct parts. In the first portion are enumerated the reasons, founded on the conduct of England, for instituting the decree. These complaints, for as such they are set forth, amount

to ten, which, however, turn upon only three points:—England refusing to regulate maritime by the laws of land warfare; her not acknowledging the distinction of private property, or the rights of foreigners not actually serving in war; and, thirdly, her declaration of blockade extended to places not actually blockaded by her ships. Then follow the regulations of the decree, in eleven separate articles:—1. The British Isles declared to be in a state of blockade. 2. All commerce with them prohibited. 3. All English subjects found in countries occupied by French troops to be prisoners of war. 4 and 5. All English goods and manufactures lawful prize. 6. Half the proceeds of confiscation to go to merchants who have lost ships by the English cruisers. 7. No vessel from England, or her colonies, to be admitted into a continental port. 8. Every vessel contravening regulation 7th, to be lawful prize. 9. Two prize courts,—at Paris for the empire; at Milan for Italy. 10 and 11. Touching the promulgation and execution of the decree.

## Note C. Page 237.

The reader may find it convenient to have ready access to the names and titles of the chief civil officers of the Consulate and Empire.

*Talleyrand,* (*Charles Maurice de Perigord,*) the Napoleon of the political world, was born at Paris, March 17, 1754, and, unlike the majority of the great actors in the revolutionary scenes, claims a truly noble origin. Intended for the church, he attained the rank of Abbé, and, in his twenty-sixth year, was nominated agent-general of the clergy. In this situation he shewed great talents, but no Christianity; the former, however, joined to political interest, were then all powerful, and he subsequently became bishop of Autun at the age of thirty-three, though the King himself opposed his consecration. In 1789, on the sitting of the States General, he distinguished himself as deputy from the clergy of his diocese, in opposition to the exclusive privileges of the order to which he

belonged. Subsequently, he abdicated his bishopric, to resign himself wholly to politics. In 1792, he was sent on a secret mission to England, but, feared by all parties, judged it expedient to retire to the United States, where he remained nearly four years. In 1796, he became minister for foreign affairs to the Directory, but, still feared, he again resigned, and, on the 18th Brumaire, aided by his counsel in overturning a government which he could not but despise. His history, subsequently, becomes a portion of the text; and the reader will remark, that the military chief of France succeeded just in proportion as he followed the suggestions of Talleyrand in civil affairs. Of all the men of those troubled times, Talleyrand was in fact the only one who aspired to govern by public opinion, and who had the discernment to veer with, in order better to guide, this grand agent. As a public functionary, his acts have always been regulated on the principle of doing the most good to the greatest number. *Prince of Benevento*, 1804; Vice-Grand-Elector, 1807; Prince de Talleyrand, 1814; Plenipotentiary in London of Louis Philippe, 1830!

*Cambacèrés*, (*Jean Jacques Regis*,) was born at Montpelier, October 18, 1755, of honourable but poor parentage, and entered very early in life the legal profession. In 1791, he became President of the Criminal Tribunal of the departement, and here distinguished himself by his talents and impartiality. As member of the National Convention, in 1792, he first tried to save, but afterwards voted for the death of Louis XVI. His politics were conveniently yielding, and his moral principles lax; so that, passing calmly through the intervening tempest, he became, from the force of circumstances narrated in the text, firmly attached to the fortunes of Napoleon. *Second Consul*, 1799; *Prince of Parma*, 1804; died at Paris, 1824.

*Lebrun*, (*Charles Francis*,) born at St Sauveur Laudelin, March 19, 1739, became early in life distinguished in his profession,—that of the law, and obtained some advantageous offices under Louis XV. During the early part of the next reign, Lebrun retired to the country, and passed fifteen years in study and agricultural pursuits. In

the subsequent troubles, he took no part, save by the publication of an excellent and moderate work, *The Voice of a Citizen.* The *Voice* spoke wisdom, but advised temperate measures, and, consequently, was drowned in the uproar. Afterwards, however, its author came to be regarded as the organ of the moderate party, and hence, as mentioned in the text, was associated in the Consulate as *Third Consul,* 1799; *Duke of Placentia,* 1804; *Governor-General of Holland,* 1811; died, 1828.—Lebrun's translations of Tasso, and of the Iliad, the latter especially, are popular in France.

*Caulaincourt,* (*Arnaud Augustine Louis,*) born in 1773, at a family seat of the same name, was of noble extraction, and entered on a military life when young. In 1792, he was deprived of his rank of captain, and thrown into prison as an *aristocrat.* He obtained his freedom, however, serving as a private sentinel, under Hoche, and at the period of the Consulate had attained the rank of colonel. Bonaparte perceived his political talent, and, after raising him to be a general of division, and master of the horse, employed him chiefly in civil affairs. The *Memoirs* give the rest, and Bourrienne has done justice to his character, by clearing him of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. The friendship of the Emperor Alexander might, indeed, have secured him from this foul accusation, but even that fact was not credited before the appearance of these volumes. Josephine, too, has left her testimony to his entire ignorance of the contents of the despatches, of which he was the bearer; and only when he reached Ettenheim did he discover their import to be the arrest of the Duke. So closely was Caulaincourt watched, that he could not draw back. Still, such was his admiration of Napoleon, that he deemed him incapable of shedding blood, and when informed by himself, that the Duke had been shot, he fainted away. This scene occurred in the private cabinet, where both Josephine and Berthier were present. On recovering, he severely reproached Bonaparte for having deceived him into so cruel a mission. The aide-de-camp also, who had accompanied him to Ettenheim, went distracted on hearing of the execution. —*Duke of Vicenza,* 1804.

*Fouché*, (*Joseph*,) a native of Nantes, where he was born, May 29, 1763. His father, by his own account, intended him for the sea, and sent him, accordingly, to study mathematics in one of the seminaries of the Oratorio. Joseph's constitution, and his own inclination, disqualified him for so boisterous a profession, and he became a lay-brother and teacher in the order. The reader may be spared the horror of his vote in the Convention, "Death, without appeal or delay, to Louis;" of the drownings at Nantes; and of the massacres at Lyons, where he figured with such appalling notoriety. His own death was prevented by his anticipating Robespierre: and, under the new Directory, he at length obtained the office which, under the Consulate and Empire, connects him so intimately with the text. The reader is referred to his own *Memoirs*, with the caution to read Bourrienne at the same time. —*Duke of Otranto*, 1804; died in exile, at Trieste, 1820.

*Savary*, (*Anne Jean Marie Rene*,) was born in Mare, a village of Campagne, April 26, 1774. His father had attained the rank of major, and he himself entered the army when young, served under Hoche, and as aide-de-camp to General Desaix in the Egyptian expedition. How he entered the service of Bonaparte, after the battle of Marengo, and the subsequent events of his life, are narrated by Bourrienne. With our author he seems to have been a favourite, and to Bourrienne's superior honesty and information we are obliged to yield up many of the prejudices which are entertained against Savary. —*Duke of Rovigo*. Living in retirement.

*Maret*, (*Hugues Bernard*,) born at Dijon, July 22, 1763, was the son of an eminent physician and philosopher of that city. In early life he studied law, subsequently diplomacy, in which he was occupied at Paris when the Revolution broke out. He first distinguished himself as reporter in the *Moniteur* of the proceedings of the States-General; and was afterwards employed in several embassies; in one of these, to Constantinople, being taken prisoner by the Austrians, after nearly two years' confinement, during which he wrote two comedies and a tragedy, he was released, in exchange for the Princess Royal Maria

Theresa, now Duchess d'Angoulême. On the formation of the government, he became Secretary to the Consuls, and afterwards Secretary of State, as a reward for assisting in the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire. — *Duke of Bassano.*

*Champagny,* (*Jean Baptiste,*) born August, 1756, at Roanne, served first in the marine. In 1789, he was returned to the States-General, as representative of the nobles of Forez, but, during the revolutionary troubles, enjoyed none of their good things, and was finally thrown into prison as a noble. Obtaining his freedom, he lived retired until the security of the consular government called him again into public life. — *Duke of Cadore.* He lives in retirement.

*Clarke,* (*Henri-Jacques-Guillaume,*) was of Irish extraction, but born in France, 1765. His father was a colonel in the French army, and educated his son for the same career. In 1793, we find Clarke general of division, but with no military reputation; and, soon after, he was imprisoned as a noble, a distinction which, in justice, he merited, since he pretended to be lineally descended from the Plantagenets. He was afterwards released, and, through the influence of Carnot, placed over the board of topography. He first appears in these *Memoirs* as a spy upon Bonaparte, in Italy. Clarke's talent, a most useful, though not a brilliant one, appears to have consisted in an amazing facility of keeping well with all parties: his character is given, by the King of Prussia, in the present volume, and in Bourrienne's commentary thereon. The secret of his influence with Bonaparte appears to have been a sentiment of gratitude in the latter for the very high praise bestowed by Clarke in his secret report to the Directory on the young General's conduct in Italy. This document afterwards fell into the hands of the first Consul.

## Note D. Page 250.

The following brief relation, brings up the history of Louis XVIII. till 1807, when he found at last a secure asylum in England, till March, 1814, the eve of the first

restoration. Monsieur Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, left Paris, June 21, 1791; and took up his abode first in Coblentz. His calm and prudent views were not calculated to render him popular among the emigrants of this period,—a class whom adversity could not teach prudence, nor prosperity sooth into moderation. After the campaign of 1792, the Count de Provence repaired to Italy, with the intention of passing over from Genoa to Toulon; but the first success of Bonaparte before the latter place, rendered abortive the hopes of the royalists. The brilliant achievements of the republican arms, soon rendered his abode in Turin, where he resided at the court of his father-in-law, dangerous alike to himself and his protector. With permission of Venice, the Count subsequently established himself in Verona. Here he learnt the death of his brother Louis XVI; but while the dauphin, infant son of the latter, was still alive, though a prisoner, he could not assume the title of King. Chased finally from Italy, the Count joined the army of Condé, refusing the proffers of Austria, which he had the discernment to see originated in hatred to France, and not in attachment to "the Bourbon." It was his own saying, "I never wish the blood of France to flow in Germany for German interests, cloaked under my name." The King of Prussia's protection was accepted, and at Berlin the Count became Louis XVIII, through the death of the infant Louis XVII. Prussia was soon after obliged to yield to the storm, and dismiss from her states, "according to desire" of her Directory, after the 18th Fructidor, the rightful sovereign of France. Only one monarch in continental Europe—the King of Saxony was solicited in vain—possessed both the power and will to grant an asylum. This was Paul I. of Russia, who then luckily *happened* to think himself violently irritated at the government of France; and during the space of three years royally entertained Louis at Mittau. The influence of the First Consul, as described in the text, wrested from Louis this last retreat, who then sought a brief refuge at Calmar, in Sweden. Alexander again restored the residence at Mittau, which his father had refused: but after the treaty of Tilsit, Louis speedily discerned that the Continent was

closed against him, and therefore claimed and found protection in the only country then closed against the Continent,—Britain.

To this it may be proper to add, that of the French family of Bourbon there are four divisions: 1. The family of Charles X, whose eldest son, the Duke d'Angoulême, married his cousin, the princess royal, only daughter of Louis XVI. They have no children, and, of course, before the late changes, were styled the Dauphin and Dauphiness. The Duke de Berry, the youngest son, assassinated before his father's accession, left one son, on whom rest the hopes of this elder branch. 2. Family of Orleans, consisting of the present King, and his eight children, by the daughter of the King of Naples, whom he married in 1809. At the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1789, his present majesty of France was Duke de Chartres, but on the execution of his father, famous in revolutionary history, under the title of *Egalité*, he became Duke of Orleans, in 1793. The family consists of five sons and three daughters: report speaks highly of their accomplishments and personal appearance. 3. Family of Condé, which at the beginning of the Consulate consisted of three generations; the Prince de Condé, grandfather; the Duke de Bourbon, father; and the Duke d'Enghien, so well known in these *Memoirs*, son. The Duke de Bourbon is still alive,* but refused to assume the title of

* Since the first edition of these notes appeared, the third branch of the Bourbon line has become extinct by the death of "the Condé;" and of the first, the heads have been driven to seek an asylum in the ancient palace of the Scottish sovereigns. Of the revolution by which this has been accomplished, it can only be said at present that the "end is not yet come." Meanwhile, it is an example dangerous for the people, without being salutary to kings. It is a revolution of the capital, not of the country—the victory of a party, not the triumph of national sentiment. It has already been attended by the greatest injustice, through the punishment of men for an act against which the laws had provided no security, because they had pronounced no condemnation; consequently, which could be no crime, save by a succeeding, and therefore illegal construction. This is not said to defend that act; but if an enlightened nation begins its reformation by injustice, what may be expected afterwards?

Condé. " I cannot," said the old man on the death of the Duke d'Enghien, " I cannot become the representative of a childless house of Condé; let the name, so long illustrious, be buried with my murdered son." 4. The family of Conti, connected with several of the noblest and most ancient houses in France and Italy.

END OF VOL. III.

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